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BOUND BY DUFD AND PEELING, WOBURN

CHARLES TYRRELL;

OR,

THE BITTER BLOOD.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

LONDON:
SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,
PATERNOSTER ROW; AND DONEGALL STREET, BELFAST.

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CHARLES TYRRELL.

CHAPTER I.

Amongst all the many fine and beautiful figures and modes of reasoning, that the universe in which we dwell has afforded, for the illustration of the bright hope that is within us of a life renewed beyond the tomb, there is none more beautiful or more exquisite, that I know of, than that which is derived from the change of the seasons: from the second life that bursts forth in spring in objects apparently dead; and from the shadowing forth, in the renovation of everything around us, of that after destiny which divine revelation calls upon our faith to believe shall yet be ours. The trees, that have faded and remained dark and gray through the long dreary lapse of winter, clothe themselves again in green in the spring sunshine, and every leaf and every hue speaks of life. The birds that were mute, sing again as tunefully as ever; the flowers that were trampled down and faded, burst forth once more in freshness and in beauty; the streams break from the icy chains that held them, and the glorious sun himself comes wandering back from his far journey, giving summer and warmth, and fertility and magnificence to everything around. All that we see breathes of the same hope, everything that we see rekindles into life.

But on the other hand, there are things within us that awake no more; there are feelings in our hearts that, passed away, return not; there are thoughts that can never be thought again; there are hopes that, once put out, are put out for ever. These are the things that speak to us of death! These are the things that would darken our hopes of immortality, were we not to draw from them inferences of a higher state of being, where love and confidence, and happiness are not delusions: where the plant of enjoyment has not its root

in the earth, and where the flowers of life wither not away. There are certainly changes in our very nature which would fill our bosoms with many dark and awful doubts, did we not find, that in the well-regulated mind the bright and intoxicating dreams of early youth, the love that has been crushed or thwarted, the confidence that has been a thousand times betrayed, may give place to firmer and more solid things, feelings not so exquisite, but more deep and powerful; thoughts not so brilliant, but more just and true; did we not find that with proper cultivation the flowers made way for fruit; did we not find that every stage of existence would have, but for our own faults, its proper class of enjoyments, and that every stage but leads us on towards an appreciation of that last, noblest state of being, for which all the rest are but a preparation. If we are immortal, is it not well that we should find earth's flowers fade? If we are immortal, is it not well that we should find earth's hopes deceive us? If we are immortal, is it not well that we should learn to regret the passing away of bright capabilities in our own nature, which are sure to be renewed, extended, multiplied in heaven?

The flowers that have been torn up can never take root again on earth; but, nevertheless, there does occasionally come a time, there do occasionally occur events by which all the pain and agony that our heart has suffered in disappointment of trust or expectation, is more, far more than made up; and though, perhaps, the same flower is not to be refreshed, brighter plants blossom in its stead, and give us back our confidence.

In a pleasant part of Hampshire, where I have passed many of the bright and sunshiny days of my early existence, not very far from the sea-coast, there stands a house with which is connected three or four legends, each of a very interesting character, but from which I choose one as having reference to times and events within my own remembrance. It is a very large and convenient house, without any pretensions to architectural decoration, with no relationship to any style whatsoever, and constructed upon no principles except those implanted by nature, which teaches man to construct for himself a dwelling the best adapted to his own wants and conveniences. It had, in fact, at one time been a small house, built indeed with regard to no economy of space, but only with regard to the comfort of its first owners, who required but few apartments, yet made them as roomy as could be desired. It had been added to by about three generations, who, increasing in wealth and luxury, demanded more accommodation; and thus, though on the one side of the building some degree of order and regularity was still preserved—that is to say, the windows were all in a line, and of the same number in each of the stories—on

the other side they had been posted wherever pleasure or convenience suggested; so that the northern front was like a child's first drawing of a house, in which a window and a door are put in wherever a place is found open for them.

At the time I knew the building it was covered with stucco on the outside, and in appearance was as unlike a place in which tragedy or romance ever had been, or ever was likely to be enacted, as it is possible to conceive. There was a cheerfulness about its aspect, a bright white-washed unsentimental gaiety of appearance that spoke of blithe and joyful things; but, at the same time, it was relieved from the harshness and vulgarity with which white-washed buildings are generally invested, by the scenery that surrounded it, by the pleasant irregularity of its aspect, and by a number of old chimneys that came peeping over the parapets in odd places where nobody expected them. It was embosomed, too, in a deep wood, which came up to three out of the four angles of the building, leaving long sunshiny lawns, only broken here and there by a fine tree with a garden seat beneath it, sweeping up to the three principal fronts of the house.

The fourth front had once been the principal one; but according to the plan of modern improvement, which in so many instances conceives that it produces all that can be desired by turning the back part of things foremost, that front had now been dedicated to the offices. From it wound away a long wide avenue of fine old elm trees, like that which we see so frequently leading up to an antique French chateau; and I remember, in my young days, I used to dispute with myself in the summer and the winter, as I rode up the broad green road between the two rows, which looked the best and most congenial to the scene: those fine trees in the dark green fulness of their midsummer clothing, or in the cold gray solemn bareness of the winter, when all the bright things that had decorated them through the rest of the year were cast down withering at their feet, like the passing pleasures of existence cast off from a mind preparing for the tomb. I believe I then preferred the summer aspect: perhaps I might now find more harmony in the winter.

The woods that surrounded the building on the other sides were, in fact, kept as pleasure-grounds. They were full of winding walks, cleanly and carefully swept, though the extent was very great; while underneath the beeches and the elms, on either side of those paths, grew up an abundance of wild flowers: the plain white strawberry, the graceful and beloved plant of the woods, the columbine, the violet, and the primrose.

One of those walks which led away toward the south, at the distance of half a mile from the house, divided into two. The

left-hand branch, which followed the original direction, brought one to another broad walk which faced the risen sun upon the edge of the wood; and while the fine beech trees, sweeping down with their long branches like a penthouse, sheltered it entirely from the sun in the summer, and from the rain in the spring and the autumn, they did not at all obstruct the view over some sunny fields to another little wood beyond, over which again rose up Harbury Hill, the chief land-mark of the country round about.

The other branch of the road took a direction somewhat to the west, and at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, or a little more, from the place where the two separated, it reached the wall of the kitchen-garden, which lay embosomed in the deepest part of the wood, containing within itself a space of about two acres, surrounded by high brick walls on all sides. There were two doors in this wall: the one exactly opposite to the path we have mentioned, the other on the other side. Besides this, however, there was a way in and out through the back of one of the two gardeners' cottages, which were built against the wall in the inside.

On the outside of the wall all was fair and smooth; no building of any kind being suffered to deface the external appearance of that high and imposing mass of lichen-covered brickwork, except—alas! that there should be an exception to everything in this world—except one little tool-shed, of the ugliest and most anomalous aspect, stuck on like an imposthume on the face of the tall wall, and offending the eye on the very first approach to the garden. Many and many a time have I petitioned that it should be removed, but there was some impediment in the very nature of things, it would seem, which prevented the request from being attended to.

The tools that were kept therein were not, it would seem, a part and parcel of the gardener's utensils. They belonged to the woodmen, and of course the gardener would not give them admission within his domain. The place where the great bulk of the woodmen's tools were kept, was at the opposite side of the wood, a mile and a half off. It was very handy to have the tools near; and it would seem that, for various reasons, the nature of which I could never find out, or at least, not understand, there was no place whatsoever in the wood round about which was so convenient as that very spot against the garden wall. Such at least was the report of the woodman; and of course, as he was a very veracious person, and somewhat surly withal, I was bound to believe him, and say nothing more upon the subject.

Now, let not the reader suppose, that either in the long and vague proemium with which this chapter opens, and in which he will find hereafter some reference to the tale, or in this

minute and curious description of the house and grounds, especially of the paths leading to the back wall and the garden, that I have been led away by the vain desire of reading homilies to those who will not hear, or of dwelling with a sort of doting pleasure upon scenes which I loved in my youth, and about which few care or are interested, besides myself. Every author, whose fingers are worthy to hold a pen, has an object in each sentence that he writes; and—although in the multitude of characters which throng the world, and the difficulty of ascertaining men's real feelings from their outward appearances, it would be impossible to put the right direction upon each epistle—every half page of every book that is worth reading is addressed directly to some particular person, or class of persons, who are supposed by the author to be capable of understanding and appreciating him. The description that we have given, however, has a more general purpose, and the reader is besought earnestly to remember every word of it, or, at all events, to put a piece of paper in the place, inasmuch as without having that scene constantly before his eyes, and knowing and comprehending it all as well as if he had walked through it a hundred times, he cannot clearly and distinctly understand the matter that is to follow.

Having given an account of the place, it now behoves us to speak of those who inhabited it; and certainly at the period I speak of—I do not mean that period within my own personal acquaintance with the spot—it offered anything but an illustration of the beautiful words of Hooker in his description of the celestial dwelling-places. Nevertheless, we shall make the quotation, if it were but for the pleasure of transcribing those beautiful words, independent of the splendid opposition which they afford to all that we are about to describe. "Angels," he says, "are spirits immaterial and intellectual. The glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces where there is nothing but light and immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon; but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever do dwell."

This may be taken for a grand description of everything which that dwelling was not. Beautiful as was the scene, and pleasant as all the accessories round about, there was seldom anything like peace and tranquillity within. The pheasants came strutting upon the lawns, the timid hare lost a part of her shyness, and scarcely deigned to stand erect and listen with elevated ears for the half-heard sound; the squirrel crossed from one plantation to another within twenty yards of the windows; all the habits of the sylvan world around spoke of peace and tranquillity. But peace was not within. The truth was, that the inmates of that dwelling were too busy in

making war upon each other to turn their attacks upon the people of the woods without.

But it is time that we should enter into more specific details, and bring the characters, one by one, before the reader.

Sir Francis Tyrrell, the proprietor of that mansion and of some very large estates in the vicinity, was in possession besides of a baronetcy, derived in a direct line by himself from an ancestor who had received it at the time whereat that mixed breed between the baron and the knight was first propagated. His ancestry was also distinctly traceable through several centuries before, producing a great number of very ornamental people in former times, who shone in the tilt-yard, the tournament, and the battle field; and, in latter times, more than one who had received the high distinction of swinging in effigy upon a sign-post, either as the distinctive mark of the house, or a recommendation to the beer within.

There were various of his progenitors, indeed, whose names were but lightly touched upon in the family history: they were not omitted, as that would have caused a breach in the line; but belonging to that numerous class of persons who may be best described by saying, *the less said about them the bêtter*, those who compiled the genealogy had been cautious in dealing with them. Deeper investigations, however, would have shown that these members, who met with scanty mention, had generally encountered fates more or less tragical; one had been killed by a blow of an axe, received from a woodman; another had been almost torn to pieces by a mob at the end of the reign of James II. and died of the injuries received; three or four of them had been killed in duels, and one had been shot by a soldier under his command, who was afterwards executed for the offence.

All these were certainly mentioned by the genealogist; and in some instances their lamentable fate was commented on with praises of their virtues, &c. But the causes of those duels, the provocation given to the soldier, the woodman, and the mob, were not mentioned. There were three in the line whose birth and death alone were recorded; and it was shrewdly suspected by those who understood such matters, that one, if not two, of these had perished by the hands of a functionary of the law, while the other, or others, were supposed to have taken their departure unsummoned to their long account.

On looking nearer still, it was found that, in the whole race, there was a fierce and furious disposition, an impetuous and ungovernable temper, which, combined with a general fearlessness of character and heedlessness of consequences, formed that very moral constitution which was best calculated to lead them into dangers, difficulties, and even crimes. The man who had been killed by the axe had been proved to have ex-

asperated the unfortunate woodman to such a degree by his intemperate violence and domineering pride, that a jury could not be found to condemn the slayer, though an inquest had brought in a verdict of murder upon the slain.

The same conduct was shown to have been the case in regard to him who was torn to pieces by the mob, he having, in his magisterial capacity, done anything but attempt to calm and quiet the sedition, but, on the contrary, had done all that he could to exasperate, to irritate, and to drive into madness. This was put forth, indeed, by his biographer as a bold and valiant proceeding on his part; but there were others who thought that it was only an evidence of the same furious, irritable, scornful disposition which had made itself so remarkable in the race.

The father of Sir Francis Tyrrell had differed very little from his ancestors. He had been a bold, fearless, overbearing, and tyrannical man; a soldier in his youth, a fox-hunter in his latter days; a despot in his magisterial capacity, an irritating neighbour, and an insufferable master of his house. He had been a very handsome man withal; and, in order to prove his disregard for personal beauty, he had married a young lady of the neighbourhood of considerable fortune, but who certainly possessed few personal attractions. As a girl, she had been silent, calm, unobtrusive, apparently thoughtful; in person little, dark-haired, pale, with small keen black eyes, and a rather pointed nose. Her voice had been sharp, but not very musical; and there was something in her whole demeanour which made the old clergyman of the parish, who had known her from her youth, and who was, moreover, somewhat waggishly disposed, declare, when he heard of the marriage about to take place, that he was excessively glad of it, for that she was just the wife for Sir John Tyrrell.

When they were once fairly married, more of the lady's character appeared; not that she ever became more loquacious or loud-tongued than she had been before; but Sir John very soon found that she had always ready for any of his furious breakings-forth of passion, a calm, quiet, stinging reply, in which she seemed to combine with diabolical ingenuity every thing that was most disagreeable for him to hear, and to compress it into the fewest possible words. She had a particular art, too, of modulating her voice, so that in the midst of one of his most furious and noisy fits of rage, her low quiet tones made themselves distinctly heard, and not one biting word was lost to his ear.

Sir John was not a man to be frustrated even by this sort of warfare, and he carried it on with his lady through the whole of his life; but he was a candid man, and used occasionally to acknowledge that his furious speeches and beha-

viour, compared with the quiet words and demeanour of his wife, were as a drubbing with a crab stick to a cut with a scythe.

The offspring of this hopeful union was Sir Francis Tyrrell, and well might his biographer declare that he combined in his own person all the virtues and qualities of his father and his mother; for, to an ungovernable temper, such as had descended to him from his ancestors, he added a sarcastic bitterness peculiarly his own.

Sir Francis Tyrrell was a learned and a literary man; in person somewhat below the middle size, dark in complexion, with sharp features and overhanging eye-brows, which, at the time I choose for opening this tale, were grizzled with some long gray hairs, which, from time to time, he industriously pulled out with tweezers, while they, with a pertinacity worthy of him from whom they sprang, regularly grew up again longer and grayer and more prominent than ever. He wrote a good deal at various times, and produced works marked by very superior talents; and he also formed frequent theories which were by no means always correct, but which all displayed genius of a certain kind and considerable originality, if not perversity of thought. Of these works and these theories Sir Francis was not a little vain, and this was one of the most irritable points in his character. He could bear to be touched upon almost all other subjects but those; or rather we might say, that though it was not without danger that any one touched him upon any subject, upon these he became quite furious.

His family were totally without what the phrenologists call the organ of veneration. They had little respect for anything, and set out with having no respect for themselves. This they concealed in their own case, of course, as far as possible; but this want of respect never failed to make itself manifest in words and deeds, when it referred to any member of their own family. Thus, Sir Francis was heard to declare that his father was one of the greatest fools that ever lived, and on being asked why, replied, "For marrying my mother."

"A man puts a lemon to a bottle of spirits," he said, "and people call him a sensible fellow, and go to drink punch with him; but if a man were to eat a whole lemon, plain people would say he was mad."

Again, on the occasion of his own marriage, he set out upon the principle of finding somebody the direct reverse of her who had been chosen by his father, declaring that he looked upon it as a duty to his children. Such an event, he said, as the marriage of his father and mother was sufficient to serve ten generations, and that he would do his best to dilute the quintessence of bitterness which had been hence produced. He chose, accordingly, a young lady from a distant part of the country,

possessed of little or no fortune, of a gay and happy disposition, who had been brought up in great subjection to the will of parents that were really kind to her, and who had a fund of gentle and kindly feelings and good principles, but who was somewhat imprudent and incautious of speech, and of a timid as well as of an affectionate nature. From the first sight of Sir Francis Tyrrell, she had rather disliked him than otherwise. He had gained a little by attention upon her good graces, and upon her esteem by some philanthropic doctrines which he put forth, with no desire, indeed, of deceiving her or others, but solely because they were theories for which he had a fondness, and in which his vanity was concerned.

His progress in her favour, however, had not arrived beyond the dangerous point of indifference, when he proposed himself to her parents as her future husband. She shrank from the very idea; but he was wealthy, bore a fair reputation, had, indeed, acquired a high character as a man of honour and integrity, and her parents pressed her so urgently to accept him, that she who was accustomed to yield to them in all things, yielded to them in this also, and she became the wife of a man that she did not love; though it is but fair to say, that there was no other person for whom she had any decided preference.

She married Sir Francis Tyrrell with the full desire and determination to love him as much as she could, and to make him as happy as it was in her power to do; and there were a variety of circumstances which combined to render the first two years of their union tolerably happy. In the first place, there was novelty and passion upon his side; in the next place, her very gentleness was a fortress to her, upon which it was difficult to begin an attack; in the third place, her mildness and placability were something so new to the conceptions of Sir Francis, that they made him feel more or less ashamed of his own violence, till he became more familiar with the qualities which at first disarmed him.

But he was one of those who did not like to lead, but rather preferred to drive or to goad; and from the very first moment that some slight remonstrance on the part of Lady Tyrrell, with regard to something in which he had no business to interfere, gave the slightest suspicion of opposition to his will, the violent, the sarcastic, the bitter, the selfish spirit rose up with delight, unfettered, and the system of domineering and tyranny began in full force. The parents of the lady lived to see her apparent happiness, but not to witness its reverse. Her mother died before she had been married six months, and her father scarcely survived two years. Perhaps a suspicion of the truth troubled his death-bed, but we cannot say.

Unless we listen to the voice of the better spirit within us,

prosperity and age generally lead forward selfishness between them; and then that selfishness, who has hidden herself bashfully in the presence of the more generous feelings of youth, rushes forward with daring impudence, and blindfolds our eyes lest we should see her deformity. Such was the case with Sir Francis Tyrrell. There was no counter-balancing power to check or to control. His feelings of religion, if he had any, were not active; he had speculated away the greater part of his morality. He would not, indeed, have done anything that was glaringly and universally admitted to be evil; first, because his vanity would not consent to his incurring the reputation of a vicious man; and secondly, because his passions did not particularly take that course. But of the moralities of life, which go hand in hand with the charities of life, he had no conception. To trample upon those who were prostrate before him; to make his own house a hell, and to act the part of ruling fiend himself; to cast every kind of aspersion or imputation, true or false, upon every one who offended him, and many that never offended him at all; to be suspicious, jealous, irritable, without cause; to allow no opinion to prevail but his own; to deal a very different measure to himself and others; to exact the utmost, and to grant the least; to be avaricious while he was ostentatious, censorious when he affected to be candid, and harshly severe to every one while he assumed the language of philanthropy, he considered to be no wrong, and sat down with the conviction that he was a very good and virtuous man.

The effect upon his wife was, that for a time she sank into a state of timid and cheerless despair, from which she at length rallied herself to make ineffectual resistance. When he accused her of things she had never committed, and purposes she had never entertained, she would now rouse herself to repel the charge; but still, having the worst in argument, and cut to the heart by sarcasms and insinuations, she would have recourse to flight to her own chamber, and end the day in tears. When he was simply violent, she had the good sense to sit in quiet, and make no reply.

But under all these cruel circumstances her health was daily injured; and she who had been full of bloom, and life, and health, became pale, and worn, and thin, and unequal to the least exertion. Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell had but one child, a son, who was born in the second year of their marriage; but of that son, for various reasons, it will be necessary to speak apart.

CHAPTER II.

It is a terrible thing when youth, the time of sport and enjoyment, the period which nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for tasting all the multitude of sweet and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and zest of novelty, is clouded with storms or drenched with tears. It is not so terrible, by any means, when the mere ills of fortune afflict us; for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off by the heart which has not learned the foresight of fresh sorrows. The body habituates itself more easily to anything than the mind, and privations twice or thrice endured are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing, indeed, when—in those warm days of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathies, the soul eager to love and be beloved—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others, cut us off from those sweet natural ties with which nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or known but to contemn, the kindred whose veins flow with the same blood as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

There are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a schoolfellow who had many friends who were kind to him and fond of him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holiday sports, "I, you know, have no father or mother." And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice which struck me strangely, even young as I then was. But that situation, lonely as it is, deprived of all the tender and consoling associations of kindred feeling, is bright and cheerful, gay and happy, compared with that in which Charles Tyrrell commenced his career on earth.

He was as beautiful a child as ever was seen: strong, vigorous, and healthy; with his mother's fair complexion, a fine intelligent countenance, even in infancy, and a smile of peculiar sweetness. His father was fond of him as long as he continued an infant. He was proud of him, I was going to say, but I believe the proper term would be, conceited of him.

Everybody admired the child, and expressed their admiration; and by some strange complication of ideas, the admiration seemed to the father reflected back upon himself. The child amused him too, and interested him; and for a certain time he seemed to derive a pleasure from caressing it, which softened his manner, if not his feelings.

Hard must be the heart and selfish the mind which is not softened by communion with sweet infancy. The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, the sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson and take it to heart. Seldom, too seldom do we do so, and I cannot say that it was the case with Sir Francis Tyrrell; but still he could not undergo that influence without losing something of his harshness from the gentle presence of the child.

To Lady Tyrrell the birth of her infant was a renewal of hope, and a solid store of happiness. She had a fresh object before her, a new motive for exertion and endurance; and as she gazed upon his infant face, she promised herself, for his sake, to bear all and to strive for all. Her health, however, gave way under constant irritation, and as the boy grew up, his father lost that pride in him which he had before experienced; and though he had fondled the infant, he chided and railed at the child, while Lady Tyrrell, who was, perhaps, inclined to be a little over-indulgent to her only son, roused herself to defend him from the bitter and unmerited reproaches of his father, when, perhaps, in her own case, she might have borne those reproaches in silence.

Every point of his education became a subject of contention. While a child, he had been to Sir Francis a mere plaything; but the moment that his reason began to expand, his father looked upon him as a new object of tyranny, and Lady Tyrrell would often sit and gaze with melancholy eyes upon her son's face, thinking of his future fate, and sorrowing from the sad experience of her own, over the long and miserable years to be passed under the sway of such a man as his father. She exerted herself to conquer even her own affection for the child, and the selfishness of that affection. In order as much to remove him from home, and to give him the blessing of other society, as to ensure him a good education, she determined, if possible, to send him to school, though she thereby lost the comfort of his presence, and the continual solace and relief of all his sports, and words, and looks.

Sir Francis, however, on the contrary, did not choose to sacrifice his own pleasure. He did not choose to lose the new object of tyranny which he had acquired. He declared he intended to have a tutor in the house when his son was old enough to learn anything, and the very wish which his

wife expressed, that the boy should be sent to school, only hardened his determination to keep him at home. He had no confidence in virtue or in sincerity of any kind; and although he knew that Lady Tyrrell was, when he married her, as frank and open as the day, he still could not persuade himself that she acted towards him without guile.

It was this error which, in the present instance, ultimately produced the result that she wished. He one day heard her say, by chance, while stooping over her boy, that it would break her heart to part with him; and a suspicion crossed his mind, that she had proposed to send the child to school for the purpose of inducing him to pursue exactly the opposite course. The very thought was indeed but little complimentary to his own disposition, and arose from an internal consciousness (the full force of which he would not acknowledge), of the contradictory and mulish character of his own mind. His determination, however, was fixed by a scene of altercation with the boy himself, whom he had punished severely for doing something that his mother had directed him to do, but whom he could induce by no means, neither by anger nor by blows, to acknowledge that he had done wrong in the slightest degree. It was determined in consequence, that he should go to school; and to school he was accordingly sent, but unfortunately not to a school which was at all likely to correct the constitutional errors of his disposition, or to afford to his mind that strong moral tone which might have served to counteract all the evils with which his mind became familiarised at home.

As it is not our purpose to trace him through the uninteresting details of a school life, we shall content ourselves with showing what was his natural disposition; and though he is the person destined to act the most prominent part in these pages, we shall in no degree conceal that which was evil in his nature. His first great fault, then, was a part of his inheritance: the violent passion of his father. Even when a child, he would throw himself down in fits of ungovernable anger, and lie writhing on the ground as if in convulsions, till the fit went off. He had much of the talent, too, of his father; perhaps, indeed, more, and certainly possessed genius of a higher order; for the qualities of his mind received a much greater degree of expansion from being united with superior qualities of the heart. There was, however, a frequent similarity to be observed between the turn and form of his ideas and those of Sir Francis. In his childhood, even, he had been known unconsciously to utter many a keen and cutting phrase, which brought upon the countenance of his father a sarcastic smile, in which was strangely blended an expression of contempt and bitterness with that of approbation and pleasure.

The boy, indeed, would have been altogether what his nurses called the 'moral of his father,' with a finer person and much greater corporeal powers, had it not been that his mother's nature was intimately mingled with the whole, and counterbalanced many faults if it did not counteract them. Under her tuition he acquired a love of truth which never left him through life; but he had by nature a frank straightforwardness of character which was very winning. One saw, even in his very infancy and childhood, that the heart acted before the mind had been taught to act, and with a spirit which was utterly unsusceptible of fear, and a body not very sensitive of suffering, some of his very good qualities might have led him to wound the feelings of others much more frequently than he did, if he had not possessed a natural tenderness and kindness of heart which led him, with a sort of unerring instinct, to perceive the points on which others were vulnerable, and to spare them on those points, except when moved by some fierce opposition or angry passion. He was also by nature—and that, too, he derived from his mother—most affectionate. That is to say, he did not attach himself to every one, or lightly. He was not as the seed of the mistletoe, or the moss, that fixes itself upon everything wherever it lights, and grows there till it is torn away. But he had within his heart the power of deep attachment, strong, permanent, immovable. He was not likely to form friendships very easily, or to love often; but where he did love, he loved wholly and for ever.

The first instance in which these qualities were put to the proof, was in choosing between his father and his mother. We may call it choosing, though, indeed, there was no choice; for he could not but love the one, and it was very easy not to love the other. On that mother he then fixed the whole strength of his infant affection, and it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Everything that occurred, the gentle warnings and reproaches which she sometimes forced herself to make when he behaved ill; her ill health, her deep melancholy, her conduct to her husband, and his conduct to her, all made him cling the more closely to her, made him love her and respect her the more.

The next instance in which he was tried, was in the choice of a friend amongst his schoolfellows. They were almost all inferior to himself, not in point of birth, indeed, for there was some superior in that respect, but in talent, and corporeal as well as mental qualities; besides a great and marked inferiority in that most inestimable of all qualities: energy of character, which he possessed in an overwhelming degree. The school contained a variety of dispositions, shades, and differences of every kind of mind; but he chose as his companion

and his friend, a lad somewhat older than himself, but much less in stature, inferior in station, not remarkable for any very brilliant qualities, but of a calm, quiet, and thoughtful disposition, giving occasionally signs of dormant talent and penetration, which no one had been at the pains to call forth, and of a determination of purpose and constancy of character, which is one of the greatest elements of success in life. His health was by no means vigorous, and his corporeal powers small, so that in the contests with which we open out the struggle of life in our schoolboy days, he was generally vanquished, and indeed, was somewhat ill-treated by stronger youths than himself, till Charles Tyrrell appeared in the school and at once took the part of his defender.

Everard Morrison was grateful to him; admired the corporeal powers and vigour which he did not himself possess, and still more admired the brilliant and remarkable talents displayed by his new friend, though those talents were of a character as strikingly opposed to his own as Tyrrell's vigour to his feebleness. Even the wild and intemperate bursts of passion to which the new scholar frequently gave way, the rash and remorseless conduct which he displayed under those circumstances, seemed to afford him matter for thought and speculation, ay, and even admiration likewise; and when on one occasion, some extraordinary act of violence had called down upon the head of the wealthy baronet's son a rare and reluctant punishment from the master, Everard Morrison stood forward as his defender, and with great ingenuity and talent endeavoured to show, that the provocation which Charles Tyrrell had received was sufficient to justify the acts he had committed; and, in boyish language, but with keen penetration, he pointed out that the violent passions of his friend were seldom, if ever, excited by any petty injury or offence solely to himself, but rather by what was mean, pitiful, unjust, or tyrannical in others.

Their friendship lasted during the whole time that they were at school together; but at length, on the same vacation, Morrison was removed to take a clerk's place in the house of his father, a country attorney, and Charles Tyrrell was sent to Eton to undergo the needful discipline of a public school. They separated with a thousand boyish professions of friendship, and consoled themselves with the idea, that the county town in which Morrison's father made his abode was only seven miles distant from the seat of Sir Francis Tyrrell, called Harbury Park, so that they could often meet during the holidays. They promised to do so continually. But such promises, made in the guileless days of youth, are rapidly forgotten. The grasp of our affection expands with the grasp of our intellects, and the little things that we loved in infancy

and youth but too often slip away from us as our mind enlarges, like sand through the fingers of a giant. It remains to be inquired, in the present instance, which it was that forgot the other. It certainly was not Charles Tyrrell; for his first expedition on his midsummer return from Eton, was to pay a visit to Everard Morrison; and again and again he walked or rode over to the county town to see his old companion. Morrison always received him gladly, to all appearance; but, notwithstanding all the reiterated invitations of his schoolfellow, he never visited Harbury Park but once. He showed, in short, no disposition to cultivate the acquaintance that he had formed at school.

Charles Tyrrell saw this, and was hurt, but he said nothing, and persevered for some time; but finding perseverance produced no effect, he gradually ceased to seek for Everard Morrison's closer friendship. But his peculiar tenacity of regard displayed itself in this instance also. Although he was hurt and offended, he gave way to no anger; he loved Everard Morrison still, and he did not cease to love him, although he saw him but rarely, and then under some restraint.

His life at Eton we shall not inquire into, for it was exactly the life of every person so situated, or with variations of no importance. Neither is there much to be told in the detached periods of his holiday residence at home, at least, not much which the reader may not divine without being told.

Age seemed to squeeze out the last drop of honey from his father's nature, and to leave all the bitter behind. His conduct to Lady Tyrrell would not, perhaps, in any court established for the purpose of dispensing justice or injustice, as the case may be, have been pronounced cruelty; for such courts weigh nothing but that which affects immediately the body; and the wounds, ay, or even the death inflicted through the mind, are left to the judgment of another world. Sir Francis Tyrrell showed no personal violence towards his wife. He treated her apparently with ceremonious respect, except when the fit of passion was upon him, and even then, the weapon that he used against her was but the tongue.

With him, however, that weapon was worse than a poisoned dagger, inflicting wounds that could never be healed. Every thing that was stinging, everything that was venomous, every thing that was scornful, everything that was irritating, then poured from his lips without the slightest remorse, and without the slightest regard to truth or justice. There can be little doubt that he believed what he said at the time; for his passion acted as a sort of magician in his own breast, and conjured up chimeras, and phantoms, and demons, which had no existence but in the phantasmagoria of his own imagination.

These fits of passion, too, were of frequent, nay, daily, oc-

currence, and his life with Lady Tyrrell passed thus: either absent from her when, in order to avoid him, or on account of illness, she confined herself to her own room; in cold and sneering ceremony, when there was no absolute cause of offence, or in violent and angry dispute when she roused herself to resist or to deny.

The effect on her was such as might be expected. Ere she had reached the age of forty, the buoyant health which she had once possessed; the radiant, yet gentle beauty; the cheerful and contented disposition, were all gone; and she became old before her time, with a heart wrung and torn, and without one trace of that loveliness with which heaven had at first endued her.

The conduct of Sir Francis Tyrrell to his son was also such as might be expected from his disposition. The first two or three days after his return during the vacations, the natural feeling of a parent, of course, had its way. He seemed glad to see him, fond of him, proud of him; but the third day scarcely ever passed over without some sharp rebuke, and the fourth never came to an end without one of those violent scenes of altercation, which increased in frequency and intensity as the boy grew up towards the man.

The power of reasoning, the will of acting for himself, which soon became evident in Charles Tyrrell, though not exercised either prematurely, insolently, or obstinately, gave his father daily offence. It was with the gradual work of nature that he quarrelled in reality, while he affected to find fault with the conduct of his son. It was that he did not choose to see one, over whom he still thought to keep extended the rule of his iron rod, emancipated gradually by the development of his corporeal and mental powers, from the authority which is given to parents for the protection and guidance of our immature years.

All this irritated him; but yet we do not mean to say that young Charles Tyrrell entertained any very great veneration for his father's character, any love for his person, or any respect for his opinions: but that he did not do so was not his fault. The treatment which he daily experienced himself, and which he saw his mother undergo, had put an end altogether to any thing like love and veneration; and the frequent variations of opinion which he daily beheld in his father; the arguing one day on one side of the question, and the next on the other side, as the passion of the moment dictated, left him, whether he would or not, without any thing like respect for his judgment.

He had learned at a public school to put some degree of restraint upon himself, and to show some degree of respect, whether he felt it or not, to older persons than himself. Thus,

as far as he could, he restrained himself and obeyed; but it was when his mother was concerned that he forgot all deference towards his father. Then the strong passions which he had inherited from him would burst forth; then the indignation, which he smothered in his own case, would find a voice; then the vehement energy of his nature would display itself, employing all the talents he possessed to give fire and point to his angry rejoinders.

Still, however, his father's experience, knowledge of the world, learning, and skill in sarcasm, would furnish him with weapons which almost drove the boy to madness; and more than once, during the first two or three years after he had ventured to oppose his father in regard to his mother, his anger ended in bitter and disappointed tears at being overpowered by arguments and sarcasms which he felt to be wrong and unjust.

After a time, however, as he approached the age of seventeen or eighteen, instead of tears, he fell into deep silence, partly from finding himself unable to express his indignation in words such as he dared to use towards his father; partly from the desire to examine intently what could be the cause which prevented him from proving himself right when he knew himself to be so. That silence, however, was mortifying to Sir Francis: the tears he had liked very well to see; but when once in the career of passion, he loved to provoke a rejoinder, almost sure that it would throw his opponent open to some new blow. Silence, therefore, was the most irritating thing that could be opposed to him; and twice, when in some of their violent altercations, his son suddenly ceased and said no more, he was even hurried on to strike him, although the period of life at which such an act from a father to a son is at all justifiable, had long passed.

On those two occasions, Charles Tyrrell put both his hands behind his back, and clasped them tight together, till round each of the fingers, as they pressed upon the flesh of the other hand, a deep white space might be seen, showing the stern energy with which he clenched them together. On both these occasions, too, after gazing, with a frowning brow and a quivering lip, on his father's face for two or three moments in deep silence, he rushed suddenly out of the house and plunged into the woods around.

CHAPTER III.

We have dealt long enough in general descriptions, but they were necessary to explain what is to follow. We must now turn to particular incidents, and to details of facts, endeavouring to set forth our tale more as a gallery of pictures, than as a consecutive narrative.

The period of Charles Tyrrell's schooldays was over, and he was studying at the University: but with his studies there we, of course, shall not meddle, but take up his history at his first return to his father's house, after having been absent some months at Oxford. His father, though possessed, as we have said, of very large fortune, had made his son no larger allowance at college than mere shame compelled him to do. This, however, proceeded in no degree from parsimony; for as far as money was concerned, he was a liberal and a generous man; but the latent motive was to have a continual check upon his son, and a subject, at any time that he chose to employ it, for censure and irritation.

Do not let any one suppose that this picture is caricatured; for, on the contrary, it is true, and only drawn with a hand not strong enough to paint it accurately. The sum which he allowed his son was by no means sufficient to maintain him upon a level with young men of his own station, and ere he had been many months at college, the thoughtlessness natural to youth, joined with a free and generous disposition, had of course plunged him into some difficulties. As soon as he found it was so, Charles Tyrrell, well knowing his father's character, determined to extricate himself without subjecting himself to make a request to his father, which would be granted, he knew, with taunts and reproaches, and held over his head as an obligation incurred, to be frequently alluded to in the future. He therefore applied himself to economize with the most rigid exactness, and at a time when everything that was extravagant and thoughtless was done by all those around him, he devoted himself to study and to thought, making his application to such pursuits an excuse for absenting himself from the society of those with whom he had begun to associate.

So far, perhaps, the effect was good; and indeed, we might go farther. The habit of commanding one's-self, of resisting

inclinations, conquering habits, doing right in spite of our own weakness, is the most ennobling, enlarging, elevating act of the human mind. Under the influence of such a purpose, and of such an effort, Charles Tyrrell grew day by day more manly, more vigorous in mind, more competent even to guide and rule others. He was grave and sad, however, for the fetters of circumstances pressed heavily upon him. He could not do good where he sought to do good; he could not reward where reward had been deserved; he could not encourage where encouragement was wanting. All this he felt, and he felt bitterly, and he knew that all was inflicted upon him by his father, at once unnecessarily and unwisely. Nor, it must be confessed, was he without a consciousness of the motive which caused the infliction, and of course, that motive made his heart swell indignantly at the tyranny sought to be exercised over him, and the means which that tyranny employed.

When we are aware that those to whom we owe existence have devoted long years, during our infancy and youth, to protect, to nourish, and to guide us; when they have thought of us rather than of themselves, and sacrificed pleasure and amusement, and tastes, and feelings, for our benefit; when they have spent the weary hours of watchfulness over the bed of infancy and of sickness; when they have rejoiced in our joys, and mourned for our sorrows; when they have made efforts for us that they would not have made for themselves, and even corrected us with more pain to themselves than to us, for our benefit; when they have felt it a pang, and yet a duty, to deny us what we sought, and when they have given up, in short, time, thought, pleasure, exertion, energy, hope, comfort, selfishness, for our after welfare—when they have done all this and we know it, there is nothing on earth can equal, or should equal, the love and gratitude of a child for his parents. But when, on the other hand, we owe them nothing but existence, a gift given selfishly, to be selfishly employed; when we have been to them but as objects of pleasure or dominion to themselves, the matter is very different, and the love and gratitude that we show them must have its source in that love and gratitude we owe to the better Father, whose will placed them in such relationship to us.

Charles Tyrrell, then, could not love his father; and had not his mother been living, it is probable that, devoting himself entirely to study, he would not even have visited his paternal mansion during the vacations; but when he thought of her, and how much she needed comfort—of her deep and fond affection for him, and her loneliness in his absence—he determined to go back, although he feared the violence of his father's disposition, and even feared the violence of his own.

Such was the state of his mind towards the commencement

of his first vacation; and pursuing his plan of economy, he came up to London by the Oxford stage, and thence proceeded by the Old Blue, night coach, towards his own dwelling; though that was a period at which young men were not in the custom either of driving the coaches that carried them, or, indeed, of travelling by such conveyances at all, when their circumstances enabled them to afford another. The Old Blue coach contained in the inside the number of six passengers, and slow and heavy was its progress along roads which had not yet submitted to the petrifying power of Mr. M'Adam. The personage, then, who was seated in the middle was under the unpleasant necessity either of watching through the long progress of a tedious night in the strait-wainscot of a close packed stage, or to choose the shoulder of one of his fellow-travellers for a pillow, which was hard or soft, as the case might be.

On entering the coach, Charles Tyrrell found it full when he, himself, was added to the number of its occupants; but the faint glimmer of the feeble lamps in the court-yard of the old Golden Cross, Charing Cross, was not sufficient to show him distinctly the countenances of his companions, though a man with a pen behind his ear, and a book in one hand, came forward to see that all the booked passengers were assembled in the interior, holding up a sick-looking tallow candle, with a long wick, and a fiery mushroom at the top. All that Charles Tyrrell could discover was, that the middle place of the front seat had been left for him, and when the coach drove off, not a further word was said by any one, every body seeming well disposed, with the exception of himself, to seek oblivion from the evils of their state in the blissful arms of slumber.

The young Oxonian had no inclination to sleep, and leaning back as far as circumstances would permit him, with his broad shoulders somewhat circumscribed by the bulk which his companion, on either side, contrived to give to theirs, he remained pondering in silence over the coming days, looking forward to the time spent at home with none of that expectant pleasure which awaits those whose hearts have a domestic refuge when they return from long absence and from distant scenes.

At a small but pretty inn, which there are few who do not know well, called Hartford Bridge—heaven knows what change it has undergone since!—the coach stopped for supper, as was customary in those days; and the sight of the woodbines and other climbing plants, which at that time twined round the door of one of the prettiest little inns in Europe, was refreshing and delightful to the eye of the traveller. The breath of the plants, too, some of which pour forth their odours more fully at midnight than at any other hour, came sweet and balmy to the senses of Charles Tyrrell as, entering the little

inn, he turned into the room on the left-hand, where the coach supper had been prepared. There was a room opposite, through the brown Holland blinds of which he had seen streaming forth a light as the coach came up; but the door of that room was closed, and all that could be known of its inmates was gathered from the sounds of some gay and cheerful voices speaking within, and mingling sweet musical tones with laughter.

On entering the supper-room, one after another of the inside passengers were found stripping themselves of various parts of their travelling costume, and in one of them Charles Tyrrell instantly recognised a person whom he had seen more than once before. This was a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life; that is to say, he might be fifty-five or fifty-six years of age. He was hale and well, however, though of a thin and meagre habit; and his whole countenance bespoke health not of an exuberant, but of a durable kind. His face, though undoubtedly handsome, was not of a pleasant character; the eyebrows ran up as well as the eyes; the nose was somewhat sharp and pointed, the cheek bones rather too high; the forehead not low, but wide rather than high, and a monstrous protuberance of that superior part of the back of the head in which phrenologists have thought fit to place the organs of self-esteem, self-will, caution, &c. The line might be made to comprise all those organs which tend to combativeness and acquisitiveness, though the former in somewhat of a less degree than the latter.

The shape of a man's head has a far greater share in giving expression to his face than people in general imagine; and as we have said, though one could not help acknowledging that Mr. Driesen must have been a handsome man in his youth, there was about his countenance that look and air which gave to the features of Voltaire the expression of an old and malicious monkey. Charles Tyrrell had seen him frequently with his father, with whom he used to spend a part of every year; and what he had seen of him under such circumstances had not, by any means, tended to diminish the impression of dislike which his face had at first produced.

Mr. Driesen was descended from a family originally German, but which had been settled for many centuries in England. He was possessed of a small property, which, during his youth, afforded him quite sufficient to live upon in comfort without pursuing any profession in order to make it larger. He had studied the law, but he never attempted to practise it; and had devoted himself, during many years, to the pursuit of that sort of philosophy which prepared the way for, and ushered in—not so much the French revolution as the horrors and impieties which accompanied an act that might have passed

over, perhaps, innocuously, had not the whole moral and religious foundations of society been previously shaken in France by the efforts of men who fancied they were pursuing wisdom, when, in fact, they were pursuing vanity.

Mr. Driesen was a man of talent, however, and a man of learning. He was a profound Greek scholar, a tolerable mathematician, a clear and cutting reasoner, but artful as a sophist, and, aided by his own vanity, deceiving himself while he deceived others. He was fond of all sorts of startling propositions; feared to shock no feelings or opinions, however respectable, or however well-founded, and he was, moreover, full of rich stores of rare and unusual knowledge, and of reading in works which are sealed to the eyes of most men. His memory was unfailing, his fluency great, and he could thus bring to bear upon any subject arguments and quotations startling from their novelty, and confounding from their multitude. He made a boast of being without any fixed principle; and Sir Francis Tyrrell did not esteem him at all the less on that account, not being overburthened with principle himself.

But there was one secret in his partiality for Mr. Driesen, which was, that his friend was in the custom of comparing him to the famous Mirabeau, whom they had both known in France in their youth, during the period of his utmost power over the National Assembly. The comparison was not altogether without justice; but it was to Mirabeau's father, the old Marquis de Mirabeau, that Sir Francis Tyrrell bore a strong resemblance, rather than to the son. However that might be, the comparison flattered him, and he was fond of the society of Mr. Driesen, who, without bearing by any means a good character for morality, did not, on the contrary, bear a very bad one. He, on his part, had contrived by various means to diminish his own patrimony considerably, and therefore the luxuries of Sir Francis Tyrrell's house were not disagreeable to him; nor indeed, if the current tales were true, the occasional assistance of Sir Francis Tyrrell's purse.

Although there had never existed any very great acquaintance between him and his friend's son, and though, on the part of Charles, there had always been a feeling of antipathy, which he could scarcely explain to himself, in the present instance, no sooner did Mr. Driesen discover who had been his companion in the night-coach, than he advanced to shake hands with him with a warm and friendly air, which Charles Tyrrell could not make up his mind to repel. They sat down together to supper with the rest of the travellers, and the conversation between the two acquaintances took a turn the least likely in the world to be taken between two travellers in a stage-coach. It neither referred to politics, nor war, nor locomotion, nor the supper that was before them; but it re-

ferred to Greek and Latin poets: to Hesiod, to Euripides, to Lucan; or else turning to more modern, but not less unusual, topics under such circumstances, commented upon Clement Marot, or inquired into the authenticity of the poems attributed to Clotilde de Surville.

The company round about opened their eyes and looked aghast, or opened their mouths and devoured their supper in silence; but the conversation did not certainly receive that direction from an intention on the part of either of the two to excite astonishment in the listeners. It is very probable that neither of them had the slightest intention of giving it the direction which it took. It very often happens that a single chance word, the most remote or trifling accident, some circumstance scarcely noted even by ourselves—the fall of a spoon or the change of a plate, or any other insignificant occurrence—will set that rapid flier, thought, winging her way through the endless regions of imagination and memory, leading after her words and even feelings into directions the most remote from the occurrences which first gave them rise. A single word, a single tone, a single look, is often sufficient, not only to carry us away into trains of idea and conversation quite different from all that we had proposed to follow, but more, far more, to throw open the gates of a new fate before us, and lead us on to our destiny through narrow, tortuous, and darkling tracts, which we would never otherwise have trod.

If any one had a design in leading the conversation in the direction we have mentioned, it was Mr. Driesen; and it might be so, for these were not only subjects of which he was fond himself, as a clever and learned man, but they were also those on which he fancied that his young acquaintance, all hot from Oxford, would be prompt to speak, especially as he had learnt that Charles Tyrrell had devoted himself earnestly to study.

Eager in all things, and with a taste naturally fine and cultivated, Charles Tyrrell followed the lead willingly, and, ending his supper before the rest, he still carried it on, though Mr. Driesen himself soon showed a disposition to profit by the good things set before him, and took care of the corporeal part of his being, at the expense of the supper.

At length, perceiving such to be the case, Charles Tyrrell ceased, and thinking the time long, turned to the door to see if the horses were not yet put to. Just as he was entering the passage, on quitting the supper-room, the opposite door opened, and a lady came partly out, bearing a light in her hand. She was turning her head to speak to some one within the room, and at first all that Charles Tyrrell could see was a beautiful figure, graceful in every line, but more peculiarly graceful from the manner in which the head was turned, showing the beautiful hair, fine, full, and glossy as silk, gathered up into

a knot at the back of the head, from which one or two curls escaped, and fell upon the fair neck below. The form and the attitude were beautiful, but that attitude lasted only for a moment; for the first step of Charles Tyrrell made her turn round, not with any quick and nervous start, but quietly and slowly, to see who it was so near; and the moment she had seen the stranger, she withdrew again quietly into the room and closed the door, probably divining that the members of the supper party belonging to the stage-coach were about to resume their journey, and resolving to let them depart ere she proceeded whithersoever she was going.

The single moment, however, during which she had turned towards him had been sufficient to show Charles Tyrrell one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld. It is nearly in vain to describe beauty; for the pen will not trace the same definite lines as the pencil, and the imagination of those who read will not be fettered down to the reality, like the imagination of those who see. Nor, indeed, although Charles obtained a full sight of that beautiful face, was the idea that he formed of it accurate. He fancied that the eyes were black, when in truth they were deep blue; but that mistake might proceed from their being shadowed by the great length of the thick, black eye-lashes. He fancied, too, that the hair was nearly black, when, in fact, it was of the rich brown of a chestnut just separated from its green covering; but that might proceed from its being of a very deep tint of that brown, and from the position of the light which she carried.

Every one has felt, and more than one poet, besides Lord Byron, has expressed the peculiar sensations which we experience when some bright and beautiful form crosses our path for a moment, and then leaves us without our seeing it any more. A shooting star, though but the meteor of a bright electric night, seems often more brilliant than the orbs that hold their place crowned with eternal splendour; and Charles Tyrrell thought that face the most beautiful, that form the most graceful, that he had ever beheld. There was, besides, a certain feeling of mystery about her rapid appearance and disappearance. It seemed to be a vision of loveliness given to him alone. It touched and woke imagination; and advancing to the door of the inn with very different thoughts from those which he had borne from the supper-room, he gazed up towards the heavens, all sparkling with their everlasting fires, and fixing upon one bright planet which had not yet set, but remained pouring its calm light more tranquilly and equally than the rest, amongst all the radiant things that surrounded it, he thought that it was like her whom he had just seen, and plunging into the dreams of fancy, he revelled in sweet reveries till it was time to depart.

CHAPTER IV.

The scenery amidst which we are born and brought up, if we remain long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks, as it were, into the spirit of man, twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which his spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after-thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds.

I have heard a story of a girl who was captive to some eastern prince, and wore upon her ankles a light golden ring. She learned to love her master devotedly, and was as happy as she could be in his love. Adored, adorned and cherished, she sat beside him one day in all the pomp of eastern state, when suddenly her eye fell upon the golden ring round her ankle, which custom had rendered so light that she had forgotten it altogether. The tears instantly rose in her eyes as she looked upon it, and her lover divining all at once, asked, with a look of reproach, "Would you be free?" She cast herself upon his bosom and answered, "Never!"

Thus, often the links that bind us to early scenes and places in which we have passed happy or unhappy hours, are unobserved and forgotten, till some casual circumstance turns our eyes thitherward. But if any one should ask us whether we would sever that chain, there is scarcely one fine mind that would not also answer, Never! The passing of our days may be painful, the early years may be chequered with grief and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the path of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back, in later life, letting memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the times of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten, the scenes in which those days passed are remembered, detached from the sorrows that chequered them, and the bright misty light of life's first sunrise still gilds the whole with glory not its own. It is not alone, however, after

long years have passed away, and crushed out the gall from sorrows endured, that fine and enchanting feelings are awakened by the scenes in which our early days have gone by, and that the thrill of association is felt in all its joyfulness, acting as an antidote to the poisonous sorrows which often mingle with our cup.

It was so, at least, with Charles Tyrrell, as he returned towards the home of his fathers. The sun rose upon his journey when he was about twenty miles from home, but still in scenes of which every rood was familiar to him; and while the first red and blushing hues upon the eastern sky were changing into the bright and golden splendour that surrounds the half-risen sun, the road wound out upon the side of a hill, showing him a wide extent of country to the right, scattered with many a mound and many a tumulus, each in general planted with a small clump of dark fir trees, which waved above the conical hillocks like plumes from the casques of the warriors who now slept beneath.

Beyond that extent again might be beheld long lines of hill and woodland, broken before the eye reached the faintest line in the distance, by a tall, curiously-shaped hill, known by the name of Harbury Hill, or, as some called it, Harbury Fort, though to say sooth, scarcely a vestige of a fort existed there, except the broken vallum of a Roman camp, on the short sweet grass of which now grazed some innocent sheep and peaceful cows.

Looking forth, as well as he could, from the window, the eyes of Charles Tyrrell instantly sought out Harbury Hill, which was, it may be remembered, within a very short distance of his paternal mansion. They lighted on it at once, and notwithstanding all that he had suffered there, and felt he was still to suffer, a thrill of satisfaction passed through his bosom again to behold the well-known scenes of his early years: the hill, the valley, the wood, the plain, all glowing in the early light of the morning, which imaged not amiss the light of youth pouring its lustre through all that surrounds it. He gazed and enjoyed; and with an economy of pleasure, which the harsh lessons of the world had taught him to practise even then, he enjoyed, perhaps, the more, because he felt that that first glow of joy was the only pleasure which was likely to be his during his sojourn there.

All the passengers in the coach were still sound asleep; and after a glance which gave him no satisfaction, at the sharp, astute countenance of Mr. Driesen, he turned away from the fat, unmeaning faces of the rest, heated with travelling, and dirty with a journey, and continued to gaze at every well-remembered object till the coach stopped, the horses were unharnessed, and four staid and heavy animals, but very little

like the light blood tits that now gallop over the ground with the Highflier behind them, were brought out, and with somewhat slow and clumsy hands attached to the heavy Blue. The stopping of the coach roused almost all the inside passengers, and amidst many expressions of wonder at the sun having risen while they were all asleep, Mr. Driesen put forth his head from the coach window, commented on the beauty of the morning, and assured Charles Tyrrell that, though he had been absent but a few months, he would find very great improvements in the neighbourhood of Harbury Park.

"Indeed!" said Charles; "I have not heard of any, either in progress or contemplation."

"It is nevertheless true," replied Mr. Driesen; "and I may say that I had some share therein, for I suggested several of the plans to your father; and I hear that he is not only executing them, but greatly improving upon them. I am even now on my way to spend a week or two at the Park, to see what progress has been made."

"Pray, in what may these improvements consist?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I do not understand how any very considerable improvements could be made, especially in so short a time."

"You will see, you will see!" replied his companion. "But you remember the old manor-house which your father was at one time talking of pulling down, and laying out the gardens by the bank of the stream in meadows?"

"I remember it well," replied Charles Tyrrell, as the words of his companion called up before his mind the picture of a place where he had often played in infancy. It was situated in a valley, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from his father's dwelling, with a clear and rapid stream rushing through the green turf of the lawn. The house was an old house, built of flints, with manifold gable ends turning in every different direction, but with an air of grave and quiet antiquity about it all, which was pleasant to the imagination. It was the property of Sir Francis Tyrrell; but the house in which he dwelt was more convenient and suitable to him in every respect, and though he had once let the old manor-house, he had contrived to quarrel so violently with his tenant, that no one could be found to take it when the lease expired.

It had thus remained uninhabited for many years, and on it time had consequently had the destroying effect which time has on all man's works, when once they are deprived of the constant superintendence of his care. It had not, indeed, been totally neglected, but still it had fallen into decay, and when an occasional servant was sent down to open the windows and give admission to the healing air and sunshine, the rooms appeared damp and chilly, while the garden, with less tendance

than was required to keep it up, showed a crop of speedy grass upon its gravel walks, and a sad luxuriance of weeds.

Nevertheless, Lady Tyrrell loved it, and would often wander thither with her child and the nurse in the days of Charles's infancy, to enjoy an hour or two of peace at some distance from her troublous home. He thus did, indeed, remember it well, and at the very name the clear rushing stream seemed to flow on before him, the green lawns to slope out beneath his feet.

"I remember it well," he said: "but what of it? My father is not going to pull it down, I hope."

"Oh, no!" replied his companion, with a cynical sneer, which he could not restrain, even when speaking of his best friend. "Oh no! your mother said that she wished he would, and so, of course, he has abandoned that idea. No; on the contrary, he has repaired and beautified it; has had all the gardens trimmed and put in order, and made it one of the sweetest spots in the country."

Charles Tyrrell was surprised, and revolving rapidly in his mind what could be his father's motive, he was inclined to believe, and the belief was not unpleasant to him, that his father contemplated a separation from Lady Tyrrell, and intended to give her the old manor-house for her dwelling. The belief, we have said, was pleasant to him; for notwithstanding some pain and some annoyance which might still exist, he felt confident that tranquillity and peace, which were the only objects that Lady Tyrrell could now hope for in life, were only to be obtained by separating her from him who had inflicted upon her twenty years of misery.

As one is very much accustomed to do in conversing with one in whom we have little confidence, and with whom we have few sources of feeling in common, Charles Tyrrell pondered what he had heard in his own mind for some moments, before he asked any explanation from his companion. When he had done so, however, and began to doubt, from what he knew of his father's nature, whether his first solution of the mystery was correct, he once more turned to his informant and demanded, "Pray what may be my father's purpose in this new arrangement; do you know?"

"Ay, that you will learn hereafter," replied Mr. Driesen, with a sententious shake of the head, expressive of all the importance of a profound but not unpleasant secret. "Ay, that you will learn hereafter; but you must hear that from your father himself."

Charles Tyrrell had a potent aversion to mysteries of every kind, and an avowed animosity, not a little mingled with contempt, for those who made them unnecessarily. To Mr. Driesen's answer, then, he offered not the slightest rejoinder, and unwilling to gratify him by letting him see that his curio-

sity was excited in the least degree, he instantly turned the conversation to some indifferent subject, talked of the weather and the high road, the old heavy Blue coach and the horses that drew it, and of anything in short but that in regard to which he was really inclined to inquire.

In the mean while the coach rolled on, and bore him nearer and nearer to his home. At one particular point the road commanded a view of the old manor-house; and Charles, looking out of the window, saw it gleaming out from amongst the trees. Though it was lost again almost instantly, and he could catch none of the particulars, there was an undefinable look of freshness about it, an air of renovation which showed him that it *was* greatly changed. A little farther on the coach rolled past the lodge, and it, too, had undergone improvement; but that was not all. There was a servant in mourning livery standing at the gate, and looking out at the pretty country scene before his eyes, with an expression which seemed to show that the whole scene was new to him. The suit which he wore showed that he was not a servant of Sir Francis Tyrrell; but Charles saw the small keen black eyes of Mr. Driesen wandering over his face, and he took no more notice than if the servant had been a post at the gate of some house which he had never seen before. About three quarters of a mile further the coach stopped at the lodge of the Park, and Charles Tyrrell and his companion alighted, leaving the inside passengers to tell strange stories of the violent temper and uncontrollable passions, which were considered in that neighbourhood as a part of the inheritance of the Tyrrell family.

On entering his parental mansion, Charles found his father apparently in a more placable mood than usual; but it certainly seemed as if the coming of Mr. Driesen afforded him greater pleasure than the visit of his son. His mother was not present; and after spending a few minutes in the library with Sir Francis Tyrrell, Charles rose to seek his mother.

"You are in vast haste, Charles," said his father; "but I suppose it is of great importance that you should make Lady Tyrrell aware how soon young men at college learn to know everything better than their father. You can seek her in her own room, where you will most likely find her."

Charles's lip quivered, and his nostril expanded. "I seek my mother, sir," he replied, with a look of indignation that he could not well control, "to inquire after her health, and to tell her about mine." And though some other bitter words sprang up to his lips, he had the good sense to remember that it was the first day of his return home, and to repress them before they found utterance.

In order to make sure of his own temper, he left the room

at once; but could hear, as he shut the door, Mr. Driesen's low, sarcastic laugh, and fancy pictured the figure of his father and the sceptic amusing themselves with the anger which had been excited in his bosom. He smothered that anger as far as he could, however, and hoped to leave no trace of it ere he reached his mother's apartment; but, at all events, his feelings were of course turned into gall and bitterness by this first occurrence in his father's house.

Lady Tyrrell received him with joy, and as she gazed upon the countenance of her son with proud feelings, at the noble and manly aspect which his whole person was beginning to assume, she felt that there was yet one tie between her and life, one bright spot for affection to rest upon in the great desert of 'this side the grave.' Their meeting was full of tenderness and affection; and in the first overflowing of their feelings, Charles forgot Mr. Driesen and all that he had told him of changes, improvements, and plans.

At length, however, after having passed about an hour with his mother in telling her all that he had done at Oxford, hiding, indeed, everything that was painful, and only displaying that which was pleasant, his eye lighted upon his father and the sophist crossing the lawn before his mother's windows, and slowly walking on towards that part of the wood through which a tortuous path-way led to the grounds of the old manor-house. His journey in the coach and all that had been said, then rose upon remembrance, and he said, "I forgot, my dear mother, to tell you that fellow Driesen had come down in the coach with me."

"I knew he was coming, my dear Charles," replied his mother. "I heard your father mention it to one of the servants, telling him to get Mr. Driesen's room ready; for it has gone on till the blue room at the top of the staircase is called Mr. Driesen's room now."

Charles replied nothing, though his mother paused. After a short time, Lady Tyrrell went on: "I grieve that that man is so much here, Charles; he is a dangerous, a bad, and an unprincipled man, and I should grieve still more if your character were anything but what it is. But I feel certain that, notwithstanding all his art and all his eloquence, both of which are undoubtedly very great, Mr. Driesen could no sooner lead you than he could make oil and water mix."

"Indeed, my dear mother, he could not," replied Charles Tyrrell. "I know him thoroughly, I think, and dislike him not a little. But still, I shall keep away from him as far as possible; for he is continually throwing out those sneers at everything that is holy and good: at religion, at virtue, at feeling, which leave unpleasant impressions: stains, in fact, which are difficult to efface."

"Do, do avoid him as much as possible, Charles," replied his mother. "I sincerely believe that the only safeguard against such insidious serpents, is that tendency which nature has given us to avoid them, from our first abhorrence of their doctrines and feelings. I believe, otherwise, very few would escape them."

"Oh! I do not think that," replied Charles Tyrrell. "I never yet heard of a strong-built house being knocked down by footballs, or beaten to pieces by pea-shooters; but the one and the other may break the windows if they go on too long. At all events, I shall keep out of his way, because I dislike him. But tell me," he added; "what is this he has been speaking of, and which must be true from the changes I observed as I passed? The old manor-house, it seems, is repaired and beautified, and I saw a servant standing at the lodge. What is the meaning of all this?"

A smile, sad and thoughtful, but still a smile, came over Lady Tyrrell's countenance. "It is a plot against you, I fear, my dear Charles," she replied; "but still not one that is likely to be very dangerous, unless you yield yourself to it. You have heard," she added, seeing that she had excited her son's surprise, "you have often heard your father speak of Mr. Effingham, who had a beautiful place in Northumberland. It was at that house, then, Mr. Effingham's father's, that I first met my husband, and he has two or three times talked of taking you there."

"I forgot all about it," interrupted Charles Tyrrell. "I remember the name of Effingham, and hearing that he was my father's cousin, I think; but nothing more."

"A very distant cousin, indeed," replied Lady Tyrrell. "A Scotchman might call it a close connexion, but we, who have no clans, forget such cousinships, except when it serves our purposes. But, as I was going to tell you, Mr. Effingham died some months ago, and made your father his executor. You know how fond he is of projects; and no sooner did he find that Mr. Effingham had left a large estate somewhat encumbered, together with a widow and daughter, not yet of age, than he laid out in his own mind a scheme for bringing them to the old manor-house, for saving sufficient from the rents to clear off the encumbrances on the Northumberland estates, and for marrying you, I am sure, to the daughter."

"Indeed!" said Charles. "I rather suppose that he will find himself mistaken in his calculations; for, thank God! the time is gone by when parents had it in their power to marry their sons and daughters to whomsoever they pleased, and took them to the altar as to a cattle fair, to sell them to whom they liked. I hope, my dear mother, you have given no countenance to this scheme?"

"None whatever, Charles," replied his mother; "but quite the contrary. I was well aware, my dear boy, that the endeavour to force anybody upon you was the readiest way to make you take a dislike to a person whom you might otherwise have chosen for yourself; and, besides, I had various reasons which made me anything but anxious that such a marriage should take place. In the first place, I should much wish you to see a good deal more of the world before you marry at all; nor do I wish you to marry early. It is not, indeed, so much the desire of keeping you altogether to myself for my own comfort and consolation, as for the sake of your own after-happiness, and the happiness of the person you may choose. There are some men who certainly should marry young, and who are all the happier in after-life for so doing; but such is not the case with your family, Charles. You should, all of you, plunge into the world, endure even its sorrows and its reverses, taste the uses of adversity, encounter disappointment, care, anxiety, even overthrow and defeat, perhaps, to take off the keen and fiery impetuosity with which you all set out in life, and never think of marrying till you can deliberately propose to yourselves to seek in domestic life calmness, peace, tranquillity, and the reciprocation of equal affection, rather than rule, domination, and contention."

Charles Tyrrell was silent for several moments. He felt that what his mother said was true in some degree; and yet there was a good deal in it that mortified him. He loved her too well, however, he appreciated her motives too well, he was of too frank and candid a nature to suffer any mortification he felt to appear harshly.

"My dear mother," he said, in a melancholy tone, "I think if you knew all that I have felt, you would judge that I have had disappointments and griefs enough in seeing my mother's unhappiness, and living in a house of strife, to trample down, even from my infancy, a great part of those strong passions that you fear."

Lady Tyrrell shook her head, and Charles went on:—

"Well, well, my dear mother, it does not signify. At all events, I am very glad that you have given no encouragement to this scheme of my father's; for, depend upon it, it must and will fail."

"I would have encouraged it on no account whatsoever," replied Lady Tyrrell; "I should have thought it unjust and wrong in every respect. But I am sorry to say, that it has been the cause of as bitter a quarrel between myself and your father as ever occurred, and they have been but too many. He wished me to write, and invite Mrs. Effingham here; but I would not do so. I had never seen her, for Mr. Effingham was not married when I was last at his father's house; and as

your father had often spoken of Mrs. Effingham as of a weak, poor-minded person, with whom he did not wish me to keep up any acquaintance, of course I never made the attempt; but I could not be expected suddenly to turn round and affect great regard for persons I had never seen, and towards whom I had shown some neglect. If, immediately after Mr. Effingham's death, your father had asked me to write, and, as a matter of kindness, invited Mrs. Effingham here for change of scene, I would have done it with pleasure; but when it was to press her to come hither after two or three months had elapsed, and to say everything I could in my letter to forward a scheme I disapproved, of course I endeavoured to avoid doing so, and on my showing the least reluctance, your father took fire, and spoke and acted as you can conceive. He has scarcely ever opened his lips to me since, except, indeed, the other day, when he informed me, that he himself had written to Mrs. Effingham, and that she had accepted his invitation, which, of course, did not raise her very high in my opinion. All the other arrangements were concluded too, I find; so that she has taken the manor, and is about to reside there with her daughter till Lucy becomes of age, and is consequently no longer under your father's guardianship. Everything will be prepared to receive them in about ten days. In the meantime, they come here before the end of the week; what day I do not well know, as I have not been informed. I shall treat them, of course, with kindness and civility, and trust you will do the same, for your father has the fullest right to expect that at our hands; though I cannot write, hypocritically, pressing invitations to people that I do not wish to see."

The impression produced on the mind of Charles Tyrrell, by the account which his mother gave him, was certainly anything but pleasant in regard to Mrs. and Miss Effingham; and certain it is that, although he, as well as Lady Tyrrell, made up their minds to perform every external act of civility, yet there was a predetermination on the part of both to make that civility so cold and icy as to cut short every project of an alliance with one whom they were resolved to dislike.

Their conversation then turned to other subjects, on which it is not necessary to dwell, and the only thing which occurred further between the mother and son worthy of remark, was, that Charles Tyrrell, who had always entertained a great antipathy to the name of Lucy, took pains to repeat it with particular emphasis whenever the conversation returned to Mrs. and Miss Effingham.

In the evening, Lady Tyrrell came down to dinner, which she had not done for several days before, and willing to make her son's return home as cheerful as she could, she restrained, as far as possible, every appearance of bearing in mind the

dispute between her husband and herself, though it had thrown her into a fit of illness. Acting on the same principle, she suffered Mr. Driesen to take her unresisting hand, and in reply to several speeches, which he purposely rendered extravagantly gallant, she uttered some civil words of course.

Sir Francis, in the course of his walk, seemed to have been tutored to politeness by Mr. Driesen, and both to his wife and son behaved with an unusual degree of courteousness, though the very nature and constitution of his mind prevented him from abstaining altogether from an occasional sneer or sarcasm. In fact, his very politeness savoured thereof, and there was, nine times out of ten, as much bitter as sweet in everything he said.

On the whole, however, the evening passed over more pleasantly than usual, and though both Lady Tyrrell and her son were well aware that no real change for the better had taken place, they were only too anxious to protract as long as possible the temporary suspension of strife and irritation. It was to be remarked, too, that every time Mr. Driesen found Sir Francis Tyrrell touching upon dangerous ground, he skilfully contrived to draw him away, by throwing some new element into the conversation of such a kind as he knew Sir Francis Tyrrell would dash at, forgetful of what went before. Thus the whole party were, in fact, in a much more placable mood, when the rush of carriage wheels was heard indistinctly through the open doors, and a loud peal upon the bell called the servants to the gate.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Francis Tyrrell heard the sounds; but for a moment took no further notice of them than by raising his eyes, with a meaning look, to the countenance of Driesen, who was sitting at a little distance in an attitude which he was very fond of, when busy in propounding some of his own speculative opinions, which he knew were likely to sound harsh in the ears of some of the persons present. It was an attitude entirely composed of angles, one knee nearly up to his chin, which was itself long and pointed, one arm thrust behind his back, the other bent into a sharp angle to support his head, and his whole body leaning forward, with his under jaw a little protruding. Charles Tyrrell used to say, when he saw him in this attitude, that he was knotted into a theorem; but, nevertheless, the attitude, which was beyond all doubt studied,

was not without its effect upon those who saw it from its very extravagance.

He also heard the carriage, and stopped in the midst of a disquisition which he was addressing to Sir Francis, as to whether the religion of the Greeks and Romans was not more rational than Christianity. Lady Tyrrell was working and hearing as little as possible, and Charles Tyrrell sat by his mother drawing a flower for her embroidery, and from time to time addressing her in a low voice, with a running comment upon Driesen's discourse, which certainly would not have gratified that gentleman to hear.

Lady Tyrrell heard the carriage like the rest, and was the first to speak upon the subject. The feeling that it was impossible to avoid the daily strife with her husband, had engendered carelessness, but not awe; his tyranny having, like all other tyranny, taught her to resist.

"There is the sound of a carriage," she said, fixing her eyes full upon her husband. "Do you expect any company to-night, Sir Francis?"

"To-night or to-morrow," replied Sir Francis, "I expect Mrs. and Miss Effingham, Lady Tyrrell."

He was about to add something bitter, but as he particularly wished that Lady Tyrrell should not show towards his new guests any distaste for their society, he commanded himself sufficiently to stop short. Nor was it unusual with him, indeed, so to do; for he was one of those who loved the condition better than the reputation of a domestic tyrant, and when any strangers were present he contrived as far as possible to veil the natural badness of his temper under the garb of formal courtesy toward his wife and son.

Lady Tyrrell thought that it might have been as well to inform her that such guests were so speedily expected, and she had every inclination either to say so, or to quit the room and leave Sir Francis to receive them himself. She looked at her son, however, and one or two ideas crossed her mind which prevented her from giving way to a wrong impulse. She recollected that a painful scene might be the consequence between Sir Francis and herself. She recollected that it was the first day of her son's return, and that such a scene might, on that very day, call up one of those bitter quarrels between father and son, which she had more than once seen take place on her account. She remembered, too, the purposes with which she had set out in married life, and the efforts which she had often made to conquer harshness by gentleness, and overcome bad conduct by good. However ineffectual she had found it, she resolved once more to try the more generous course, and in everything to act towards Mrs. Effingham as a lady: with courtesy if she could not affect kindness.

Lady Tyrrell laid down her work and rose. Sir Francis frowned, not knowing what was to follow; but she said, "If you think that is Mrs. Effingham, Sir Francis, I had better go out to receive her, considering that she is a stranger and come from a long journey."

The face of Sir Francis Tyrrell changed in a moment, and Charles's heart smote him for not having felt at once what was the conduct which his mother ought to pursue. Lady Tyrrell moved towards the door, which was, as we have said, partly open; but before she reached it, the servant threw it wide, announcing Mrs. Effingham.

The next moment that lady entered, and certainly bore nothing in her appearance which could inspire any feeling of coldness or dislike. She was tall, though not quite so tall as Lady Tyrrell, and dressed in widow's mourning; but the close cap and the dull crape could not conceal that she was very beautiful; yes, even yet, though past the season of youth, extremely beautiful. Her hair, which had once been bright and glossy as woven sunbeams, was now, indeed, carefully hidden; but there were the fine straight features, the calm expressive eyes, the broad clear forehead, the beautiful mouth and fine teeth, the oval face, which was not without the expression of sorrow; but even sorrow as well as time had treated it leniently. She was entering a strange house, to meet people only one of whom she had ever seen before, under circumstances very different from those to which she had been accustomed; but yet there was a grave calmness about her which seemed to say, "Wrapped up in deeper thoughts and feelings, I set all trifling inconveniences at defiance."

There was something in her appearance which, why or wherefore she scarcely could tell, changed Lady Tyrrell's feelings to her in a moment, not entirely, indeed, but in a very great degree. What was it that she had expected to see in Mrs. Effingham? It was, in fact, anything but what she did see. It was a gay widow: that darkest and most anomalous of all natural chimeras. Now, the whole of Mrs. Effingham's appearance bespoke her the very reverse. There was not the slightest trickery about her dress: it was the plain unbecoming dress of the widow, as unbecoming as it could be rendered. There was no affectation about her manner: it was sad even under an effort to be cheerful. She smiled, indeed, but it was the ripple over a dark deep sea; and Lady Tyrrell found that she had misconstrued her husband's words, or that they had pictured Mrs. Effingham very ill. She instantly extended her hand to her.

Mrs. Effingham took it quietly, saying, "Lady Tyrrell, I suppose;" but by this time Sir Francis Tyrrell had advanced, and he now proceeded not only to welcome his fair guest, but

to introduce her and Lady Tyrrell to each other with formal courtesy and politeness. The introduction of his son followed; but almost at the same moment Lady Tyrrell asked, "Where is Miss Effingham? Has she not accompanied you?"

"She is speaking with her maid," replied Mrs. Effingham, "and will be here immediately. I have been lately somewhat of an invalid, and therefore came in from the night air at once."

Charles Tyrrell was young, and hesitated whether he should or should not go out to the carriage door to meet Miss Effingham. He would have done so to any other person, but the hint which Lady Tyrrell had given him of the purposes of his father, and a doubt whether those purposes might not be suspected or known both by Mrs. Effingham and her daughter made him hesitate. That hesitation was increased by seeing the eyes of Mrs. Effingham fixed steadfastly upon him, with some degree of surprise, perhaps, but still with a scrutinizing and examining look.

A hint from his mother, however, made him turn towards the door for the purpose of doing what was courteous, at all events, and as soon as he had left the room, Mrs. Effingham said, in some surprise to Sir Francis, "I thought your son was much younger! He seems two or three and twenty. I had fancied him much younger than Lucy."

A well-pleased smile came over the countenance of Lady Tyrrell, and Sir Francis answered, "That was, I suppose, because in writing, I called him *the boy;* but that is only a form of speech, you know. He is not of age yet, however, thank heaven! for I am sure he is not fit to take care of himself. Few men have sufficient wit to keep themselves from running their head against a wall till they are thirty at least. Permit me, madam, to introduce my friend Mr. Driesen; though, I believe, you are already acquainted with him."

Mrs. Effingham drew herself up, saying coldly, "I have had the honour of seeing Mr. Driesen before."

That gentleman, however, was not one easily repelled, and throughout the whole of that night he devoted himself assiduously to paying court to the fair widow. Whatever were her feelings towards him, whatever was her opinion of his character, it cannot but be acknowledged that she, as well as all others on whom he chose to employ his art, was compelled to listen, and could not help finding something agreeable in his conversation, for he was one of those endowed with the rare power called eloquence. It is true, that he misemployed one of the noblest gifts of heaven; but still he possessed it, and by means of it he could sweeten the poison that he was too fond of offering to others.

While the brief conversation which we have noticed was

taking place, however, Charles Tyrrell had left the drawing-room, and proceeded through the glass doors which separated the inner corridors from the entrance hall, thinking to himself, with that injustice which naturally follows prepossession, either for or against: "This young lady seems to be giving herself vast trouble to ensure the safety of her caps and bonnets."

As he entered the vestibule, however, he saw the person he sought, speaking eagerly to one who seemed her maid, while a man-servant in a travelling dress held up a long basket, such as plants are sometimes carried in, and two or three of the servants of the house stood round and assisted. He heard, at the same time, a sweet musical voice, which was not altogether strange to him, saying, "I hope they are not broken, Margaret. You know how fond my mother is of them, and I would rather that anything else had been injured than these flowers."

"There is but one of them hurt, Miss Lucy," said the man-servant; "and I will get some of the people to show me the way down to the house to-morrow morning, so as to have them planted at once."

Lucy Effingham examined the plants for a moment, and then telling the man to do as he proposed, turned round to enter the house. She had not remarked the approach of Charles Tyrrell, and he had remained a step behind her, waiting till she had given her orders. In the time that had elapsed, however, he had made a discovery, by the tone of her voice, which, it must be acknowledged, was not at all unpleasant to him. When she did turn round, therefore, he was not at all surprised to see the face and form of the young lady he had seen the night before at the pretty little inn of Hartford Bridge. Lucy, on her part, did not recognise him, for, on the preceding evening she had seen him but for a single instant, and had withdrawn and shut the door before she was conscious of anything except that there was some stranger going along the passage.

Throughout life we are constantly holding long conversations without saying a word, for the expression of the countenance is just as much a language as that which hangs upon our tongue; and though the one and the other are often equally deceitful, yet, we are constantly endeavouring to correct the falsehood and mistakes of either by the commentary of the other.

Charles Tyrrell instantly saw that she did not recollect in the least having seen him on the preceding night; but she saw that he knew who she was, and that he seemed very well pleased to see her; and she therefore gathered from that circumstance that he was Sir Francis Tyrrell's son, though there was certainly four years' difference between his real age and

that which she had fancied it to be, and at least six in appearance. Charles Tyrrell bowed, and, though he saw it was unnecessary, informed her who he was, and then led her to the drawing-room, where his mother received her kindly.

A strange house, strange people, and a novel situation in every respect, of course had their effect upon a young and inexperienced girl, who, though not precisely of the character which is called timid, was yet naturally modest and retiring in all her feelings, yet full of high and noble principles, which would, if called upon, have enabled her to take a strong, a vigorous part, in any situation of difficulty. She was, however, grave and reserved through the greater part of the evening; and till they retired to rest Charles Tyrrell did not hear again that cheerful tone which had struck his ear in the inn at Hartford Bridge.

Lady Tyrrell accompanied her guests to their apartments; and Charles remained a moment or two before he himself retired to his own room. To him his father made no observation; but, almost as soon as the ladies were gone, he turned to Mr. Driesen, saying, "She is very beautiful, indeed!"

"Which do you mean," demanded Mr. Driesen; "the mother or the daughter?"

"Oh! I meant the daughter, of course," replied Sir Francis: "I had seen the mother often before; but I had no idea that Lucy, whom I remember a plain child, would have turned out so beautiful."

"She puts me in mind," said Mr. Driesen, in reply, "of a piece of French porcelain: all rosy red, and clear white, and ultramarine blue."

There was a sneer upon his lip as he spoke, and Charles Tyrrell, who felt the simile to be unjust in everything but the mere terms, inasmuch as nothing could be more beautifully shaded and harmonised than the colouring of Lucy Effingham's complexion, turned round and quitted the drawing-room.

Immediately after he was gone, Sir Francis proceeded to read Mr. Driesen a lecture upon the impolicy of decrying Lucy Effingham's beauty, knowing so well as he did the project formed for uniting her to his son. "I can tell you, Driesen," he added, "that young man is harder to deal with than you know; to use the late King of Spain's expression, 'he is as obstinate as an Aragonese mule.'"

"My dear sir, he is your son!" replied Mr. Driesen, with a cynical bow; "but begging your pardon, I said what I did quite advisedly. She is a great deal too pretty for him to acknowledge the justice of what I said. He is even now gone up to his room, not only excessively angry at me for saying it, but thinking Lucy Effingham ten times as beautiful as he did the minute before, simply because I compared her to a French

flower-pot. He will, in all probability, dream of her all night, and will rise to-morrow morning fully prepared to tilt his wit against mine in her defence."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell; "though you concealed your meaning so well, that I did not perceive it. '*Latet anguis in herbâ*,' Driesen, eh? I did not perceive the reptile under the flower-pot, though I might have known, too, that there must be a snake under any flowers that you choose to cull;" and thus having repaid him for the rejoinder to the Aragonese mule, Sir Francis Tyrrell wished him good-night, and they mutually retired.

Mr. Driesen went up to his own room, saw that every thing was comfortable for the night, put his two feet upon the hobs by the sides of the fire, and made some calculation on a piece of paper resting on his knee. He then took down from a corner in which he had placed it, when he unpacked his baggage, 'Hobbe's Leviathan,' without which he never travelled, varied it with an article out of Bayle, added a page or two of Petronius, and then, upon the comfortable doctrines he had imbibed, went to bed and slept.

On the following morning, Lady Tyrrell sent her maid to inform Mrs. Effingham that having a violent head-ache, she was compelled, as the only means of removing it, to remain in bed. In truth, the arrival of her son, and of unexpected guests, had excited her more than usual, and her health was so shattered by anxiety, grief, and disappointment, that a very little agitation had a serious effect upon her.

The morning was thus passed by Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, with the three gentlemen only; and on Sir Francis proposing to walk through the grounds to visit the old manor-house, Mrs. Effingham declined, but said her daughter would go, while she herself would visit Lady Tyrrell in her own room.

Sir Francis took the hint that had been given by Mr. Driesen the night before, and having fancied that his son was somewhat struck by the beauty of Lucy Effingham, and was inclined to court her society, he determined to throw a few obstacles in the way, and declared that he would have the young lady's company all to himself; so that Charles and Mr. Driesen might amuse themselves the best way they could.

While he and Lucy set off through the woods to the manor-house, Mrs. Effingham having sent to inquire whether Lady Tyrrell could receive her without increasing her head-ache, proceeded to her room, and we shall beg leave to accompany her thither, as the conversation between the two was not without importance; and it is the only one which, perhaps, it may be necessary to record, as a specimen of many which afterwards took place between those ladies.

Mrs. Effingham proceeded calmly to Lady Tyrrell's bedside, and sat down in a chair which was placed for her by the maid, who then retired. She asked kindly after Lady Tyrrell's health, and told her that Sir Francis and her daughter had gone to the manor-house. There was something in her manner which, without the slightest affectation of so doing, displayed towards Lady Tyrrell a feeling of tenderness and interest which touched that lady's heart, and won very much upon her regard, though it was impossible to say in what consisted the charm to which she was so willing to yield.

After she had spoken of several other things, and found that Lady Tyrrell appreciated and understood her character, at all events, in some degree, she added, "I have taken this opportunity of speaking to you, my dear Lady Tyrrell, because I do not know when I may have another opportunity of conversing with you alone for any length of time; and yet, as what I have to say is a matter of some interest, I almost fear that it may make you worse if I go on, though it ought to be said at once, as we are placed in a relative position towards each other, which makes it necessary that we should understand each other from the beginning."

"Go on, my dear madam, go on," replied Lady Tyrrell, "there is nothing I love so much as frankness and sincerity, and I am so much accustomed to bear ill health and to undergo much more painful excitements, while suffering sickness, than any your conversation can produce, that I have no fear of your making my head-ache worse, and even trust that your conversation may have another effect."

Mrs. Effingham paused for a moment, and looked upon the ground. "You have so plainly alluded, my dear madam," she said at length, "to matters which I dare scarcely have ventured to touch upon, that I may now say, I trust my being here in your neighbourhood may afford you some comfort and consolation. I do not mean that the vain hope of doing so induced me to accept your husband's invitation to this house; even although that invitation was not ratified by your own."

Lady Tyrrell turned a little red as Mrs. Effingham touched at once so distinctly on her not having written herself, especially as she felt that it would be impossible to meet the apparent candour with which that lady treated her, by explaining the motives which had induced her so to act. Mrs. Effingham went on, however, without apparently noticing the embarrassment of her hostess.

"I had many important reasons," she said, "for accepting that invitation and coming hither; but, believe me, Lady Tyrrell, that the thought of being a companion and consolation to you, strange as it may seem, had no slight share in my deter-

mination. In the first place, let me inform you, that my late husband, whom I revered and respected, as perhaps you know"—she spoke with perfect calmness—"requested me upon his death-bed, when the eyes of the only one I ever loved were closing for ever, to accept the invitation, which he doubted not I should receive, to spend some time in this place. It was as a command to me, Lady Tyrrell, which I could by no means disobey. In the next place, I was very anxious to quit that part of the country for a time on two accounts, the strongest of which I will explain to you afterwards; the other was personal: I believe I might say, selfish. There are some people who linger fondly in scenes where they have spent happy hours with persons who are lost to them: it seems to recall the happiness without the loss; to me it daily recalls the loss without the happiness; and though I struggled hard against what I felt to be a weakness, yet, both the weakness and the struggle undermined my health, which had already suffered. Then, again, my late husband had the highest confidence in the honour and integrity of Sir Francis Tyrrell."

"His honour and integrity," said Lady Tyrrell, "and even his generosity, where neither passions nor prejudices are concerned, Mrs. Effingham, may be fully relied on. God forbid that I should not give my husband his full due!"

"I am sure you would, my dear Lady Tyrrell," replied her companion. "My husband knew him well, his faults, his failings, and his good qualities; and he told me, that although not the wealth of a Crœsus, or the power of an emperor, would have made him give his sister or his daughter to be the wife of Sir Francis Tyrrell; yet he could put his wife and daughter confidently under his charge and direction, and with the more confidence, inasmuch as Sir Francis held a considerable mortgage upon his estate, which he believed would only act as a bond to treat them more nobly and guide them more carefully."

The words of Mrs. Effingham put the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell to his wife in somewhat of a new light, or at all events, in a light which had not shone upon it for many years, and her eyes filled with tears, called up by many mingled emotions.

"Doubtless, you remember my husband well?" continued Mrs. Effingham, "for he knew and esteemed you highly, I can assure you, though he had not seen you since your marriage; but there was a conviction upon his mind that yours was the last character on earth to cope with such a temper as that of Sir Francis; who required, he thought, one almost as vehement, quite as determined, and somewhat more calm than his own. Such he knew that you were not; and there was a conviction upon his mind that——"

"That I was unhappy," said Lady Tyrrell, calmly, as she saw Mrs. Effingham hesitate.

"At all events, that you might require and appreciate some consolation," said Mrs. Effingham. "Amongst the last things that he said to me were, 'I wish you could be near her; you might mutually support and console each other after I am gone;' and therefore it was that I first proposed to your husband to seek for me a house in this neighbourhood; accepted gladly what he proposed, when he offered to repair and let to me, what I hear is a very beautiful place, in the immediate vicinity, and did not refuse when he invited me to spend a week or ten days here, although Lady Tyrrell did not confirm the invitation."

"Lady Tyrrell was, perhaps, very wrong not to do so," said the invalid; "but many circumstances prevented me from doing what, I sincerely assure you, I regret not to have done. Those circumstances would be tedious to explain, and even painful; for, to do so would compel me to enter into the private particulars of the state of this house, which, perhaps, you may learn, ere long, by your own observation, but upon which I cannot myself dwell."

"Say not a word, my dear Lady Tyrrell," replied Mrs. Effingham. "It is very possible that even Sir Francis Tyrrell himself, when he made the invitation, was not well aware whether he should regret it or not; for when I last saw him on his visit to Northumberland, several years ago, I do not know that we were the best friends in the world. It was with very great difficulty that my husband could make me believe, that a man who professed to have little or no religion, except of a very vague and unsatisfactory nature, could be an upright, honest, and honourable man. I was wrong, I know; and he, on his part, was wrong too. Because I put forth, perhaps, with a good deal of the vanity of youth—I was young then—somewhat more than necessary of my religious opinions, in the presence of one I knew to be a sceptic, and believed to be an infidel, he thought me a foolish fanatic as well as a very disagreeable person. Those religious feelings, Lady Tyrrell, however, have since been more withdrawn into my own heart. I feel them more deeply than ever: I thence derive the only consolation that I know. They make me cheerful under sadness, and give me happiness because they render hope immortal; but I have since learned, that to display those feelings too frequently or obtrusively, is a vanity which cannot be pleasing to God, and must naturally be offensive to men."

Lady Tyrrell held out her hand to her. "I will acknowledge, my dear Mrs. Effingham," she said, "that I must have sadly misconstrued some of my husband's expressions in re-

gard to you, and I thank you for all your candour and your confidence. Depend upon it, I will return it with pleasure and with comfort to myself."

"I thought so from what I saw of you last night," said Mrs. Effingham; "but I had determined, nevertheless, whatever might be your character, to explain to you frankly and straightforwardly why I came without your invitation. I must now, however, come to another part of the subject, more difficult, and, perhaps, more disagreeable to treat of."

"Indeed!" said Lady Tyrrell, with some alarm. "Pray, what may that be?"

"It is in regard to your son and my daughter," said Mrs. Effingham.

Lady Tyrrell smiled; but she was as much wrong in her present conclusions as she had been in former ones.

"I have been entirely mistaken," continued Mrs. Effingham, "in regard to your son's age. I had thought, I do not well know why, that he was not more than fifteen or sixteen, and I cannot let Lucy be here even for the short time we are to stay, nor be as intimate in the house after we have removed to the manor, as I hope we shall be, without being straightforward and candid on that subject also. I mentioned that there were two motives which induced me to wish to leave Northumberland."

"Good God!" exclaimed Lady Tyrrell, raising herself in bed. "Your daughter is in love with somebody there." And she felt strangely at that moment what a perverse thing is human nature. Not two days before, all her feelings would have been different on hearing that Lucy Effingham was either engaged to, or in love with, somebody in Northumberland; but now, although she would not admit even to herself that she absolutely wished her to marry Charles Tyrrell, yet she was disappointed to think that such a thing was out of the question.

Mrs. Effingham, however, after a moment's pause, replied, "Not exactly, my dear Lady Tyrrell. I do not mean to say that Lucy is absolutely in love with anybody; but there is a young gentleman in that neighbourhood who is certainly desperately in love with her. What are Lucy's feelings on the subject I have never inquired; because both her father and myself were resolved, from the very first, to set our face against such a marriage; and, having determined to reject it without any appeal to her, judged it would be unkind and unjust to enter upon the subject with her at all, as nothing that she could have said, or any one else could have said, could by any chance have shaken our resolution."

"Some person, I suppose," said Lady Tyrrell, "inferior to herself in circumstances and station?"

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Effingham; "at least, not so inferior as to have proved an objection in her father's eyes or mine, had it not been for other circumstances. His father, Colonel Hargrave, is a man of small fortune, and, I believe, not very high connexions; but he is a gentleman, and a good though a weak man. His eldest son, who is married, is a clergyman; but this second son, who is in the navy, is in every respect objectionable: rash, wild, licentious, unprincipled. He was early sent to sea, from his ungovernableness at home; but the experiment only made bad worse. However, he was absent from our part of the country, and we did not hear of many of his proceedings till his return. Before we were aware of all the facts, he had seen Lucy frequently, both at his mother's house, at ours, and at other houses in the neighbourhood. But his reputation speedily followed him into Northumberland. We found that he had been in no place without leaving a bad character behind him; and that not alone of a wild and heedless young man of strong passions, but of a heartless, unfeeling debauchee, who was, besides, without any principle in affairs where money was concerned. He could not exactly be called a swindler, but approached as near that character as possible without bringing himself under the arm of the law, and he had very nearly ruined his father, who had to free him from the consequences of his own extravagance and misconduct."

"But surely," said Lady Tyrrell, "your daughter, who seems so gentle and amiable, could never love a man of such a character."

"I do not know, Lady Tyrrell," said Mrs. Effingham, shaking her head; "women frequently love the people most opposite to themselves, not alone in person and tastes, but often, too often, in moral qualities. He is very handsome too, and extremely prepossessing in his manners. To listen to his conversation you would think him an angel of light, though I have heard that, now and then, in all societies, the evil spirit breaks forth and shows himself. He took care, however, of course, to conceal his real character as far as possible from Lucy; but I find that even then he could not govern his evil propensities so far as not to behave in such a manner in one of the neighbouring houses, as to get himself heartily cudgelled by a servant whose sister he attempted to seduce. One could not offend Lucy's ears by entering into all the particulars of such affairs, and consequently the means Mr. Effingham took were to shut the doors of our house against him. He then demanded an explanation, which you can conceive was complete and final; but he behaved in so violent and outrageous a manner, that Mr. Effingham, who was even then very ill, was obliged to ring, and order the servants to show him to the

door. Of this latter part Lucy was aware; but her father's illness rapidly increased, and his death soon followed, so that she had sufficient matter of a painful kind to occupy all her thoughts. The young man was absent from the neighbourhood at the time, afraid, in fact, of being arrested for a debt. His father has since paid it, and he returned about a month ago. He has since been seen hovering round the house, and one time even left a card, and inquired for the family. Lucy has never mentioned his name to me since; but I was, at all events, very glad to quit that part of the country. When, however, my dear Lady Tyrrell, I came here and found your son so much older than I had thought, I felt instantly that it would not be just to you to remain without letting you know how we are circumstanced. Even making deduction for a mother's fondness, it cannot be denied that Lucy is very beautiful, and it seems to me that she is very engaging also. It by no means follows, indeed, that any evil consequences should result, and I have but done what is right in laying the facts exactly before you."

Lady Tyrrell thanked her a thousand times: she saw that Mrs. Effingham had acted a generous and honourable part towards her; that she was one of those in whom she might repose the fullest confidence, and that all her preconceived ideas regarding her were wrong. She was most happy now that Mrs. Effingham had come to their neighbourhood. She felt that there was a person near of whom she could make a friend, who could give her solace, consolation, and advice; but yet, in the present instance, she could not immediately respond to the frank and candid statement of her guest in the way she would have wished; for to say the truth, she was in doubt as to what her own conduct ought to be, and she plunged into a train of thought, without making any reply: a habit which very naturally grows upon persons accustomed to seclusion, and who are frequently cast back upon their own reflections for guidance and support.

Her conviction, from the conversation which had taken place, was, that Mrs. Effingham felt perfectly sure that Lucy's heart had been engaged by this young man, of whom she had spoken, and there was something in her maternal pride and love for her son, the only object of her pride and affection for many years, which made her unwilling that her Charles should be the second in any one's affection, even supposing that Lucy's first love for this young man could be utterly obliterated. From what she knew of her son also, from the character and appearance of Lucy Effingham, and from the near proximity in which they were placed, she believed that that young lady was the person, of all others, she had ever seen, to whom Charles was most likely to become

attached; and after pondering for several minutes in silence, all that she could reply to Mrs. Effingham was, that if it were possible, she should much like to give her son intimation of the fact which she had just learned.

Mrs. Effingham in turn thought for a moment or two, and then replied: "Do so, Lady Tyrrell; tell him all that I have told you, but pray tell him nothing more; for I have spoken exactly as I mean, and given you a true picture of my own impressions on the subject."

Lady Tyrrell did tell him that very afternoon, not long after Mrs. Effingham had left her; but she certainly went beyond what Mrs. Effingham had intended; for, impressed with the full conviction that Lucy was attached to Arthur Hargrave, she conveyed that impression to her son as a matter of certainty.

The effect of this communication upon Charles Tyrrell was not such as his mother expected, or the reader may expect to find. It seemed to take a load from him: to relieve his mind from a burthen, and his manners from a restraint. So long as he had imagined that Lucy was brought there for him to fall in love with, he had felt fettered in every word and in every action, lest he should convey to her himself a false impression of his views and motives. But the moment he was told that she was attached to another, all such impressions were done away. He resumed his usual character and conduct, and all he felt towards Lucy was admiration for her beauty, fondness for her society, and a sort of tender compassion for the disappointment of one so young and so deserving. But he thought to himself, as he had often thought before, "I could never be content with a heart, the first fresh feelings of which have been given to another."

CHAPTER VI.

We must allow two or three days for the imagination of the reader to fancy all that took place in the development of the various characters of those assembled at Harbury Park to the eyes of each other. In those two or three days considerable progress had been made in showing to Mrs. Effingham and Lucy the state of existence of Sir Francis Tyrrell, his wife, and his son. The father, though he still put some restraint upon himself, had lost the first effect of the presence of strangers, and had given full way, both towards Lady Tyrrell and

Charles, to the bitter and sarcastic spirit which showed itself at all times, even when the more violent excesses of his passionate nature were under controul. The tears were too much accustomed to rush into Lady Tyrrell's eyes not to find their way there easily, and she had two or three times quitted the room to prevent them from overflowing in the presence of her guests.

Charles, on every account, had restrained himself as far as possible, and had done so always when he himself was assailed; but when the attack was levelled at his mother, even the presence of others could not prevent his eyes from flashing, and his lip from quivering, in a manner that startled and alarmed both Lucy and Mrs. Effingham.

When he was alone with them he was all that was kind and gentle, without making any effort whatsoever to conceal the quick and hasty disposition which was certainly his. Lucy then seemed well pleased in his society, for she was gay and cheerful, though with an occasional degree of gravity which never suffered him to forget what Lady Tyrrell had told him. When they were all in the society of his father, however, the very apprehension which she entertained of some quarrel seemed to make her regard him with greater interest. Her eyes were frequently upon him, and she appeared in those moments, when he was excited by, and struggling with, the strong passions of his nature, to look upon him with a degree of awe.

Thus the matter had proceeded till the party had been assembled at Harbury Park for four days. On the evening of that day it was determined that on the following morning, if fine, as Sir Francis was to be engaged with his Court Baron, Lady Raymond and Mrs. Effingham, neither of whom were competent to much exertion, should go down to the manor-house and make various arrangements there; while Lucy, accompanied by Charles, and under the safe conduct of Mr. Driesen, should proceed on horseback to the sea-side (the nearest point of which lay at about four miles from the house), and take a canter along the sands.

The morning, when it arrived, was as beautiful as it could be, and everything was prepared to set out, when it was found that one of the horses wanted shoeing, and the delay of nearly an hour took place. Mr. Driesen consoled himself with some of his favourite studies, while Charles and Lucy stood in the conservatory whiling away the time by talking over what the Latin poet, with a sort of prophetical inspiration of an Irish bull, has happily expressed by words which may be rendered "everything in the universe and a little beside." At length the impediment was obviated, the horses brought round, and the party set out for the sea-side.

Charles was an excellent horseman; and Mr. Driesen, though in figure greatly resembling the prongs of a carving fork, was by no means otherwise than a good rider. Indeed he excelled in most exercises. He was a skilful fisherman and a good shot, and whatever he did was done with such quiet ease that it was evidently the result of long and early practice. Lucy also rode uncommonly well, and the whole party felt the exhilaration of beautiful weather, rapid motion, and command over the noblest beast in the creation.

The sea-shore was soon reached, and the sands were still uncovered, although a slight mistake about the time of tide, and the delay which had occurred ere they set out, had kept them so late that the sea was beginning to flow in. The coast, however, was by no means a dangerous one, so that there was no chance whatsoever of such an awful scene occurring as is depicted in the most beautiful and interesting of modern novels, called "Reginald Dalton." The sands were hard and firm, and you might gallop over them in safety, even with the water dancing round your horse's feet. There were high cliffy banks above the shore, it is true, in general crowned with dark masses of wood, which there approached fearlessly even to the very edge of the sea. But there were constant gaps in this cliffy barrier leading up into sweet inland valleys beyond, and through most of these gaps there wound away a path, not fitted indeed for a carriage, but perfectly practicable for persons on horseback or on foot. A few lonely houses, belonging to fishermen, in general covered for a roof with an inverted boat, were the only habitations for some way along the coast, except where a solitary martello tower marked the end of a headland at about two miles distance.

By the time they reached the sea-shore, a light summer haze had come over the blue sky. It could by no means be called a mist, for the earth and air around were all pure and clear. Nor did it properly deserve the name of a cloud, for the sun shone through it, though softened. But it was like a thin, white veil drawn over the blue, and where a thin line or two of cloud did really appear and cross the disk of the sun, they became like streaks of gold, as we often see at the rising and setting of the great orb of day.

The beautiful weather was rendered all the more enjoyable by the absence of fiercer light and greater heat, for there was not a single breath of wind upon the waters, which, instead of dashing upon the shore with a roar and a bound, rippled calmly up with a low, peaceful rustle, as if afraid of breaking the silence.

Lucy Effingham declared that to her ear the waves seemed to say "Hush!" and Mr. Driesen began a dissertation upon the real and fanciful affinities of sounds and objects in the ex-

ternal world to the feelings, and thoughts, and actions, and fortunes of man. It was a fine and a high theme; and though, perhaps, upon that subject he thought not right or wisely, he spoke eloquently, nay, poetically.

Charles Tyrrell was almost angry that he displayed himself to so much advantage in the eyes of Lucy Effingham; but he knew not what was going on in Lucy's bosom, and therefore did not comprehend, that although the flow of words, the choice, the beautiful, and the appropriate expressions which Mr. Driesen might use, could not but have some effect; yet Lucy felt, as it were by instinct, that there was an art in the whole: that it was a composition which Mr. Driesen spoke, not an outpouring of the simple heart in the grand presence of nature. She would rather a thousand times have heard a few words less polished, less refined, from the lips of Charles Tyrrell; but he remained very nearly silent, more struck with the observations of their companion than she was; for men in general do not perceive the want of nature and simplicity in such things so easily as women do, and appreciate metaphysical refinements more highly.

They rode on along the sands, however, for a considerable way, enjoying themselves much; and if Charles Tyrrell was at all angry that a man, whose real character and views he understood so completely as he did those of Mr. Driesen, should set himself in a different light towards Lucy Effingham, to that which he really merited, the worthy gentleman soon contrived to cure the evil himself. The conversation gradually turned to the subject of human motives in general. It was one of which Mr. Driesen was remarkably fond, and he could by no means resist his inclination to plunge at once into his usual course of reasoning on the subject. He was something more than even a disciple of La Rochefoucault. With him selfishness was everything. It was the great predominant spirit which moved all nature. There was nothing he did not refer to it, nothing that he did not derive from it.

Lucy was now silent in turn. She neither liked the doctrine, nor believed it. She saw there must be sophistry, though she could not see where. She believed that there was either a confusion, or a laxity of terms, which enabled Mr. Driesen to confound one thing with another; and as she could not detect where it existed, she wisely held her tongue.

Charles Tyrrell, who had heard the same doctrines before, did not choose to enter into a dispute upon the subject, but contented himself with throwing in a word or two every now and then to counteract Mr. Driesen's reasonings by reducing them to an absurdity. He broke in upon them too, from time to time, to call Lucy's attention to some beautiful spot, or some curious object, and for almost all of them he had some

little anecdote to tell, some little legend to narrate, or some observation to make, which showed that he had not frequented the scenes of his youth with eyes or ears shut, or heart or mind idle.

When they had passed the martello tower some way, and as the day was beginning to decline, he pointed out a road which led between two of the cliffs to the left, saying, "Now, which way shall we go? That takes us back to the park, and is about two miles shorter than the way we came; but I do not know that it is so pleasant."

"Oh! the longest way, by all means, Mr. Tyrrell," replied Lucy Effingham, looking up in his face with a bright smile. "Such a pleasant ride as this can hardly be too long."

Often have we harangued upon the important results which spring from the smallest trifles. Those few words decided the fate of Charles Tyrrell and Lucy Effingham for ever. It was not that the bright smile, with which they were accompanied, lighted up in Charles Tyrrell's bosom any feelings which were not there before; for he fully believed afterwards, as he had previously thought, that the first affections of her heart were given to another; but it was, that the very moment in which they stood there to decide on the one road or the other, was the very critical moment of their fate: that every after moment through all time and eternity was affected by it; and that the consequences of Lucy's decision, by the concatenation of a thousand fine small incidents, brought events to pass that no one then did calculate, or ever could have calculated.

This is, in fact, the place where our story should have begun; but notwithstanding the maxim of the poet of old Rome, we cannot help thinking that it is better to begin a little too soon than a little too late, in histories, as in other things.

Charles Tyrrell instantly turned his horse's head on the road for which Lucy had decided; but they rode back more slowly than they had come; for it seemed as if the two younger of the party, at all events, wished to linger on as long as possible by the side of that calm grand sea. More than once they pulled in the rein and stood to gaze, though the ocean presented little for their contemplation beyond the sublime of its own immensity; except, indeed, where a distant sail skimmed along the waters, or a white bird dipped its long pinions in the dark bosom of the deep.

They had returned very nearly to the spot where they had first reached the sea-shore, when they came to a little cottage at about the distance of a mile from the martello tower, and about twenty yards apart from another, which stood close to the cliff. There was nobody visible at the cottage-door, and a boat which had lain high and dry as they had passed before,

was now beginning to float with the tide, which was rolling rapidly in. The sea on that part of the coast, as I have often witnessed, goes out as gently and softly as a fine summer's day; but even in the calmest weather rushes in with great rapidity and force. There was no other boat near, though from the appearance of the ground, and a spar or two which lay upon the beach, there appeared to have been a larger one somewhat higher up not long before, and it was natural to conclude that the fishermen, on that fine day, had put out to sea.

Charles and Lucy drew up their horses not far from the boat to gaze once more over the sea; but at that moment Charles Tyrrell saw the little bark begin to slip down the sand as the water flowed round it, and it instantly struck him that by some accident it had become detached from whatever it had been moored to.

"They'll lose their boat," he exclaimed, "if they do not mind what they are about!" and he turned his horse's head in order to tell the people at the cottage; but Mr. Driesen, who had remarked the same fact before him, and had turned for the same purpose, exclaimed, "I'll go, I'll go! You and Miss Effingham are picturesque and contemplative; an old fellow, like I am, can afford to have his reveries broken into."

Thus saying he rode up to the first cottage, but found nobody. He then rode on leisurely to the second, and called in at the door: "Good woman, are there no men about? You'll lose your boat to a certainty; for it's adrift there—afloat."

A loud shrill cry was the woman's only answer, and rushing out to the spot where Charles and Lucy stood, with an infant at her breast, she exclaimed, in a voice of agony, "Oh, the child, the child!" and at the same moment, though the boat had now drifted out some way, the whole party could see a little pair of hands stretched up over the gunwale of the boat, and part of the head and face of a child of about three or four years old. The woman uttered another loud scream when she saw it; but Charles Tyrrell was off his horse in a moment, and casting down his coat and waistcoat on the sand, he plunged at once into the sea.

The ground, for a space of about ten yards from the spot where the line of the rising water was rippling over the sand, was very nearly level, but the boat was considerably beyond that by this time; and after rushing across that first space, with the sea scarcely above his knees, Charles Tyrrell found the ground rapidly shelved down beneath him, while some low black rocks, slippery with sea-weed, impeded his way, and made him fall twice. The second time he cut his knee so severely as to cause him great pain; but nevertheless, exerting all his strength, as he saw the boat getting further and further out, he dashed on till he was clear of the rocks, and

out of his depth; and then, swimming as rapidly as he could, approached the boat and endeavoured to catch hold of the rope by which it had been attached.

In the mean time, two, at least, of those who stood upon the sea shore watched with terrible anxiety for his success, and saw with pain and apprehension that twice, as he attempted to catch hold of the rope, a slight turn of the boat drew it out of his reach.

The child, by this time aware of its danger, was leaning over the side toward the person who sought to deliver it, and they saw Charles Tyrrell, unable to catch the rope and apparently fatigued by swimming in his clothes, place his hands upon the gunwale of the boat as if to get in and guide it back to the shore. The boat, however, which was small and light, heeled under his weight and nearly capsized; the child, thrown off its balance, pitched out, and for a moment, both Charles Tyrrell and the boy were lost to the sight. The next instant, however, Charles appeared again, holding the child firmly with his left hand and striking towards the shore with his right. Lucy Effingham and the mother saw him reach the rocks, sit down for a moment as if to recover strength, and appear to soothe the terrors of the child, placing it so as to be able to carry it more conveniently to land. He waved with his hand at the same time to show them that all was safe, and then slowly and carefully rose and made the best of his way back to the sands with the child.

Three various impulses seized upon the fisherman's wife as soon as she found that her boy was safe. The first, was to clasp him to her breast with all the vehemence of maternal affection; the next, was to scold him angrily for getting into the boat at all; the next, was to pour forth a torrent of grateful thanks upon Charles Tyrrell for saving the child. The principal force of her gratitude seeming to be excited by the fact, that such a gentleman, as he seemed, should have gone into the sea and spoilt his clothes for the purpose of saving her Johnny.

Mr. Driesen grinned a cynical smile at the turns taken by the woman's emotion; but the eyes of Lucy Effingham, she could not tell why, filled with tears, ay, and overflowed. She felt a little ashamed of being so much moved, and having no other refuge but a jest, she laid her hand upon Charles's arm, saying, "Pray come home, Mr. Tyrrell, and change your clothes as fast as possible! You have been quite selfish enough, according to Mr. Driesen's opinion, already." And her eye lighted up with a gay smile, though not enough to dry up the tears through which it shone.

Charles Tyrrell thought her very lovely indeed at that moment; but though he was not only wet, but suffering great

pain from a bleeding gash on his knee, he did not follow her counsel of returning home till he had asked several questions of the fisherman's wife. He found that her husband was partner in the fishing boats with the master of the next cottage and his son, and that they had gone away early that morning to try their fortune with other boats at some distance. They had at first proposed to go in the boat which had now drifted out, and had pushed her down nearly into the water, when some circumstance, which the wife did not know, had caused them to change their mind and take the larger boat. By some carelessness they had forgotten to moor the boat they left to anything, and while the little boy who was saved played about at the door, as she thought, the poor woman had remained within nursing the child at her breast, and tending an elder child than either who was sick in the cottage.

By the time that he had learned these particulars, Charles Tyrrell had resumed the clothes he had cast off and was ready again to mount his horse.

"I am sorry, my good woman," he said, seeing her eyes turn with a look of hopeless and bewildered anxiety towards the little bark, "that there is no other boat near to enable me to bring back the one that is drifting out; but it is too far, I am afraid, for me to attempt to swim to it. There are other boats, however, at those cottages about half a mile on, and we saw men near the doors as we passed about an hour ago. As I ride by now I will tell them to put out after your boat, and I dare say they will do it willingly."

"Oh! that they will, sir," answered the woman. "My husband's brother lives in the second cottage, and he is at home, I know."

Charles then mounted his horse, though with difficulty, and riding on with Lucy and Mr. Driesen along the sea-shore, they came to the cottage, where they found plenty of people willing to put out immediately after the boat that had gone adrift. They then returned home as fast as they could.

Were we writing a romance instead of a true history, this might be a very favourable opportunity of plunging our hero into a severe fit of illness, and casting him almost entirely upon the society of Lucy Effingham for resource and consolation. Such, however, we are forced to admit was not the case. Charles Tyrrell changed his clothes, indeed; but further than that he had no occasion to think of his having been in the water any more. He caught not the slightest cold; the cut on his knee got well as rapidly as possible, and two days after he drove down with Lucy, Lady Tyrrell, and Mrs. Effingham as far as the carriage could proceed on its way towards the fisherman's cottage. They then walked the rest of the way, and found both the boats drawn up upon the shore.

Three men were hanging about on the sands, two mending some nets and cordage, and another, a stout, weather-beaten, thick-set seaman, of the middle age, standing with a telescope at his eye, gossiping in his own mind with a ship that appeared hull-down in the offing. As he was the nearest to them, and as, situated in that little remote nook, Charles Tyrrell judged that the inhabitants of the two cottages must be looked upon as almost one family, the young gentleman applied himself at once to the personage with the telescope.

To the first words, however, the man replied nothing but, "Ay, ay, sir," keeping the glass still to his eye; but when Charles Tyrrell proceeded to say, "We want to hear, my good sir, how the little fellow gets on, whom we saw nearly carried out to sea in the boat the other day. Was he any the worse for his wetting?" The man instantly dropped the glass by his side, as if he had been grounding arms, and exclaimed: "I'm sure you're the gentleman that saved poor Johnny! ——, if I am not glad to see you!" confirming it with an oath which is unnecessary to repeat.

"Why, sir," he continued, "the boy's as well as can be, and a good boy he is too; and though my wife has scolded me ever since for not mooring the boat, I thank you, and am obliged to you with all my heart; and there's John Hailes's hand." And he held out to Charles Tyrrell a broad, brown, horny hand, as large as the crown of his hat.

Charles took the honour as it was meant, feeling that the man intended to imply, and perhaps with justice, that the hand of John Hailes was that of an honest and an upright man, not given to everybody without consideration. He, therefore, took it as we have said, and shook it frankly, saying: "I am very glad to hear that the little fellow has received no hurt; and how is the other young one, who was ill?"

"Why, he's better, sir; he's better," replied the man. "I think the fright did him good, for he heard all about his little brother that he's so fond of, and he couldn't budge out to help him himself, poor fellow! Won't the ladies come in? I'm sure my wife will be very glad to see them. There's nothing catching about the child's illness. It's only that the pot of hot tar fell down off the fire over his feet and burnt them badly."

Lady Tyrrell and Mrs. Effingham very willingly agreed to go into the cottage, for they were both tired; and here new thanks awaited Charles Tyrrell, for the mother having recovered from the first overpowering emotions of the moment, was now voluble and even eloquent in her gratitude. Lady Tyrrell was pleased and affected, as well as Mrs. Effingham; and Lucy turned to the window and looked out upon the sea, which for some reason looked dim and indistinct to her eyes. Charles, however, was overpowered, and would willingly have

escaped; but he was relieved, as well as the whole party, in some degree, by the good father, John Hailes, cutting across his wife, as if he suddenly recollected something, and planting himself abruptly before Charles, with the words, "I'll thank you, sir, to tell me what's your name?"

This speech caused a general smile, and the fisherman proceeded to comment upon it in explanation, saying: "You see, sir, the reason why I ask is, that I had forgot it, and so had my wife, when you were here before; and I was afraid that we should both forget it again, and you should go away without our knowing who it was that saved our poor boy from the worst luck that can happen to any one: being turned adrift in an empty boat."

"My name is Tyrrell," replied Charles, "and I am the son of your neighbour here, Sir Francis Tyrrell; but you really owe me nothing, my good friend, for no one could see a child in such a situation without helping him."

"That don't matter, sir," replied Hailes; "the man that did it's the man for me; so I am very much obliged to you; and if ever it should be that even you should want a helping hand in your turn, why, here's John Hailes."

While this conversation had been going on, the poor boy, who was sick, had been looking up in Charles Tyrrell's face with a pair of large, intelligent, dark eyes, as if he sought to catch his every look. He was apparently about ten years old, and a good-looking boy, but very pale from what he had suffered; and Charles, to put an end to all further expressions of gratitude, went up and spoke to him about the accident he had met with. The boy answered sensibly and clearly; but when he had done, he added in a low voice: "Thank you, sir, for saving poor little Johnny! I am sure I should have died if he'd gone out to sea and nobody with him."

By this time the people from the other cottage had brought in the little boy, who was, it seems, as much a pet of theirs as of his own family; and the two sturdy fishermen were standing leaning against the lintels of the door, looking into the cottage, which was by this time well-nigh full.

There was nothing, perhaps, very moving in the scene which she had witnessed; but yet it had agitated Lady Tyrrell, who was weak in health, and now finding the numbers too much for her, she rose and wished the cottagers 'good-bye,' giving the little boy some money, with a friendly warning never to go and play in the empty boat again. They then returned home; and for the time this little adventure—and an adventure is always, abstractedly, a desirable thing in a country house, out of the sporting season—produced nothing but matter for conversation and amusement while Mrs. Effingham and Lucy remained at the park.

Their departure, however, was now speedily approaching, and the greater insight which Mrs. Effingham daily obtained of the temper and disposition of Sir Francis Tyrrell made her hasten her preparations as far as possible, to settle herself in the manor-house with all speed.

CHAPTER VII.

In the ordinary commerce of one human being with another, which takes place in the everyday routine of that dull machine which is called society, especially in large cities, we pass on through life, knowing little or nothing of the human beings with whom we are brought in temporary contact. A cynic said that language was made to conceal our ideas; and he might have added, with equal truth, that the expression of the human countenance was intended to convey false impressions. A great part of the truth is not spoken, because there is no necessity for speaking it; another great part is swallowed up by conventional falsehoods; and the rest, or very nearly the rest, is buried under lies that the liars think cannot be discovered.

Thus, when we think of the great part of our ordinary acquaintance, and ask ourselves what are their views, purposes, opinions, thoughts, feelings, dispositions, characters, we may well say with the moralist, poet, and philosopher, "We know nothing." It is much to be feared, that if from society in general we were to take away all that is false in word, look, and action, we should have nothing but a pantomime in dumb show, performed by very stiff automatons.

Such, however, cannot be the case entirely with those who spend ten days together in a country house. There will come moments when the machinery is somewhat deranged, when the springs will appear, when the piece of mechanism will want winding-up; in short, I believe it to be very difficult for the most habitual actor on the world's stage to pass the whole of many days with an observant companion without some trait appearing, some slight indication taking place, of the real man within, of the heart that beats, and the character that acts under the mask of our ordinary communications with the world.

At the end of ten days Mrs. Effingham was settled at the manor-house, and she was perfectly satisfied in regard to every point of the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell. She saw and knew, as she had before believed, that he was a man who would, on no account, commit a base, dishonourable, or dis-

honest action; that in everything appertaining to money, when separated and apart from other motives or passions, he was generous and liberal. But the violence, the irritability, the exasperating nature of his temper and disposition, it must be owned, went far beyond anything that she had expected or even believed possible. For Lady Tyrrell she was deeply sorry; and though she did not always think that lady acted wisely towards her husband, yet she was evidently the suffering party, and therefore engaged all Mrs. Effingham's best feelings in her behalf.

Some doubts in regard to her estimate of Charles Tyrrell's character would occasionally insinuate themselves into the mind of Mrs. Effingham. She saw that he possessed all his father's good qualities, and almost all his mother's, improved and directed by a mind of a higher tone, and by mingling, as a young man only can mingle, with the world. But she perceived, also, that no small portion of the fierce and fiery character of his father had descended to him. She marked it in the flashing of his eye; she heard it in the quivering of his voice; and she distinguished it in the sharp, uncompromising reply which burst from his lips when his mother was assailed; and she felt sure that in that noble and commanding form, already full of high and manly graces, there dwelt a passionate and eager spirit, difficult to control, and which might or might not, by habit and indulgence, assume a character like that of his father.

She hoped and trusted, indeed, that it was not so; for she saw that Charles was continually engaged in a struggle with himself, and she fully appreciated the powers of his mind and the feelingness of his heart. She doubted, however; she was not sure; and she thought of Lucy, and the chance that existed of her daughter, sweet, amiable, and gentle as she was, acting again the part of Lady Tyrrell, and withering like a flower scorched by the lightning.

When, however, she reflected and compared which of the two she would rather have for the husband of her daughter, Charles Tyrrell or Arthur Hargrave, she was inclined to clasp her hands together, and exclaim without hesitation, "Oh, Charles, by all means! With him there is always some hope; with him there is always some resource. It would be difficult, I should think, for a well-intentioned person to miss the means of either moving him by his feelings or convincing him by his reason. No, no," she added, "he can never become like his father; but I fear, I very much fear, lest the intense and fiery disposition which I see is so ungovernable within him, may lead him to acts which will bring misery on himself and on those who love him."

What were the feelings of Lucy Effingham herself, and what

the view which she took of the characters of Sir Francis Tyrrell's family, we shall not pause to inquire. She had attached herself greatly to Lady Tyrrell, and with her winning sweetness had wound herself so closely round that lady's heart, that ere she left Harbury Park, its mistress looked upon her almost as a daughter.

The fourth personage which formed the society that Mrs. Effingham and her daughter left behind, when they proceeded to take up their abode at the manor-house, was abhorred and disliked by both; but Mr. Driesen did not, or would not, or could not, find it out. He was plentifully furnished, as we have had occasion to show, with that most serviceable and comforting of properties, self-conceit. People might disagree with him in all his views, oppose him in argument, or frankly acknowledge their dislike for the principles he inculcated, without affecting his opinion of himself in the least. He believed, in general, that the only thing for which anybody argued was victory. He thought with the utmost confidence that he was always victorious, and believed, as was indeed the case, that he was more or less eloquent, and therefore concluded that his opponents must be convinced, and admire, even if they did not like him. At all events, his love of himself was an impregnable citadel, which nothing could storm. He had seldom, if ever, ventured out of it, it is true, to attack any one else violently, though once or twice he had done so in younger days, and had shown himself decidedly a man of courage: valuing the life of this world very little, though he believed that there was none other beyond the grave, and not at all scrupulous of risking it for the purpose of punishing any one who very deeply offended him.

These were rare cases, however, and on the whole, Mr. Driesen was considered a good-tempered and placable man; and those who did not see very deeply, had been heard to observe, that it was a pity such a good-humoured fellow as Driesen, so talented and so amusing, should be utterly unprincipled. However, one great source of his good humour was his self-conceit, which seldom, if ever, suffered him to take offence; and this, therefore, prevented him from seeing that Lucy Effingham shrank from him whenever it was possible to do so without rudeness, and that Mrs. Effingham received all the civilities and attentions that he paid her with coldness which would have repelled any other man.

We must now come to inquire into the most important point of all; namely, with what feelings Charles Tyrrell saw Lucy Effingham quit his father's house. He had thought her exquisitely beautiful from the first. The grace which marked all her movements, and which seemed to spring from a graceful mind, had not been lost to him either. There had been

also constant traits appearing of a kind and gentle heart; and without attempting anything like display—for one of the most marked and distinguishing characteristics of Lucy's mind was a retiring, though not, perhaps, a timid modesty—she had suffered so much to appear during her stay at Harbury Park, that Charles could not doubt her mind had been as highly cultivated by her parents as it had been richly endowed by heaven. All this he had seen as a mere observer; and never forgetting what his mother had said in regard to Arthur Hargrave, he fancied that he looked upon the whole merely as a spectator, and that he examined, appreciated, and admired Lucy Effingham merely as his father's guest and his mother's affectionate friend.

Thus it went on, till she had quitted the park and taken up her abode at the manor-house, and then Charles felt a vacancy and a want, far more strongly than he had expected. The house seemed to have lost its sunshine; the park, beautiful as it was, appeared cold and damp; the melodious sound of her voice, too, which he had not thought of while she was there, was now remembered when it was no longer heard.

All these, and a thousand other feelings, came upon him at the breakfast table on the morning after their departure. He recollected, however, before breakfast was over, that it would be but civil to go down and inquire for Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, and to ascertain whether they were comfortable in their new abode. He accordingly did so, and by some strange combination of circumstances, which Sir Francis Tyrrell and Mr. Driesen and Lady Tyrrell all observed, it so happened that not a day passed without there being some very valid motive and excellent good reason why Charles Tyrrell should go down to the manor-house, unless it happened to be on a day when he was aware that Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, or Lucy alone, were to be with Lady Tyrrell. Once Charles thought of it himself, and for a single instant a doubt crossed his bosom as to what his feelings might become; but he laughed it off in a moment. The causes that took him to the manor-house seemed so natural that there was no fear: he thought of his feelings becoming anything but what they were already. Indeed, there was no great necessity that they should; for by this time Charles Tyrrell was as much in love with Lucy Effingham as he well could be. The very consequence of his being so much in love was that he went on confident that he was not so at all, and how long he would have remained in this state of ignorance would be difficult to determine, if the period of his return to Oxford had not rapidly approached, bringing with it thoughts and reflections which made him look more accurately into his own heart.

He put off the hour of examination, indeed, till the very

evening before the day fixed for his departure. But on that evening Mrs. Effingham and Lucy dined at the park, and although there occurred not one event which we could take hold of to write it down as a legitimate cause why Charles Tyrrell should feel differently after that evening, yet upon the whole the passing of it had the effect of making him determine to sift his own sensations to the bottom. Of course, there was a certain impression upon the whole party at the park, caused by his approaching departure. Lady Tyrrell felt it very bitterly, as she always did, and did not scruple to suffer that feeling to appear.

But it was the effect upon Lucy Effingham that principally moved Charles Tyrrell. She said not a word but such as she was accustomed to say: no one single incident took place to show that there was a difference in her feelings; and yet a certain softness, a degree of sadness, coloured her thoughts, and was heard in the tone of her voice, which Charles Tyrrell did remark. He was anything but vain, and would never, probably, have applied what he did remark to himself, had not hope been busy with imagination, and imagination with Lucy Effingham. But as it was so, he did remark, in addition to the softness and sadness of Lucy's tone and manner, that the softness and sadness were always somewhat increased after his approaching departure had been mentioned.

As he gazed upon her, too, he thought that she was lovelier than ever. As he stood beside her while she sang, her voice seemed to him melody itself, and when he put her into the carriage which was to bear her away, the thrill which ran through his heart as she shook hands with him and bade him farewell, made him pause for a moment in the vestibule ere he returned to the rest of the world.

As soon as he had retired to his own room, Charles began his commune with his own heart. The interrogatory, as far as the actual facts were concerned, was soon at an end; for when he asked himself if he loved Lucy Effingham really, truly, and sincerely, his heart answered, yes, at once.

There were other questions, however, to be asked, referring only to probabilities. The first question was, whether there existed any chance of obtaining her love in return, notwithstanding the previous attachment which she entertained towards Arthur Hargrave? This was a difficult problem to solve; for though there were hopes, from the friendship with which Lucy Effingham seemed to regard him, and from her demeanour during that evening, which made his heart beat high, yet there had been nothing so decided in word, or even in manner, as to justify him in any very sanguine expectations. Love and Hope, however, are almost inseparable; and the smiling goddess first produced one argument from her

store, and then another, to show him that there was no reason to despair. In the first place, Lucy had seen this young man, this Lieutenant Hargrave, very often, according to his mother's account; in the next place, she knew that he was disapproved, disliked, and contemned by all whom she had cause to esteem; and in the third place she had made no resistance to the will of her parents, nor proffered a word of opposition. In short, he settled it in his own mind that there was hope for him; but then came the question, could he be satisfied with that portion of affection which he could hope to gain from a heart that had loved before. He asked himself if it were possible that any heart could love really twice, and he felt inclined to answer in words almost equally strong, but not so beautiful, as those of Walter Savage Landor, when the great poet says:—

> Tell me, if ever, Eros, are revealed
> Thy secrets to the earth: have they been true
> To any love who speak about the first?
> What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars,
> In the few hours assigned them, change their place,
> And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?
> Idler I am! and pardon, not reply,
> Implore from thee thus questioned. Well I know
> Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

But Charles Tyrrell loved, and though he would have given worlds that Lucy Effingham had never felt one feeling of attachment to another; though he knew, if he would have owned it, that her having done so would be a bitter drop in his cup through life, even if she accepted him willingly; though he could not have denied, if he had still gone on to question himself closely, that no signs of affection to himself in after-life would ever convince him that she loved him as fully, as truly, as entirely as if she had never loved another, yet Charles Tyrrell loved, and the hope of possessing Lucy Effingham was sufficient to make him stride over every objection.

All this being settled, and his determination taken, the next thing to be considered was the course which he should pursue. He was not yet of age; but a few months only were wanting, and he felt that when they were past he should be in a different position, and enabled to treat the matter in a different manner. He was sure that there was a certain perversity in the disposition of Sir Francis, which would make his expressed wish to marry Lucy Effingham the very reason why the baronet would throw obstacles in the way, though he had been himself the first to seek the alliance.

In regard to his mother, after all that had passed between them upon the subject, after what had been said of Lucy Effingham's first attachment, and their both agreeing that he

never could be satisfied with anything but affection in its first young strength, he felt a degree of shame, a sort of shyness, as to mentioning his changed views and purposes.

Under these circumstances he determined to set out for Oxford without informing either his father or his mother of the state of his feelings. He was too upright and straightforward to affect towards his father any dislike to one whom he loved and admired as he did Lucy, although he well knew that such would be the means to hurry on Sir Francis into some irrevocable step towards the promotion of their marriage; but he felt himself quite justified in saying nothing on the subject and returning to Oxford as if with unconcern, and he consequently determined to do so the next day.

At the same time, however, his was by far too eager a nature to leave the affections of Lucy Effingham to be lost or won during his absence without an effort; and he therefore resolved to acquaint his mother by letter with feelings which he did not choose to speak, and to induce her to make known those feelings to Lucy, and to endeavour to ascertain more accurately the state of her affection in return.

All those resolutions and determinations were formed with great and calm deliberation before he lay down to rest; but unfortunately, while he had been resolving one way, Fate had been resolving another, and not one single thing that he determined upon that night did he succeed in executing.

Thoughts such as those that occupied him are very matutinal in their activity, and before five o'clock on the following morning, Charles Tyrrell was up and dressed. The vehicle that was to convey him did not pass the gates of the park till about eleven o'clock, and he would have had time, if he had chosen so to act, to go down and see Lucy once more and learn his fate from her own lips. He did not choose to do so, however; but to fill up the hours till breakfast time, he determined to wander about the park, and in the spots where he had more than once passed some of the sweetest moments of existence in her society, to call up the delicious dream of the past, now that he was just about to place between it and hope's bright vision of the future, an interval which seemed to him a long, long lapse of weary hours and dull realities.

Opening the doors for himself—for though it was daylight none of the servants were yet up—he went out upon the lawn and gazed around him on the sparkling aspect of re-awakening nature. Beauty, and peace, and harmony, were over all the scene; many a glossy pheasant was strutting about here and there within the sacred precincts of a spot where guns were never heard, and only jostled from their path by some old familiar hare, grown fat and gray on immunity and abundant food, or else startled to a half flight by the rush of the rapid

squirrel darting across the lawn to some opposite tree. The opening of the door, the aspect even of man, the great destroyer of all things, did not disturb the tenants of the wood. One or two of the hares crouched down as if asleep indeed; but those which had passed many years there undisturbed, showed no farther sign of apprehension than by standing up high on their hind feet, and with their ears projecting in all sorts of ways, seemed to inquire who it was that had got up as early as themselves. Having satisfied themselves of that fact, the utmost that they condescended to do was to hop a few steps farther from the house; and Charles Tyrrell was proceeding on his walk, when a window above was opened, and the voice of Mr. Driesen pronounced his name.

Now, of all men on earth, perhaps, Mr. Driesen was the last whom Charles Tyrrell would have chosen to be his companion at a moment when such feelings as those that agitated him then were busy in his bosom. He therefore affected a deafness to Mr. Driesen's call, and without taking the slightest notice, walked on quietly into the wood. Ere he had been absent from the house half an hour, however, and while he was yet walking up that long straight walk of beeches, from which, as we have said, Harbury Hill was visible, and which we have fully described in the first or second chapter of this book, he was joined by Mr. Driesen, who, coming straight up to him, gave him no opportunity of escaping.

"I called to you, Charles, from the window," said the modern philosopher, "and you would not hear me, as is always the case when one wants to do a man service. There is nothing on earth so deaf as a man that you wish to assist or to counsel: a post! why a post is all ears compared to him."

"I really did not know," replied Charles Tyrrell, "that you had any particular wish to assist or to counsel me, as I was not at all aware that I was in need either of counsel or assistance. However, if you will advise me as to what ought to be the price of small beer, I shall be obliged to you, as the wine I got at Oxford during the last term was so bad that I shall have no more of it."

"Why, the value of small beer," replied Mr. Driesen, curling his snout, "is just equal to the value of small jokes multiplied by four: a quart of one to a gallon of the other, Charles, eh? Why, you are emulous of your father, which I certainly did not think to see in your harmonious family. But, to put aside all such sour and bitter figures, you do want both counsel and assistance; and though I do not mean to say, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would not be better calculated to give it to you than I am, because our views and opinions upon so many subjects differ, yet as you have nobody else in the world near you who has anything like experience or judgment,

wit, wisdom, or common sense, except, indeed, persons whom I know you do not choose to apply to, you had better take up with mine than none. I did not expect you to ask it; but when it is offered, you can take it or reject it, as you think best."

He spoke with a degree of frankness that Charles Tyrrell had seldom heard him use, and he replied, "I am really very much obliged to you, Mr. Driesen, and will of course hear with respect and attention whatever advice you think fit to give me; but you must take the trouble of telling me upon which subject it is to be, for I confess myself ignorant."

"Of course I will; of course I will!" replied Mr. Driesen; "for I intend it to be what the ancients used to call a free gift. Now, if I were to expect you to give me your confidence in return, it would be a matter of trade, traffic, barter, commerce. You would value it more, doubtless, but I care nothing about that. I will, in the first place, set out then by telling you the points of your situation on which you require advice and assistance, some of which you know and some of which you don't. But let us go up and down the walk, for my old blood does not run so quickly as once it did; and I am rather chilly."

Charles Tyrrell followed his suggestion; and, having made his pause just sufficiently long to be impressive, Mr. Driesen went on.

"In the first place, Charles, you are in love." Charles Tyrrell coloured a little, more from surprise than any other feeling; but the other proceeded: "In the next place, you know your father, and are puzzled how to act in the business. I saw it all in your face last night when you came in from handing Miss Effingham into the carriage; so do not say a word, but let me go on. In the next place," continued Mr. Driesen, "you are not going to Oxford to-day——"

"Indeed," interrupted Charles Tyrrell, "you are quite mistaken. Everything is packed up and ready, and whenever the coach passes I intend to get up and go to Oxford."

"You intend!" said Mr. Driesen, with a grim smile. "I never said you did not intend; I only said you are not going; and the very fact of your fully intending it is one of the reasons why you won't go. Your father thinks that you are getting too fond of Oxford: that you like being away from home. Here, you are going two days before it is necessary. I am quite sure you would like to remain those two days here now, only you are ashamed of saying so, because you fixed the day for going back on the very day you came. However, your father won't let you go. He thinks you wish it, and the consequence, you know, is certain. He will take hold of the very first excuse for making you stay. See if he does not. I

am not very sure that he will let you go at all; but that is doubtful. However, you can prevent it at once, if you like, by strongly pressing to go."

"You mistake, my good sir," replied Charles Tyrrell. "Such means I will never consent to use with my father, even supposing I did not wish to go; but, on the contrary, I do wish to go, and to remain till I have taken a degree of some kind."

"Well, so be it then," replied Mr. Driesen, "and though in love and war all things are fair, I suppose you will be equally scrupulous about the means of obtaining your father's consent to your marriage?"

"Certainly, equally scrupulous," replied Charles, "inasmuch as not affecting to oppose the very thing that I desire."

"Well, well!" answered Mr. Driesen, "I have told you the facts, and now I come to give you the advice. In the first place, never dream of saying one word to Sir Francis about your attachment till he proposes the marriage to you himself, which he will do ere long, depend upon it."

"I do not intend to mention anything upon the subject to him," replied Charles Tyrrell. "As you are come so clearly to the point, Mr. Driesen, in regard to my father's conduct towards myself, I do not scruple to acknowledge that I know no cause for placing in my father that implicit confidence, which, under any other circumstances, I should be most anxious to do. If he should think fit to propose to me a marriage with a person I love, of course such an event would be doubly pleasing. But should he not do so, I shall not of course consider myself bound to speak with him at all upon the subject till the time arrives when it may be fit for me to marry at all, which of course I do not regard as the case at present."

"So far, so well," replied his companion; "but take my advice, my young friend; do not let him see the slightest inclination on your part towards such a marriage: an inclination which was somewhat too evident last night. If you will but be careful till you go to Oxford—that is, if your father lets you go at all—and will leave the rest to me, I will undertake that before a month is over, your father shall have so committed himself in regard to your marriage with Lucy Effingham, that his sense of honour will prevent him from ever retracting."

"Pray, how long do you intend to remain here, Mr. Driesen?" demanded Charles, considering only what the worthy gentleman proposed to perform, without in the slightest degree recollecting that the question might be an awkward one.

Whether Mr. Driesen took it up in an unpleasant sense or not, it did not in the least put him out of countenance, as, indeed, nothing ever did. He replied, however—

"Why, you see, Charles, your father's cook is an excellent

one; his mutton very fine; excellent fish from the sea and from the river; better wine nowhere in Europe, and as comfortable a bed as one would wish to sleep in: all these are circumstances to be considered when one is asked how long one intends to stay. I should think that my adhesiveness might last another month."

Charles Tyrrell could not help smiling at the great coolness with which Mr. Driesen treated the matter; but he replied—

"I did not mean at all to put an impertinent question; but only to know how much time you will have to give to the object you proposed. In anything you may think fit to do, of course, I cannot interfere; and I will not deny, as I know that you have very great influence with my father, that nothing would give me so much gratification as if my father did propose this affair to me himself, and in such terms as would bind him to give it his speedy sanction."

"Much more reasonable, indeed, than could be expected of a Tyrrell!" cried Mr. Driesen. "Why, Charles, you will discredit your family. However, put your mind at ease. I will undertake that your father shall do what you wish, and that very speedily, if you will but be careful, and for the next two or three days let him remain in ignorance of your feelings upon the subject."

"Depend upon it, my dear sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, "depend upon it, you are mistaken; and that I shall go to Oxford to-day without opposition."

"Pooh, pooh, Charles!" said Mr. Driesen; "I have known your father for thirty years too well to be mistaken in what he intends to do. You will soon see, and judge by that how right I am regarding all the rest. As far as we have gone yet, Charles, I have been acting quite disinterestedly, and out of regard for my friend's son, as well as for my friend himself, who does not always know his own interests. I do not mean to say that the day will not come when I may ask a favour of you, in return; but that period, I should think, is far distant. However, if ever it should, you will remember what I do for you on the present occasion, and, if I know you right, you will be very willing to return it."

"That I will, Mr. Driesen," replied Charles, warmly; for the other had touched exactly the right point; but before he could proceed any farther, either in thanks or professions, he saw a servant at the other end of the walk apparently seeking him, and in a minute or two after the man came up and told him that Sir Francis wished to see him immediately, as there had occurred important business which he feared might prevent the journey to Oxford that day. Mr. Driesen grinned slightly, and with the servant following, accompanied Charles into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must now leave the party at Harbury Park for a short period; ay, and the party at the manor-house also, and go to a somewhat humbler scene, though not without its comforts and even elegances. We must also go back in point of time for somewhat more than one day, and yet not quite two, and ask the gentle reader to accompany us to a small but neat white stone house, situated amongst the woods, which we have mentioned as crowning the summits of the high cliffs that guarded the sea shore. The house was perched upon the top of one of the highest of these, which overhung the group of small fishermen's cottages in which the brother of good John Hailes dwelt, and at the distance of about a mile from John's own abode. Through the wood and down to the shore was a small, well-trimmed path, from the gate of the little garden over the face of the cliff, guarded in the precipitous parts by neat wooden balustrades, from which a pleasant scene of ocean and sea-coast was visible, at various points, to the walker who chose to pause, and leaning his folded arms upon the railing, gaze over at the view below.

There was no carriage-way through the wood up to the house, and for about a quarter of a mile there did not appear even a cart road; but there was an excellent well-beaten foot-path, wide enough for a horse or two abreast, which led out into the way made for the wood-carts, and thence to a small by-road, by which the fishermen sent up their fish to the county town. Those were not days when everything on earth went to London.

The house itself was neat, the garden kept in beautiful order; and in a warm situation, upon a genial coast, was prolific of every kind of flower that had been at that time introduced into England; but although these were signs of a landsman's tastes, there were not wanting indications of nautical habits and associations. There was a tall pole with a vane at the top, carried sufficiently high above the neighbouring trees, to indicate truly what wind was blowing at the time. A difficulty having been found in carrying this pole up to the proper height in one piece, it had been managed as a mast with a step, and sort of top-mast, and to make the whole sure, various stays and braces had been carried down and made fast to the roof of the house; so that seen over the tops of the trees it appeared exactly like the mast of a ship rising out of the wood. In the garden was seen a little summer-house, formed from a large boat sawn in two, and at the other end of the house, op-

posite to the mast, was raised a flag-staff, with a block and pulley, for running up and down a flag upon occasion.

As far as description goes this will be enough, and we will now immediately proceed to the dwellers in that house, and those with whom they were in communication about six-and-thirty hours previously to the period at which we last left Charles Tyrrell.

The evening sunshine was at that time bright over the scene; but it reached not the house nor the gardens around it, the trees throwing them at that period into shadow. The door, however, was open, and leaning against one of the door-posts was a stout, elderly man, strong in limb, rather bulky in size, and with a form apparently better adapted for the exertion of slow but vigorous efforts, than for anything like grace or activity. His features were good, though somewhat heavy; except, indeed, the eyes, which were keen and even sharp in expression. His complexion was of that dark brown hue which is generally called weather-beaten, and his hair was gray and rather short, except, indeed, behind, where it was gathered into an enormously long, thin queue, as was not uncommon amongst seamen at that time. This queue was bound tightly up with black ribbon, and in colour, form, and length, resembled very much a lady's riding whip of the present day.

He was standing upon the step of the door, and consequently was looking down upon another person, whom he spoke to, standing on the little gravel semi-circle before the house, and who was also somewhat shorter than himself. His companion, however, was apparently not less endowed with corporeal vigour, and though not a young man by any means, was two or three years younger than the master of the house. He was broadly built, with large, strong limbs, a rough, hale countenance, and a frank, clear, blue eye. There were one or two deep scars upon his face, which somewhat disfigured him; but in every other respect his countenance was good and pleasing, though there was about it at the moment a sort of thoughtfulness and sternness which betokened occupation with matters of importance and moment.

While talking to the other he remained with his large brawny hands behind his back, looking up in the face of his companion with the queue, and the subject they spoke upon was marked as one of considerable interest, more by the pauses for reflection which took place between every sentence and its rejoinder, than by any great changes of expression called up in the speakers' countenances. They evidently understood each other perfectly, so that whatever was to be said, was only, in fact, half expressed, and that in a particular slang of their own, eked out by a shrug of the shoulders, a lifting up of the eye-brows, or an occasional ejection of tobacco-juice

from the mouth, which seemed to be looked upon as very expressive.

"Well, good night, Master Longly!" said the shorter of the two, taking a step back from the door, and shaking hands with the other: "I'll do as you think fit, you know; but I think myself—the sooner gone the better."

"So do I," answered the other. "Good night, Old Will!"

But, though they mutually wished each other 'good night,' they by no means parted, nor, indeed, seemed to have the slightest idea that they were going to part; for Master Longly, or as the people about the country used generally to call him, Captain Long, descended from his door-way, as the other turned away, and sauntered after him through the garden, while Old Will, as he termed him, perfectly sure that the other was following, continued his observations in rejoinder to what had taken place at the door.

Thus they walked on, putting one slow step before another, till they reached the top of the cliff, where they again came to a pause and another discussion, and then breaking off again, Old Will began to descend the zig-zag towards the shore, while Longly, after taking two or three steps farther, leant over the railing as he had done forty times before in the same circumstances, and continued talking with the other till he was half way down. Then came the quicker and final 'good night,' and Captain Long took his way back with a somewhat more rapid step.

The history of Captain Long, or as he is more accurately described in some of his official papers, Mr. Thomas Longly, Master Mariner, is soon told: and it was a history then very common amongst the inhabitants of the sea-coast of England. He had been a somewhat wildish youth in the nearest sea-port town; had received a good, plain education, but, smitten with a love of adventure, had volunteered on board a king's ship, for which his father, who was a dealer in marine stores, had instantly disinherited him, and declared he would cut him off with a shilling, in imitation of his betters. The boy was clever and active, bold and enterprising; but by no means fond of any kind of restraint, and with a strong spice of obstinacy in his nature, which, notwithstanding the subordination of a ship of war, made him set out with resisting and attempting to run, as soon as he found that his majesty's service was not quite so easy and joyous a life as he had expected. He was not easily broken of such bad propensities; but the cat o'nine-tails was applied, and not in vain: the youth soon finding that it was less disagreeable to obey and exert himself, than to make ineffectual efforts at resistance, and be flogged for his pains.

His commander was a smart officer, but a just man. Occasions of danger and difficulty speedily presented themselves,

for England was then in the midst of a hot war, and the boy proving active as a squirrel and bold as a lion, gained attention and distinction: was noticed by the captain, and after a few years' service turned out one of the best seamen in the ship. After a certain period of time, when he was returning to England from the West Indies, and it was supposed that the crew were to be paid off, he was suddenly raised to the rank of a warrant officer, probably with a view of keeping him in the service.

On returning to his native town, however, he found his father at the point of death: a point at which men are not fond of executing all that they have threatened against their refractory children. The consequence was, as might have been expected, a full share of the worthy dealer's money came to his son Thomas, and with a capital of a few thousand pounds, he thought it would be much better to set up in command of a ship of his own, than to continue any longer in the king's service when there was no war going on. He therefore bought shares in a large cutter, with the understanding that he was to command her, and set out as a trader, in which capacity, to say the truth, he was not particularly fortunate. He did not lose, indeed, but his gains at the end of four or five years had only been sufficient to enable him, in conjunction with the other shareholders, to abandon the cutter, and buy a handsome, well-built schooner.

Just about the same time, however, a fresh war broke out. Longly applied for letters of marque, mounted some handsome brass guns on the deck of his schooner, with some heavy carronades for closer quarter, and set sail from the port with the determination of doing the enemy's commerce as much harm as possible. This sort of trade he understood much better than the other, and consequently he was far more fortunate. Captain Long became known upon the whole coast of France and England, and while the traders of Bourdeaux looked out with considerable apprehension for fear of meeting Captain Long on the high seas, the corsairs of St. Malo despatched some of their gallant skimmers of the ocean to look out for him, with the vain hope of bringing Captain Long into the French port. It is true, they fell in with him; but they formed, in their hunt for Captain Long, a strong resemblance to the old story in regard to catching a Tartar; for in one instance he sunk his adversary with every soul on board, and in another he brought his pursuer into the nearest English port.

He thus acquired a very comfortable little independence; but at the same time acquired habits of a somewhat marauding nature, mixing up in a strange compound the ideas of the merchant, and with reverence be it spoken, the ideas of the pirate.

Two things, however, occurred to sober him at about the age of fifty; one was, a very severe fall, which left him stiff and less active for the rest of his life, and the other was the death of his wife, whom he loved as well as he could love anything, except his daughter. These circumstances induced him to give up the sea, and having nothing further to care about, or to provide for, he retired to the spot where we have introduced him to the reader, built the house that we have described, and gave himself up to rural life, with occasional little indications of his former habits and propensities breaking out, of a more serious kind indeed than his fondness for looking over the sea with a telescope, or having his own boat upon the shore below. He was very much loved and liked by all the neighbouring fishermen, and though he was a great man in their estimation, and not a little one in his own, yet he was too frank and free, and open-hearted, to treat his neighbours as anything but messmates.

Leaving him then to return to his own dwelling, we shall take leave to walk into the little neat parlour thereof, and see who and what it contained. It was nicely and tastefully fitted up, with two or three detestably bad portraits of persons, who might be Captain and Mrs. Longly in their best clothes, or any other person on earth that the spectator might choose to imagine, and besides these were a neat small pianoforte, with a number of books, pretty little jars for flowers, various curiosities brought over by Longly himself from foreign countries in which he had carried on his various occupations, together with a number of minor objects, denoting taste and refinement.

The living beings whom Longly had left behind, when he walked down with Old Will, were three in number: the first of which lay upon the hearth-rug, in the form of an immense tabby cat. The next that we shall specify was a remarkably pretty girl of about eighteen years of age, upon whose character, naturally wild, lively, and sportive, but sincere, affectionate, and generous, a couple of years spent at a boarding-school, had grafted a certain degree of coquetry and affectation which certainly did not improve her, but which spoiled her less than might be imagined. This is very nearly enough of the character of Hanna Longly. She was, as we have said, remarkably pretty, full of grace and warm colouring, with dark eyes much larger than her father's, and light brown hair, slightly approaching to auburn. She had in most things a natural good taste, and notwithstanding having been at a school, was not in reality vulgar, except inasmuch as the least approach to affectation of any kind is vulgar in itself.

The third person in the room, is one whom we may have quitted rather too long, and who, on many accounts, deserved

more particular and constant attention; this was no other than Everard Morrison, the old school companion of Charles Tyrrell. He was sitting with Hanna Longly, well dressed, improved in health, and by no means a bad-looking young man, though still short, and apparently not very robust. He was just out of his articles as a lawyer's clerk, and in partnership with his father, and it was in his legal capacity that he had made acquaintance with Captain Longly, who about a year before, had by some unpleasant mistake become embroiled with the officers of his majesty's customs. So confident were those officers that Longly had been engaged in some of the smuggling transactions which took place so frequently in the good old times, when no such thing as a coast-guard was known, and which have somewhat decreased since its adoption, that nothing would prevent them from proceeding against him at law, and he was obliged to have recourse to Messrs. Morrison to do the best they could in his defence. Young Morrison exerted himself strenuously, and two or three times visited Captain Longly at his own dwelling. His visits there seemed even to increase his zeal, and the result was, that the captain was carried through triumphantly, vowing that it was entirely young Morrison's doing, and that there was one honest lawyer in the world.

Such a feeling naturally produced an inclination so see more of the young lawyer, and for some reason young Morrison very frequently availed himself of the old sailor's frank invitation, called upon him in the morning, dined with him if he had time, and even on one or two occasions slept in the house.

Hanna Longly was not sorry to have such a companion, and to say the truth, was not sorry to be made love to in a quiet way. Though she was really a good girl, and neither fretted nor murmured, she did feel that the place where her father had fixed his abode was very lonely, and shut her off from any sort of society she could have enjoyed. She did also feel that unless by some miracle, not to be expected, a young man equal to herself in taste and feelings were suddenly brought and dropped down like an ærolite in the neighbourhood, the only alternative before her was living on in single blessedness, or marrying the richest fisherman she could find. Some of the officers who had known Longly at a former period, came to see him from time to time, it is true, and one old gentleman, a post-captain in the navy, who had been lieutenant of Longly's first ship, fell desperately in love with her at the age of sixty-five, and offered to marry her, holding out the prospect of her becoming, at some future time, Mrs. Admiral Jackson; but Hanna's ambition was not of that kind, and she refused decidedly, and at once. She had occasionally seen others, too, at her father's house, with whom the ambition of

the heart might have been satisfied; but they either only stayed for a brief call at the house of the well-known old sailor, or showed themselves merely disposed to trifle with pretty Hanna Longly as an inferior. To this she was not disposed to submit, feeling that the way by which a woman should be won does not begin in insult, even though the shade be slight.

She was well pleased then upon all occasions to see Everard Morrison. She esteemed him highly, she liked him much, and he was daily making progress in her regard; so that at the time we speak of, though he had not asked her and she had not consented, all things bade fair to make her very soon the wife of a thriving young lawyer in a country town.

The fact of Captain Longly having gone out to speak with Old Will, as he was called, left young Morrison a favourable opportunity for telling his tale and exchanging vows with Hanna Longly: an opportunity which few men would have let slip, especially when, from the spot in which he was seated, he saw the old gentleman saunter away with his companion towards the sea-coast.

But Everard Morrison was a phenomenon in many respects. He was modest notwithstanding his profession, and he could not make up his mind to speak words which, though they might render Hanna Longly his wife, might at the same time deprive him of the pleasure he enjoyed from time to time in her society. He wished to speak. He longed to speak, but yet he could not make up his mind to do it: perhaps Hanna herself expected it, and certain it is, that nothing which Everard said upon any other subject was either very applicable or very agreeable.

The matter was becoming awkward, and young Morrison was upon the very eve of putting an end to it by a bold effort of resolution, when her father appeared again beyond the rails of the garden, and at the very same moment a loud voice was heard shouting, "Ship, ahoy! hollah, Captain Long! Captain Long-pigtail! Hie! bring-to, bring-to!"

Captain Longly immediately halted in his advance, and turned to see who it was that thus hailed him, and Everard Morrison could see through the window a young man come up dressed in a sailor's jacket and trousers, with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the hook of the stick, and certainly not giving more indications of being a gentleman by his dress than he had done by his salutation. But yet there was something in his manner and carriage, in his personal appearance altogether, we may say, which stamped upon him the mint mark of a higher station than that which he assumed, and Everard was not at all surprised when he heard Longly exclaim, "Why, master lieutenant, is that you?

Who would expect you in such a rig as that? Why, you look like a smart coxswain! Why, I havn't seen you, sir, since you got your rank. I hope it has sobered you."

Let it be noted, that in all the speeches of Captain Longly were interspersed sundry expletives of a high flavour, which we have not thought it fit to repeat, and shall leave to the imagination of our readers.

"Ay, ay, captain!" replied the lieutenant, "I have my own reasons for what I am about; I have been sobered enough by one thing or another, and what I want of you now is to know whether you will give me a bed and a dinner for a day or two?"

"That I will; that I will!" replied Longly. "I'll give you that and more too if you want it, for old acquaintance sake; but come in and we'll see about it."

"I shan't tire you out by staying too long," answered the other, and he followed Longly through the garden towards the house.

Everard Morrison was mortified and disappointed in every way. He was vexed with himself for not having seized the opportunity of proposing to Hanna which had been afforded to him. He was disappointed at another person, and that person a stranger, being obtruded upon them, and he was sufficiently in love to be apprehensive without a cause. He was not one of those, however, who suffer the emotions of the heart to appear very much on the countenance, and therefore remained calmly till Longly brought in the stranger, whom the young lawyer examined carefully from head to foot, concluding that, notwithstanding the worst that envy could say to disparage him, he was a very handsome man indeed, of about thirty years of age.

When all the little preliminaries had been settled, such as introducing Hanna Longly and Lieutenant Hargrave to each other, Everard Morrison put in his quiet word, saying, "I think, Mr. Longly, I shall go and get my horse and go home, for it is growing late, and I have some way to go, you know."

"Why, I thought you were going to stay all night, Master Everard," answered Longly. "Never mind the lieutenant; we've plenty of room; we'll stow him away in the back room, where the hammock swings."

"Not to-night, Master Longly," replied Everard; "I must go home to-night; but the day after to-morrow, perhaps, I shall come and see you again;" and shaking hands with Hanna, with a slight pressure, as he did so, just sufficient to make the colour mount a little higher in her cheeks, he left the room with a good night to Longly, and a bow to their new companion, somewhat stiff and stately indeed, and finding his horse, was soon after seen riding away.

"Who the devil is that?" demanded Lieutenant Hargrave. "He seems mighty stately. Is that Sir Francis Tyrrell's son that I have heard so much talk about?"

"Oh, bless ye no!" replied Longly. "Why, compared with young Tyrrell, that's but a sloop compared to a seventy-four. He's a wonderful nice young fellow though, that Everard Morrison. If it hadn't been for him, d—n me, if I shouldn't have been in prison now, and most likely a bankrupt. He is young Everard Morrison, the lawyer's son, at Winsby."

"A lawyer!" cried the young officer. "Oh, curse the young shark! I wonder you let him into your doors. Don't look so angry, pretty Miss Hanna. What! I suppose this lawyer is a lover of yours. Never mind that; we'll make him walk a plank, and I'll console you."

"Come, come, no nonsense, Master Hargrave," rejoined Captain Longly, seeing his daughter both vexed and angry at the young sailor's unceremonious familiarity. "That young Morrison is as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and brave though he's modest. Didn't I see him out-face a dozen of the lawyers at least, and swear he would not have me wronged if there was law in the land. D—n me, if it wasn't like a single ship fighting a whole fleet of the enemy! But he beat 'em all. And now, Mr. Hargrave, let's see what we can do to make you comfortable. Have you had any dinner?"

Lieutenant Hargrave acknowledged that he had had none, and anything that Longly and his daughter choose to do to make him comfortable he took with the greatest coolness, without ever seeming to feel that he might be giving trouble. All that could be obtained of any kind he appeared very willing to receive, asked for without ceremony, and make use of without any great apparent thankfulness. In fact, there was a sort of habitual selfishness sufficiently apparent in his whole demeanour to have been remarked by probably any other person than Longly himself, and which, for the first half hour or so, struck Hanna Longly considerably.

When he had made himself as comfortable as he could be, Lieutenant Hargrave thought that it might not be amiss to spend an hour or so in flirting with his host's pretty daughter, and he applied himself with diligence and with success but too common in this life, to remove, by attention and flattery, any unfavourable impression he had made at first, and to rouse up a different feeling in its place. Although Longly seemed to treat him with such little ceremony, and, to say the truth, did look down upon him in various respects, inasmuch as he had known him as a youngster of a wild, thoughtless disposition, in different scenes and times; had heard of his contracting large debts here, and large debts there, and paying nobody and, moreover, knew that as a young man he had committed

a good many actions which had delayed his promotion, and deprived him of the esteem of his superior officers; yet, Lieutenant Hargrave, by his rank in the service, by being the son of a person in a superior situation, and by the good education which he had received and thrown away, conceived himself to be sufficiently above Captain Longly and his daughter to treat them with perfect familiarity and ease.

When he found that Hanna, however, was more inclined to give her attention to him when he spoke in a higher and more gentlemanly tone than that which he had assumed at first, in order to make his conversation suit his company, as he thought, he changed that tone almost entirely; resumed the demeanour of a gentleman and a man of cultivated mind; talked to her on matters where it gave her pleasure to display her little store of knowledge; made her sing and play, and declared that although he had heard all the first performers that the theatres of London, Paris, and Naples could produce, he had never heard a voice so sweet, an ear so just, or a taste so exquisite. Poor Hanna listened, and coloured, and believed, if not the whole, a considerable part, and before the hour for retiring to rest, Lieutenant Hargrave was high in her good graces, and they were talking sentiment in very rapid career.

Arthur Hargrave retired to his room and laughed. He was a good deal struck, it is true, with Hanna Longly's beauty; but he had other objects in view at the time, and only thought of her as of one whose society might serve very pleasantly to pass the time that was not otherwise occupied. There were worse thoughts, perhaps more evil purposes, in his bosom; but they were all at present vague, and to be contingent upon the degree of weakness which he found in his entertainer's child, though he smiled even now at the simple vanity which had been so easily beguiled, and doubted not that, with a little art, patience, and perseverance, that vanity and that simplicity might be used to lead her to anything that he pleased.

Hanna Longly, on her part, retired to rest, first thinking a good deal more than necessary of Arthur Hargrave; but with cooler reflection came the thoughts of Everard Morrison, and she began to feel sorry for what she had done, and more sorry for what she had felt. If there had been anybody near to reproach her with her conduct, she was just in the state of mind to pout, and throw the blame upon him, saying, "Stupid fellow! why didn't he propose when he had an opportunity, then?" But nobody said a word, except her own heart; and it went on reasoning the matter with her in so severe, though calm a manner, that she could not sleep for a long while.

Old Longly himself was differently affected. "He's a bad one," he thought, as his mind turned to Arthur Hargrave, "he's a bad one, I've a notion. At all events, he's running

a-head somewhat too fast with our Hanna. He shan't stay here long, I'll take care of that. However, one can't well turn him out before a day or two are over. But I must keep a good look-out a-head. That would never do. I'd rather she married Jim Wilson, the fisherman; but she'll never think of him, I dare say, though she seemed to haul her wind a little, too."

Early in the morning, as was his invariable custom, Longly was down and in his garden, not exactly working therein, but rather enjoying; for there was not a little of the love for what is beautiful and graceful in the old sailor's mind; and the fresh sparkling light of morning amongst the green shrubs and sweet flowers which his own hand had planted, was one of his chief delights.

After looking at this plant, however, and that plant, for about half-an-hour, he found himself insensibly approaching the garden gate, and his habitual impulse carried him through it, and along the walk, to the top of the cliff. He could not have sat down to his breakfast comfortably without his morning look at the sea; and there might be other feelings, too, a little concerned, with which we have nothing to do at this moment, as the only indications thereof, in the walk he took at present, were to be found in a slight deviation from the well-worn path which he usually followed. As soon as he had come within sight of the shore, then, he turned to the right for about two hundred yards along the top of the cliff, and paused at a spot where a projecting part of the crag formed a little nook or recess below, not big enough, indeed, to deserve the name of a bay, and never reached by the water but at times when spring tides were accompanied by high south-westerly winds.

Above that spot he paused, and suffering the telescope, his almost invariable companion, to drop by his side, gazed down upon a large mass of stones and sea-weed on the shore. He was suddenly startled, however, by the sound of a footstep, and instantly the telescope went up to his eye, and was pointed towards a small vessel out at sea.

"Well, captain," cried the voice of young Hargrave; "good morning to you! I could find no one in the house but the maid and the cook, and so, after giving each of them a kiss for good luck, I came out for a cruise; and so here you are."

"You had better mind where you cruise, though," muttered Captain Longly, in a low and angry voice, the tones of which were too indistinct for the other to hear; and seeing the old sailor still looking through his glass, the lieutenant asked, "Can you make her out?"

"The revenue cutter, I think," answered Longly; and without more words he turned back to the house.

Captain Longly was evidently surly from some cause; and after doing all that he could during breakfast to make Hanna Longly in love with him, Arthur Hargrave announced that he was going out for a long walk up into the country upon business, and would not be back till late.

Captain Longly seemed not a little rejoiced to see him go, and even lent him a couple of guineas, which the other asked with perfect confidence; but the old sailor added to his farewell a notice that he closed his doors at ten o'clock at night, and opened them again for nobody less than King George.

CHAPTER IX.

Although suspicion formed no part of the character of Charles Tyrrell, to whom we now return, and though his whole mind was of a frank, daring, and straight-forward character, which admitted few doubts with regard to the motives or purposes of others, yet he could scarcely refrain from giving credence to a suspicion which crossed his mind, that Mr. Driesen's vaticination, regarding the delay of his journey to Oxford, must have had its rise in something which had passed between that gentleman and his father on the preceding night.

Charles Tyrrell was wrong, however, as he soon found; not doing justice to that acuteness with which Mr. Driesen was endowed in a very extraordinary degree, and by which men possessed of great experience in human character discover, by slight, and to others almost imperceptible indications, the conduct which particular persons are likely to pursue long before that conduct is developed. This, however, Charles had soon cause to admit, for the circumstances which caused his father to recall him, and offered an excuse for detaining him during that day from Oxford, had only arisen that very morning.

On his return he found Sir Francis in his dressing-gown, with his sharp features sharpened by excitement, and his long overhanging black eyebrows looking blacker and more like a ragged thatch than ever.

"I am sorry to find, sir," said Charles, "from what the servant says, that you have met with some business which is likely to detain me from Oxford. My place is taken by the coach, and I have a good many things which I wish to settle and arrange at the university, before the actual commencement of the term."

"You are vastly eager to return, Charles," said his father. "I am almost inclined to fear that there may be some particular attraction there. But I should think that your father having occasion for you here, might seem a sufficient motive for your stay. It is not for my own pleasure, depend upon

it, that I require you to remain. I can always spare your society willingly, for as long a period as you like; I am neither very much edified, very much instructed, nor very much amused by your pleasant and agreeable conversation; so do not suppose, my good sir, that my motives for detaining you are selfish. I have had some consideration for you in this matter, and I therefore had a right to trust that you would obey my directions willingly."

Charles Tyrrell bore this little spurt of parental tenderness in perfect silence. He knew that reply was vain, that whatever he might say to justify himself would but drive his father to show that he was farther in the wrong, and perhaps end by producing some of those more violent ebullitions which he was most anxious on every account to avoid. When the alarm had run down, however, he paused a moment, and then said, "May I ask what the matter is?"

"To consider, I suppose," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell, "whether it is your will and pleasure to remain or not?"

"No, my dear sir, no!" replied Charles, somewhat impatiently; "I am perfectly prepared to remain, obeying your commands without any consideration. I merely asked as a matter of curiosity."

"Well, sir, do not put yourself in a passion," replied Sir Francis; "you should learn, Charles, to be less captious and irritable, especially when speaking to your father. However, it is not necessary to enter into the subject for which I wish you to remain at present. Information has just been sworn before me, upon oath, in regard to some transactions which will be brought before me, I trust, by eleven or twelve o'clock to-day. Some of the persons implicated I understand you take a very great interest in, and therefore I wished that you should be present yourself, in order that you might feel sure, as I know most young men are inclined to doubt their father's judgment, that nothing harsh nor unpleasant has been done."

To the allegation against young men in general, Charles Tyrrell did not think fit to make any reply, and as he saw that Sir Francis chose to be mysterious as well as dogmatical, he asked no farther questions, leaving the matter to elucidate itself.

In order, however, to say something and to make that subject agreeable upon the only topic that was left him, he answered, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your consideration; for though I have every confidence in your judgment, and my presence can of course alter in no degree what is to take place, yet I shall be glad, of course, to be present, if there is anything to be brought forward against people I take an interest in, merely in order to hear the facts."

There seemed so little to take hold of in this reply, that he

trusted his father would let it pass unquestioned; but Sir Francis was by no means in a mood to suffer anything to escape him, and in consequence he pounced upon his son's expression of a belief that his presence could not alter at all what was likely to take place; and of course, he was the more angry upon the subject as there was nothing to be angry about. He showed clearly and distinctly that the very idea was insulting to him that he should have detained his son from Oxford to be present at an examination in which he could take no part, and to witness proceedings which he could in no degree alter. The thing was too absurd, he said, to be put forward, except for the express purpose of annoying him, and on this copious theme he went on for nearly half an hour, proceeding slowly in his toilet while he did so, and interrupting constantly the act of dressing for the purpose of showing his son how much he was in error.

Charles heard him in perfect silence, not without being a good deal irritated indeed, and feeling his own fiery nature rising up to resist; but he struggled against himself and conquered, though we must acknowledge that the effect upon his mind was to render it irritable and out of sorts for some time after. He thanked his stars, however, when at length he heard the breakfast-bell ring before he had given way to anything that he felt, and his father hearing it also, and not being nearly ready, yet valuing himself highly upon his punctuality, hurried Charles rapidly out of the room to make breakfast, saying, that he knew very well that Lady Tyrrell would not be down. Charles Tyrrell knew the contrary, being perfectly assured that on the last morning of his stay at Harbury Park, his mother would not fail to be at the breakfast-table well or ill.

He accordingly found her there on his arrival, and before even Mr. Driesen appeared he had an opportunity of explaining to Lady Tyrrell that his journey was put off, and also of giving her a hint of the sort of mood in which his father seemed to be. The moment that she heard what were the facts, Lady Tyrrell determined to make her escape from the breakfast-table, and got away before Sir Francis appeared.

As soon as he came down, however, he began to remark on her absence, saying, that he did think on that day, at least, she might have been down. "I suppose she chooses to be unwell," he continued; "but I do think she might have put that off till another morning, when she knew that you were going to Oxford for two or three months."

"I have just seen my mother for a moment, sir," replied Charles, "and told her I was not going. Though she was unwell she intended to have been at breakfast if my departure had not been disarranged."

What the reply of Sir Francis might have been cannot be

told, for his ingenuity in discovering matter of offence, when he wished it, was almost superhuman; but at that moment Mr. Driesen entered with his gay good-humoured air, apparently thinking of the merest trifles in the world, but all the time remarking everything around him, down to the least motion and gesture of his companions, with a shrewdness that placed the greater part of their thoughts at his disposal. He instantly saw that the father and son were not upon the most placable grounds in the world, and he cut across the subject with a gay sally, and a happy quotation from a Greek author; and then insisted upon Sir Francis giving his opinion upon an obscure epigram which he declared to be written by Martial, but which, in truth, he had himself manufactured between the door and the breakfast-table.

This gave some change to the feelings with which the morning had commenced, and matters passed on very quietly till about eleven o'clock. At that hour, however, Sir Francis began to be irritable and anxious regarding the return of the constables and officers whom he had despatched in the morning. They had not made their appearance, however, though he twice rang the bell to inquire if 'the people' had come. The reply was still in the negative, and he found that up to half-past eleven no one had arrived, nor had two messengers returned whom he had sent to call for the assistance of two brother magistrates who lived at some distance.

As time went by he became still more anxious and irritable, and it soon appeared that he had promised Mrs. Effingham to come down to the manor-house at twelve o'clock, in order to speak with her in regard to some improvements and alterations which she had proposed. His punctuality in regard to time he believed to be almost proverbial in the neighbourhood, and he would not have forfeited that reputation for a great deal; but yet it became evident that he could not fulfil his engagement, and after a great deal of hesitation, and many hints to his son, which Charles did not choose to take, he proposed to him straightforwardly to go down to the manor-house, and explain to Mrs. Effingham why he could not come.

"I must remain," he said, "to receive the magistrates, and it is very evident now that I cannot get away from them in time."

Charles had laid out for himself a walk down to the manor-house in the afternoon, and had thought it very likely, if he could persuade Lady Tyrrell to go down with him at that hour, Lucy might be induced to take a drive or a ride with them. He, therefore, was not at all disposed to cut himself off from going in the evening by going in the morning, when a great probability existed of his neither seeing Mrs. Effingham nor her daughter. He ventured to say then, "Cannot

you send a servant with a note, sir? Mrs. Effingham may think it strange my breaking in upon them at this hour."

Sir Francis drew himself up with marked politeness. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I forgot that I ought not to make my son a messenger; or perhaps, it is that he sees his father has a particular regard for Mrs. and Miss Effingham, and therefore, wishes to mark his own difference of opinion."

"Indeed, my dear sir, you do me wrong," replied Charles. "I have a very great esteem for Mrs. Effingham and her daughter. I am sure my whole conduct towards them ought to show you that such was the case."

Mr. Driesen made a villanous face at him from the bow window, in which he sat sunning himself, which, if put into words, would probably have been, "You are going too far: you are showing your hand."

Charles, however, did not choose to play any double part in the matter, and he replied, "I am quite ready to go, sir, if you wish me; but only I thought I remained here to be present at the proceedings which are now likely, it seems, to take place while I am away."

"Oh! we will wait for your invaluable presence," replied Sir Francis. "We will not proceed without your sapient counsel and advice, depend upon it. There are many preliminaries to be gone through. I have to receive the other magistrates, for I do not choose to act in this matter by myself. I have several other things to communicate to them, and besides, who would venture to proceed in the absence of Mr. Charles Tyrrell? No, no! if you will condescend to walk to Mrs. Effingham's and explain to her why I cannot come, we will by all means wait till you return."

Charles Tyrrell made no reply, but quitted the room, took his hat, and issued out into the park to seek his way by the shortest path to Mrs. Effingham's.

As soon as he was out of the house, he felt glad that he had been sent; for the fresh air, the glorious sunshine, the sweet, bright, calm aspect of nature, were a solace and a refreshment to a mind which had been harassed throughout the whole morning with petty irritations.

As soon as he had reached the angle of the wood, close to the house, and was beneath the cool chequered shade of the green boughs, he pulled off his hat to let the reviving influence of the air play round his heated temples, and neither walking very quickly nor very slowly, moved on towards the other side of the park, endeavouring to fill his mind with thoughts unlike those which had so lately occupied him.

The path was wide and nicely kept, but it had been purposely rendered tortuous, and though often approaching to the verge of the woods where they joined the wide open deer-

park, it still remained beneath the shelter of the trees, which prevented any one from seeing along it for more than twenty or thirty yards in advance; occasionally, indeed, in spots where the trees were thinner, one could catch a glimpse of the onward course of the path at some distance; but it was only momentary, and everything had been done which the art of gardening could do, to give a sort of mysterious and lonely effect to the green light and shade which poured in upon it.

As Charles Tyrrell walked along, and when he had reached a spot about half way between his own dwelling and the manor-house, he thought he heard some one speaking, and raising his eyes, saw through the boles of the trees, at some distance before him, one or two figures, he could not well distinguish which, coming rapidly along as if towards him. They were hidden in a moment by the other trees, and Charles advancing more rapidly, with some degree of curiosity excited, why, or by what he could not tell, plainly distinguished the voice of Lucy Effingham before he had proceeded twenty yards farther, saying in a loud and angry tone, "I insist upon your leaving me directly, sir. I am not now unprotected, and depend upon it, you shall have cause to regret such conduct."

Charles quickened his pace; his heart beat high, and the next moment Lucy stood before him at the distance of about twenty yards. She was followed close by a very handsome young man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, and the moment that she beheld Charles Tyrrell she darted forward like lightning, with a cry of delight, and clung to his arm. Charles gently withdrew it from her, saying, "Wait one moment; don't be alarmed!" and, leaning against a tree for support, she saw him advance to the person who had been following her, speak a few words to him in an under voice, and then at one blow knock him headlong down upon the ground. She now screamed violently in order to bring assistance, but Charles suffered the other to rise, and the next moment, without any thing farther taking place, except some low spoken words, which she did not hear, they separated.

Charles Tyrrell then immediately came up to her, and though his face was a good deal flushed, and his eyes still flashing, he applied himself gently and tenderly to soothe her. When she was a little calmed, he said, "How can I apologise to you, Miss Effingham, for the manner in which I have been obliged to treat a person in your presence, who, perhaps, may at one time have been dear to you?"

"To me, Mr. Tyrrell!" exclaimed Lucy, with unfeigned astonishment in every feature; "to me! Good God! what could make you dream of such a thing? I hate and abhor him, and have always done so."

"He told me his name was Hargrave!" exclaimed Charles.

"So it is," replied Lucy, alternately blushing and turning pale merely with agitation. "If you have heard anything of him, as I suppose you have, it can but be that he has persecuted me in a most unmanly manner: insulted my poor father not long before his death, and deprived me of the power of going out of our house in Northumberland, without distress and annoyance."

She spoke eagerly, and Charles Tyrrell could not doubt that she spoke sincerely, for bright candour and frankness were in every line of her countenance, and her heightened colour and beaming eye seemed to say that she looked upon the very thought of loving such a man as injurious to her. To Charles her words, her look, her manner, were all a relief. It seemed as if a load were taken from his heart; and he had by no means such command over his countenance as not to look the joy he felt, or over his conduct as not to express the hope to which her words gave rise.

"Oh! Miss Effingham," he said, "you do not know, you cannot conceive, you can form not even an idea, of the joy, the satisfaction that your words afford me!"

The change of his manner and of his countenance, the sparkling hope that lit up his look could hardly be mistaken, even though Lucy was a novice in such things. If she had been agitated by a mixture of fear and annoyance before, new emotions now took possession of her. She looked no more up in the face of Charles Tyrrell: she dropped her eyes towards the ground. The colour became still more heightened in her cheek, and spread over her whole face; and Charles felt the hand that he had taken to draw her arm within his own, trembling with agitation in his grasp.

All he saw, however, gave him hope as well as all that he had heard.

"Oh! Lucy," he said, "I have been deeply mistaken. I have bitterly and painfully deceived myself during the last month. It has been reported, and the report reached my ears, that you were attached to this man, to this Lieutenant Hargrave."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Lucy, "who could spread such a report? Surely he could not have the wickedness to say such a thing himself when he knew how I contemned and reprobated him: when he knew that his return had made me break off my acquaintance with his sister. But now I think of it, it was more likely his sister herself, who, I remember, in her wild and thoughtless way, declared one day, before some other people, that I was in love with her brother, because I praised, without knowing them to be his, some drawings that all the rest were condemning. But, could you, could you suppose that I could love such a man?"

The emphasis that she laid upon the word 'you,' was almost a sufficient answer to anything that Charles Tyrrell could desire to ask.

"I was foolish enough to believe it, Lucy," he said; "not that I believed such attachment would continue; but I thought that for the time at least it might be so. But, indeed, I have done many more foolish things than that," he continued, gaining confidence as he saw Lucy's eye sinking under his while her hand remained unwithdrawn within his own: "such things that I fear you will hardly forgive, Miss Effingham."

"Indeed!" she said, looking up apparently with some alarm: "I hope, Mr. Tyrrell, you have not given any countenance and authority to such a tale."

"No, oh no!" replied Charles. "It has never passed my lips, of course. But although I was foolish enough to give credit to it myself, I was still more foolish, and dared in the face of that belief to love where I had so little chance of being beloved in return. Was not that unpardonable, Lucy? If you can forgive the other, can you forgive this also?"

For a moment Lucy made no reply. Her lips moved, indeed, but they uttered no sound; her eyes continued fixed upon the ground; her hand continued in his; and the only thing that varied was the colour in her cheek, which changed every moment. At length Charles Tyrrell saw two or three tears steal from her eyes, and roll over her cheek.

"Lucy," he said in a sad tone, "dear Lucy, you are unhappy; but if I——"

But she stopped him at once, looking up frankly in his face, and saying, "Oh no! you are mistaken, Charles; I am very happy!" and the moment she had said it, agitation overcame everything else, she burst into a long flood of tears; but they were tears not to be mistaken, and Charles Tyrrell pressed her to his bosom with the hope, and the trust, and the full confidence of being loved, and loved alone.

Perhaps it is scarcely fair to enter so much into people's secrets, and to repeat so much of private conversation, which was certainly only intended for themselves. There was much to be spoken of between Lucy Effingham and Charles Tyrrell; and they gave up fully as much time as Charles had any business to spend in absence from the house, in the enjoyment of those first dear overflowings of mutual affection which form certainly the sweetest of all the fountains that we meet with in our long journey across the desert of life.

They had not, indeed, time to dwell upon all the more important points of their situation, and therefore they contented themselves with dwelling upon the minor points. Lucy had to explain how she happened to be coming up through the park to sit a while with Lady Tyrrell, and console her for her

son's departure, when she was overtaken in the wood by Arthur Hargrave, who had evidently been watching for her; and Charles, on his part, had to tell the cause of his journey's delay, and the message he had been charged to deliver to his mother.

Then Lucy, with no very great knowledge of the world, or worldly things, expressed a hope, which, under her situation at the moment seemed strange, that Charles would set out for Oxford without fail on the following morning; and on pressing her on the subject, he found that this sudden desire for his absence proceeded from a fear that he should meet with Arthur Hargrave again, and that their quarrel should go to still greater lengths. She knew, indeed, that in point of mere strength Charles Tyrrell was so far superior to his antagonist, as had been that day proved, that the other was not likely to provoke him in a similar manner; but she feared more serious consequences still, and did not possess a sufficient knowledge of such transactions to show her that the distance of a hundred miles or more would make no difference in regard to the results she apprehended.

Although Charles found it more difficult than he had imagined to quiet Lucy's apprehensions, yet he succeeded eventually in doing so, binding himself by promise to return to the university as soon as his father would permit him; and the question then became, whether he should go on to the manor-house, protecting Lucy by the way from all chance of farther annoyance, or she should return with him to Harbury Park. The former plan was adopted; and it were vain to say that they were not somewhat long on their way to the manor. The half hour, however, they thus spent was as sweet to the heart of Charles Tyrrell as it could be; for it gave him every assurance that man could receive from woman of the whole affection of Lucy Effingham being his.

As they were just issuing out of the park and entering the grounds of the manor-house, however, Lucy paused for a moment and said, "Of course I must tell my mother?"

Charles himself could have wished for a little delay, being well aware, from what he had seen of Mrs. Effingham, that she would hold herself bound in honour immediately to make known the facts to Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell. But, although the idea suggested itself of requesting Lucy not to mention the explanation which had taken place between them for a day or two, he could not make up his mind to ask one, from whom he trusted himself to meet unbounded confidence, to show any want of confidence to such a mother as hers.

"I will go in with you, Lucy," he said at length, "and tell your mother all that I feel upon the occasion. We run great risks by being frank and open in this business: I will not con-

ceal from you, Lucy, that we shall most likely bring upon ourselves grief and anxiety for some time by such conduct; but neither will I ask you on any account to act otherwise. We must bear what we cannot prevent; and if Lucy loves me as I love her, we shall be happy in the end."

He did, accordingly, go into the manor-house, and was shown into the room where Mrs. Effingham was, while Lucy, seized with a sudden fit of timidity, even towards her own mother, took refuge in her chamber.

Mrs. Effingham was not a little surprised to see Charles Tyrrell, whom she imagined far on his way to Oxford; but he scarcely gave her time to express that surprise, telling her, first, the cause of his father's not coming, and then entering rapidly upon all that had occurred between him and Lucy, and upon the subject of their mutual love for each other. He told her how he had been tempted to ask Lucy not to mention the matter for some days. He assured her of his perfect certainty that Sir Francis Tyrrell, if suffered to pursue his own course, would propose a marriage between them very soon. But he assured her also, that if his father were made acquainted with the fact of his having himself proposed to Lucy, even in a moment of such excitement as that in which he did first tell her of his affection, Sir Francis would throw obstacles in the way which might bring misery, distress, and disappointment upon them.

He spoke rapidly and eagerly, refusing to sit down, and leaning upon the table before Mrs. Effingham; while she on her part was agitated by various different feelings at the different parts of his hurried details. Anger, indignation, and apprehension, were the first feelings she experienced on hearing of the appearance of Arthur Hargrave. A slight degree of surprise appeared upon her fine countenance when she heard how willingly Lucy had received the addresses of Charles Tyrrell.

"I have been deceived in this matter myself, my dear young gentleman," she said: "Lucy is perfectly incapable of the slightest approach to falsehood or concealment of any kind, and though I informed Lady Tyrrell, and gave her leave to inform you of what I suspected to be the case in this matter, yet I told her that I had never asked Lucy herself, because I thought it unfair to press her upon the matter when her father and myself were quite decided in our determination. I took my impression, too, of Lucy's feelings from the positive assurance of a person, whose opinion I ought to have doubted, and who, doubtless, received hers from the sister of this young man."

As Charles went on, however, to tell all that had occurred, a slight smile, in which pleasure had its share, hung upon

Mrs. Effingham's lip at finding how entirely her daughter and Charles Tyrrell relied upon her consent being given to their union. They never, indeed, entertained a doubt upon the subject, and the confidence of affection was well calculated to give the mother pleasure.

When the young gentleman, however, came to speak upon the character and probable conduct of his father, Mrs. Effingham found matter for more serious thoughts. She was deeply gratified with the perfect candour and openness of Charles's behaviour; but it placed her in a somewhat difficult situation, from which she saw no relief but in his immediately returning to Oxford; and after he had ceased speaking, she remained for a minute or two in deep thought before she replied. The answer even then was elicited by his saying, "Well, dear Mrs. Effingham, I must now return, as I have been absent twice as long as I ought to have been; but I was resolved to tell you at once all that I thought upon the subject, and leave you to act as you think fit."

"No, Charles," she said, "we must act together. I am fully sensible of your candour, and deeply grateful for your confidence, and you shall find me willing to acknowledge it by actions as well as words; for I will suffer no punctilios, no feelings of pride whatsoever, now or at any future period, to stand in the way of your happiness, if it is to consist in your union with Lucy. I think, however, that you are somewhat inclined to do your father injustice. I know that his temper is extraordinary, and his violence, as we have ourselves seen, two or three times, quite unreasonable; but still, I do not think that he would act merely for the perverse pleasure of contradicting your wishes."

Charles shook his head with a melancholy smile. "You do not know him, my dear madam," he said. "It is my firm conviction that if nothing is said to my father about this business, he himself will propose a marriage between me and Lucy, which I know he desires; but that if he be told that I love her now, he will throw a thousand obstacles in the way of our union, if he do not oppose it altogether."

"This is very singular," said Mrs. Effingham; but at the same time she knew that it was in some degree true, and after thinking for a few moments, she replied, "Well, Charles, the only thing that I can do is this. I have certainly no right to interfere between you and your father. You must communicate to him your views and wishes when you think fit; but I cannot, of course, suffer any communication between you and Lucy to go on after what has taken place, till you have made such a communication to your father. I must not even have you write to each other; and if you go to Oxford immediately, and judge it best to delay the communication till your return,

I can say nothing against it. In the mean time, however, it will be absolutely necessary for me to state the facts to Lady Tyrrell, and you must not suffer yourself to be tempted by any circumstance to hold any communication with Lucy till your father is fully informed. Listen to me, Charles," she continued, seeing him about to reply: "to make your mind easy, and to repay the confidence you have placed in me: I will say that if, when your father is informed of your attachment, he refuses to sanction it, solely from caprice or ill-humour, and assigns no reasonable or legitimate cause for so doing, I will not oppose your union with Lucy Effingham as soon as you are both of age."

"Nor shut me out from her society, Mrs. Effingham?" said Charles.

"Not when you are of age to judge for yourself," replied Mrs. Effingham, "provided always the motives assigned by your father are capricious and unreasonable. We speak frankly to each other, Charles, and I know that you are not one either to encroach on or to misunderstand me."

"Oh, no; no, indeed!" he answered; "a thousand thanks, dear Mrs. Effingham. If possible, I will certainly set off for Oxford to-morrow; and in the mean time, I trust Lucy will not forget me."

"Her heart would not be worth having if she did," replied Mrs. Effingham. "But there is one thing I want myself to speak to you upon. You are not without your father's defects, Charles. You are impetuous, passionate, violent to a great degree. I have a right to tell you this, Charles, now that my daughter's happiness is likely to be placed in your keeping."

"Oh! but dear madam, I could never be violent or passionate towards such a creature as Lucy," replied Charles.

"All men think so when they first love," replied Mrs. Effingham. "They look upon love as one of those famous specifics which we see daily advertised, and think that it will cure all moral maladies; but a short trial shows them the reverse. Even supposing that it be as you say, Charles, still Lucy's happiness may be greatly affected by your violence to others. If she love as she will love, her existence will become one with her husband's. Every act of his that lessens his dignity, sinks him in the esteem of others, brings him in danger, or calls upon him reproach, will be painful, agonising, fearful to her."

Charles took Mrs. Effingham's hand, and pressed his lips upon it. "You give me," he said, "a new, a strong, an overpowering motive for gaining self-command, and depend upon it, Mrs. Effingham, I will struggle vigorously; but even now you must not suppose that I do not put a great restraint upon myself."

"I know you do," replied Mrs. Effingham; "I have seen it in a thousand instances, and therefore it is that I place so much confidence in you, Charles. You see the evil of a violent and passionate disposition, and strive against it. Your father neither sees nor knows it. I am not sure that he is not proud of being ill-tempered, for many men, I believe, think that energy of mind must be combined with violence of passion. But still I cannot help thinking, Charles, that you gave way more than necessary to-day, in acting towards this young man, this Arthur Hargrave, as I gather that you have done. To protect Lucy was right and just, even if you had not been her lover; but you might have done so, it seems to me, without knocking him down, risking thereby evil consequences to yourself, which I hope are not likely to take place."

Charles smiled. "Perhaps, if I had not taken him for the favoured lover," he said, "I might have treated him more gently. But there is no reason to be apprehensive of any farther consequences: all that can be said is, that I found a strange man, dressed as a sailor, in my father's park, insulting my father's ward, and that I knocked him down accordingly; so there is nothing likely to ensue."

"I think not, either," replied Mrs. Effingham; "for it is an impression upon my mind, that a man who insults or persecutes a woman, will sooner or later prove himself a coward in his dealings with man. So now, good bye!"

CHAPTER X.

Charles Tyrrell made the best of his way back towards the park, by a different line from that which he had taken in coming; for the path which he had followed, though the nearest of the manifold paths, and much nearer than the high road itself, was about twice the length which it might have been rendered if the makers thereof had chosen to take a straight line. He accordingly cut across the grounds of the manor-house, towards the paling which separated them from the park, vaulted over the fence, and taking his way through the midst of the trees and even the underwood, gained a compensating five or ten minutes for the half hour more than needful, which had been given to Lucy and Mrs. Effingham.

When he entered the library of Sir Francis, he found that worthy gentleman in his element, the two friendly justices having arrived, to one of whom he was laying down the law upon various matters of county jurisprudence, while the other was *undergoing* Mr. Driesen, for we know of no other way to express ourselves, seeing that that gentleman was operating upon him with the calm cruelty of a surgeon in large prac-

tice, or a professed torturer of the Inquisition, making use of a passage from Aristophanes as the rack, and enjoying the writhings of his victim, when he insisted upon his giving his view of a long quotation, of which he neither understood, nor could remember one single word. The unhappy man, it seems, had acquired a certain degree of reputation for learning in the county, by occasionally misquoting to his brother justices some of the Latin headings to the papers in the Rambler and Spectator; and Mr. Driesen, it would seem, had determined from the first to do justice upon him as soon as he could meet with him. He had consequently dragged him close up to Sir Francis and the other justice, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to call them from Sir Francis's discussion upon the law, to witness his infliction upon the worthy personage he was persecuting.

No sooner did Charles appear than the poor man darted towards him for refuge, leaving Mr. Driesen grinning at him with triumph and contempt; but Sir Francis had also his word to say to his son, and immediately remarked—

"Why, Charles, I should have supposed those enormous long legs of yours might have carried you to the manor-house and back somewhat more rapidly."

"Under ordinary circumstances they would have done so," replied Charles Tyrrell, coolly: for all that had passed between him and Lucy, although it had left his mind in no slight state of agitation, had also left it in as placable a mood as it is possible to conceive. "I met with various little incidents on the road, sir," he added with a smile, "none of them very disagreeable indeed, but which served to detain me. In the first place, I met Miss Effingham coming up here to console you and my mother for the absence of your affectionate son, who she fully believed had departed, not this life, but this house, on his journey to Oxford."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said his father, drily. "Pray, what was the next little incident? I suppose this was not a disagreeable one, certainly."

"Of course not," replied Charles, and as he had predetermined he went on: "I had next to knock down a man dressed like a sailor, who had followed Miss Effingham into the park and was insolent to her."

"Indeed!" cried every one, while their eyes opened somewhat wider with astonishment, and Sir Francis added, "I must really have some stop put to this. It is now the fifth or sixth time within the last week, I think, that sailors have been found wandering about in the park. The gamekeepers do not do their duty, or else such people would not be there five minutes without their finding them. And so," he continued, renewing the attack upon his son, "you made yourself the champion of

Miss Effingham, did you, for which she was of course very grateful, doughty sir?"

"Certainly," replied Charles; "I could not refuse to become the lady's champion when you were not present yourself, sir, to defend your fair favourite; and even more, after that was all over, and she had a little recovered from the fear she had suffered, I escorted her home to the manor-house, as she was not disposed to come on here, judging that you would not be quite so inconsolable as she thought, as I was to remain another day."

"I hope you gave my message to Mrs. Effingham?" continued his father.

Charles replied in the affirmative, and as Sir Francis chose, when in society, to assume the character of a very amiable and placable parent, though he could hardly suppose that he really deceived anybody by so doing, he dropped the matter there, and resumed his conversation with his brother justice.

Nearly half-an-hour more elapsed without any notice being given that the persons expected had arrived, and the conversation began naturally to turn upon the subject of their meeting, when Charles, though he did not think fit to ask any questions, gathered that the important business on which his father had detained him was neither more nor less than the examination of a gang of smugglers, one of the largest and most important seizures having been made on the coast the night before which had been known for many years. This had been effected by the custom-house officers, aided by the crew of the revenue cutter; but for the apprehension of the smugglers themselves, as the contraband articles had not been found actually in their possession, the civil power had been called in, and the necessary authority given by Sir Francis Tyrrell.

While Charles was step by step discovering these facts, the door of the library was thrown open, and no less than two-and-twenty men of different kinds and stations poured into the room. The greater part of them remained, however, at the farther end, while a young gentleman in naval uniform advanced to the magistrates, and informed them that he believed, with the assistance he had received from the civil power, he had succeeded in capturing almost all the persons implicated. The prisoners had sent off, he said, for a lawyer from the neighbouring town, to assist them before the magistrates, though he did not see what such a land-shark could do for the poor devils; but, however, as some desperate resistance had been made, and it might go hard with them for their lives if one of the constables who had been injured were to die, he thought it better, he said, to bring them up but slowly, while the messenger went on for the lawyer.

While he had been thus speaking, Charles Tyrrell had been examining attentively the group at the farther end of the room, and separating it into its constituent parts. The constable and other officers were immediately distinguished, and, in general, the boat's crew of the cutter could also be marked out from the rest. The group of smugglers stood in the middle, with the others sweeping round them, and one or two of them bearing evident marks of the contest in which they had so lately been engaged.

But the surprise and grief of Charles Tyrrell was not slight, to see standing beside another man, some ten or fifteen years older than himself, and bearing a strong resemblance to him, honest John Hailes, the father of the little boy who had so nearly drifted out to sea in the empty boat. The other person who stood next to him, afterwards proved to be his brother William Hailes, whom we have already introduced to the reader under the name of Old Will. The younger of the brothers, John Hailes, had evidently been somewhat severely treated, having received a blow upon the forehead with a cutlass, the bleeding of which seemed scarcely to be stanched yet. William Hailes had met with less sharp usage, or had shown less resistance; and Charles doubted not that it was on account of the former, and the interest which he took in him from the little incident of having saved his child, that his father had required him to remain at Harbury Park that day.

It is certainly strange the bond which exists between us and any one who has called into action towards them the better feelings of our nature. It seems as if they had made acquaintance with our hearts, and obtained an entrance at once on all occasions when strangers are not admitted. "We put a withering twig in the ground," says Sterne, "and then we water it because we have planted it." Whatever may be the philosophical cause of this tendency, Charles Tyrrell certainly felt far more interest in the case of John Hailes than he did in that of any one present, and advancing towards him, he asked him, not in a loud voice, indeed, but not in a low one, how he happened to be in such a situation.

"Bless you, sir!" replied the man, "I've no more to do with it than you have. How I got the cut on the head, you see, is, because these fellows came in upon me suddenly, and I not liking to be overhauled in that manner, knocked one of them down. That's the truth; I don't deny it. But as for running the goods, I had no more to do with that than my boy Johnny. I wonder they didn't take him too; for you know well enough, sir, that he had nearly gone to sea without any papers aboard, poor boy! D——! they may do what they like: they can't do any harm to me; for I had no hand in running anything, so they can't make out that I had."

"But you should have submitted when you knew that there was a warrant out against you," replied Charles.

"I never knew anything of that," replied the man. "Nobody ever told me of a warrant. But just when I was stooping down over the chest in the window of the hovel, in comes one of these lubbers, and catches me by the jacket, telling me I must come away with him; so, you see, sir, I turned round, and knocked him over, as was natural. Nobody can say much against that, I think."

"Come, come, Charles!" cried Sir Francis, "we must investigate this matter in a more orderly way. I don't see any use of waiting for the lawyer. We might remain here all day."

Charles endeavoured to persuade his father that it would be better to give a little more time for the arrival of the person who had been sent for; but, as a natural consequence, Sir Francis persisted in proceeding immediately, and had opened the business when it was again interrupted by the entrance of no less a personage than Captain Longly, with his pigtail at full length, accompanied by Everard Morrison, both bearing evident marks of having lost no time by the road.

As soon as Charles saw his old school-fellow, he advanced and shook hands with him cordially, and though Everard received his friend's greeting with his usual calm and thoughtful demeanour, to those who knew him well it would have been evident, from the placid smile that hung upon his lip, and the momentary brightening of his eye, that his meeting with Charles Tyrrell and the warm reception given him by the baronet's son were grateful to every feeling of his heart.

Charles instantly led him up to Sir Francis Tyrrell, and introduced him in form as the friend and school-fellow whom he had so often heard him mention, and the baronet behaved by no means ill upon the occasion, treating the young lawyer with politeness and respect, and saying, that though of course the business must be conducted by the magistrates, and they could not suffer any one to interfere, yet it was extremely right and proper that a solicitor should be present on behalf of the prisoners to watch the proceedings against them.

"Depend upon it, Sir Francis," replied young Morrison, "I should never dream of interfering but where the law authorised me, and my duty compelled me as the prisoners' solicitor. You will permit me, of course, to have a few minutes' conversation with them, in the first place?"

Sir Francis Tyrrell and the other justices consented, and Morrison, approaching the group at the other end of the room, bade the officers and others retire a little, in a tone which, though calm and quiet, was obeyed at once, and then spoke to each of the prisoners in turn for a single instant, seeming to ask none of them more than two questions, to which some

of them answered briefly, some merely by a shrug of the shoulders or shake of the head.

Towards the end of this proceeding Captain Longly walked up to one of the prisoners and spoke to him, when the young officer, who had remained standing by the magistrates, exclaimed, "Come, come, Master Longly, none of that! We know you well of old, and I am very sure that if right were done, you would be standing amongst them yourself."

Longly eyed him from head to foot, while, by a slouching motion of his head, he caused his pigtail to project at full length straight out over the collar of his jacket, and ejecting a considerable portion of tobacco juice upon the Turkey carpet, he replied, "So you call yourself a sailor, you lubber!"

Everard Morrison instantly interfered. "You forget, sir," he said, turning to the officer, "that in this room you have no authority, and that it does not become you to bring a charge which you cannot sustain. Sir Francis Tyrrell is the person to interfere, if Mr. Longly does anything that is amiss, and Mr. Longly has, I know, too much respect for him not to bow at once to his decision."

Charles Tyrrell felt proud of his friend, and, perhaps, Morrison was himself in some degree affected by the knowledge that he was acting in the presence of Charles Tyrrell.

Into the particulars of the examination that ensued it is not, perhaps, needful to enter minutely. At all events, till we come to the case of the fisherman, John Hailes, and of another, whom the young lawyer set apart with him, in consequence of the answers which he seemed to receive from them. It appeared very clear as a matter of fact, though perhaps not quite clearly proved, that William Hailes, the elder brother of the fisherman, had had a considerable share in smuggling the goods which had been seized. There were four or five other men similarly situated; and as their cases were gone through, one after the other, Charles Tyrrell could not help feeling convinced, though very willing to believe them innocent, that sufficient grounds existed for their committal, although he doubted whether a condemnation would follow.

In regard to the last of these men, however, a dispute arose which called forth his interference. None of the men had attempted any defence or said anything, apparently acting under the directions of their lawyer. But the last of this party was very anxious to vindicate himself, and one of the constables seemed as anxious to prove him guilty. The man said more than was necessary certainly upon his own cause, and the constable who had taken him, standing beside him, chose to comment on his words, and endeavoured to embarrass him even while under examination before the magistrates.

Morrison then interposed, saying, "You had better stand

back, constable, and let the accused answer for himself. Remember, Wilson, you are not bound to say anything; and if you take my advice, you will be silent. Stand back, constable, I say; you are interfering in an improper manner."

"Come, come, Master Morrison," cried the constable, who was one of a sturdy, bull-headed race of men, even at that time forming a peculiar class in the peasantry of England, but who have since increased and multiplied to an amazing degree under the fostering care of new game laws and parish unions—"Come, come, Master Morrison, give us none of your sauce. I have as much a right to meddle as you have, every bit; so stand back yourself, for I shan't for none of you."

Morrison was turning coolly to the magistrates, being accustomed to meet insolence of various kinds, and to deal with it tranquilly. But such was not the case with Charles Tyrrell, who was sitting at the moment at one end of the table, close to the prisoners, as they were brought up one by one before the magistrates; and fixing his eye upon the constable with a heightened colour, he said, "Stand back!"

The man looked at him for an instant, as if irresolute, but then replied with dogged determination, "No; I shan't stand back!" and almost before the words were out of his mouth, he was grasped by the collar of his coat, and sent reeling back into the midst of the group behind him, with a countenance flaming with rage and discomfited insolence.

"Charles, Charles!" said Sir Francis Tyrrell, "command yourself, sir; command yourself; such a display of violence and passion is very unbecoming."

A smile ran over the countenances of the other magistrates at this exhortation; but Charles, who felt that he had indeed given way more than he ought to have done, instantly regained his temper, and replied—

"I beg your pardon, sir; I have done wrong; but the man was insolent."

That insolence was but increased from the treatment he had met with. But Charles, who found that his own temper was not sufficiently placable to endure much more, left the matter to his father, on whom the constable speedily turned; and Sir Francis, whose powers of endurance were considerably less than those of his son, was in less than two minutes in such a state of excitement, that the other magistrates were obliged to interpose, and authoritatively to send the man out of the room.

The baronet was then speedily calmed, and the business before them proceeded in; but each of the persons present carried away their own version of the scene which had taken place. A thousand stories were built upon the foundation thus afforded, and the violence, rashness, and intemperate passion

of the Tyrrell family became, perhaps for the hundredth time, a nine days' wonder in the county.

It was a peculiar feature in the character of Sir Francis Tyrrell, that any irritation which he endured left an impression on his mind, which lasted long in a sort of subdued and smothered state. If nothing occurred again to blow it into a flame, the fire became gradually extinct. But it showed itself, if that were not the case, by bursting forth upon slight causes, and aggravating every motive of offence. It also, even while kept under, made him more bitter, more severe, and more sarcastic than at other times; but on the present occasion his calmness only lasted for a very short period.

When the fisherman, John Hailes, was brought up to the table with the other person whom Morrison had set apart, the young lawyer immediately commenced another method of proceeding, saying to the magistrates—"Now, gentlemen, against these two men there is not a shadow of evidence, as far as I can learn; and the accusation against them, when stripped of its exaggerations, is that the man John Hailes, and this other, named Henry Wilson, live upon the sea-shore, within a mile of the place where the smuggled goods have been seized. Hailes, it is true, is the brother of William Hailes, who lives nearer to the spot, and who was seen, we are told, with a barrow-full of the shingles, such as the goods were covered with; but even if it were proved, and there is not a shadow of proof that such is the case, that William Hailes smuggled the whole cargo with his own hands, that is not in the slightest degree a proof that his brother had anything to do with it. Unless, then, sufficient evidence be brought forward to show that Hailes and his companion were immediately and directly implicated in the transaction, I shall not only request you to discharge them immediately, but shall also bring before your notice, when the case is disposed of, the question of the assault committed upon them by the constables who apprehended them."

Sir Francis Tyrrell fired up immediately. "You are aware, sir," he said, with a frowning brow, "that they were apprehended in virtue of a warrant signed by me upon information on oath."

"Then I have only to say, sir," replied Morrison, "that the person who swore that oath committed perjury; and further to observe that the fact of the warrant was not notified to them till after the assault had been committed. It can be proved that the moment the warrant was produced, and the officers made their authority known, they met with not the slightest resistance."

This was too much for Sir Francis Tyrrell, who answered with domineering and angry contempt, which was only aggra-

vated by another cool but decided reply from the young lawyer. Everything that was sarcastic, everything that was violent, everything that was insulting, poured from his lips; and Charles, equally pained both for his father and his friend, could hardly make himself heard through the torrent of the baronet's eloquent vituperation. The moment that he did so, however, his father turned upon him as an object on which he had very frequently practised the peculiar sort of oratory in which he was indulging; and nothing that could gall or mortify him was left unsaid in the presence of the number of people who were then collected.

There was a terrible struggle in Charles Tyrrell's heart, and every one present saw it in the changing of his colour from fiery red to deadly pale, and the reverse, which took place two or three times while his father went on. Every word that he himself uttered seemed to lash the baronet into greater fury. He put no restraint upon himself of any kind; his eyes were seen gleaming forth from under his overhanging brows like live coals. His lips quivered, his nostrils expanded, his hands clenched, and after going on for five or six minutes without interruption, piling upon his son's head the wildest and falsest accusations, insinuations, and reproaches, he actually was forced to stop for want of breath and utterance.

Charles knew that his father would go on again as soon as he recovered power; but he felt that he could endure no more, for he too trembled with a struggle against himself, and taking advantage of the pause, he rose from the table to quit the room. The baronet, however, could hardly bear to lose the object of his indignation, and screaming, rather than speaking, he exclaimed, "Speak, sir, speak! What have you to say for yourself?"

Charles's resolution gave way, and he replied in a bitter tone, "I have only to say that I grieve for my father's behaviour; one day he will repent this conduct to his son;" and he instantly quitted the room.

"You hear, gentlemen, you hear!" exclaimed Sir Francis Tyrrell, rolling his eyes from one of the magistrates to the other: "he threatens his father! I suppose some of these days he will horsewhip me to teach me the respect a father ought to entertain for his son."

One of the magistrates made an attempt to mediate in favour of Charles Tyrrell, but he speedily abandoned it, finding that the storm was likely to fall upon himself, and in order to avoid any more irritation, he turned to the matter of the smuggling, and hurried through the cases that remained as fast as possible. Sir Francis, in the mood of the moment, would have committed anybody upon any evidence whatsoever, but the other magistrates found themselves bound to op-

pose such a proceeding, and John Hailes and his companion, with another man, against whom there was no evidence at all, were discharged.

Everard Morrison, coolly and undismayed by all that had passed, gave notice that as soon as he had collected evidence in regard to all the facts, he should take proceedings against the parties concerned in the arrest of John Hailes; but fearful of a new tempest breaking forth, one of the other magistrates begged him to defer anything he had to say on the subject, to which he consented.

The rest of the business was then speedily arranged. Six of the smugglers were sent to the county jail, and the room was soon cleared. The magistrates immediately called for their horses and departed; and Sir Francis Tyrrell, knowing, by Mr. Driesen's calm cynical smile that he had noted every word, and tone, and look, during the fit of passion in which he had indulged, and had rather enjoyed the scene than otherwise, turned away from a man who, with all his causticity, had never yet given him an opportunity of quarrelling with him, took his hat and stick and walked out into the park.

Mr. Driesen stood at the window looking after him for a moment with a bitter smile; then stretched himself at length upon a sofa, took up a book, and wrapped up in his own selfishness, forgot in two moments a scene which, like everything else that did not affect him personally, passed before his eyes like the performance of a play, without in the slightest degree affecting his heart.

In the mean while Charles Tyrrell had retired to his own room. For several minutes he buried his face in his hands, and struggled eagerly to suppress the tumult of angry feelings that still remained in his bosom. He used every motive, he recollected every inducement which could be suggested by common sense and philosophy, or the far surpassing power of religion; but the task was a long and a difficult one, and he was leaning with his arm on the window-sill, gazing over the park from the open window, when a servant entered the room and informed him that one of the gentlemen who had been below had come up to speak with him. Believing it to be one of the magistrates, and supposing that he had come for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation between him and his father, Charles ordered him to be admitted immediately; but was surprised to see the young officer who had appeared in command of the men belonging to the revenue cutter. He closed the door carefully behind him, and advanced towards Charles with a countenance expressive of candour and frankness, but at the same time of some degree of embarrassment.

"I am sorry, Mr. Tyrrell," he said, "I am really sorry to trouble you at such a moment as this, and upon such a busi-

ness. But as I was coming along just now with the men we had taken, I met an old friend and messmate of mine named Arthur Hargrave, who informed me that he had had some words with you, and that you had struck him. Finding that I was coming on here, he asked me to do what of course I could not refuse, namely: to seek an opportunity of speaking with you, and demand either an apology or immediate satisfaction of another kind."

Charles Tyrrell was in no mood for making apologies, and he replied: "I certainly did strike him, sir, and served him perfectly right. I shall, therefore, make no apology whatsoever for having chastised a person who deserved it. As I find he is an officer in his majesty's navy, I will give him at once that satisfaction which his conduct does not merit: but as I am obliged to return to Oxford to-morrow, and as you see have no inducement to remain here, I can give no great time for preparation, and will name, if you please, the hour of six to-morrow morning."

"These things can never be settled too soon, when once they are determined upon," replied the young officer: "and we will not fail to be upon the ground if you will name the spot."

"That is easily settled," replied Charles. "You see that hill," he continued, pointing to Harbury Hill, the summit of which just peeped over the trees of the park, and was visible at his windows. "It is a good land-mark for all the country round, so you cannot miss it. On the top there is a flat piece of ground, it having been an old encampment. We will meet there, if you please, at six precisely. I may have some difficulty in finding a friend to accompany me upon the occasion, as this neighbourhood is somewhat thin of gentlemen; but nothing shall prevent my coming."

A few formal speeches of a courteous and civil character ended the matter, and Charles, ushering his visitor to the door, closed it, and remained alone, to think over the approaching event, and the necessary preparations. To whom could he apply, he asked himself. Where could he find pistols, for he had none of his own. Everard Morrison, he doubted not, was by this time gone, and even if he were not, Charles had little doubt that if he had made known his circumstances to him, and asked him to buy him pistols and accompany him to the field, the young lawyer would positively refuse to do either, and would cause his footsteps to be dogged by officers, rather than assist him in a breach of the peace.

The only two other young men in the neighbourhood with whom he was at all intimate, he knew to be absent, and he paused thoughtfully over a situation of some difficulty and discomfort. His mind, then, suddenly reverted to Mr. Driesen. He would, it is true, have chosen any other person upon the

first impulse, but that gentleman, nevertheless, upon second thoughts, appeared to him much more eligible than any body he could select.

Charles Tyrrell was going to do what he knew to be wrong; what, upon every principle of reason and good feeling he disapproved of, as the most stupid and absurd, as well as the most barbarous and criminal of worldly customs; and he felt, in a religious point of view, that he not only required that mental preparation which every man must desire before death, but he had to ask of the Almighty, not only pardon for sins past, but pardon for the very crime he was about to commit, and which was likely to hurry him into the presence of God.

Mr. Driesen was a man without any religion, and therefore, in all these respects he could give Charles neither comfort nor direction; but this was a matter with which his second could, of course, have nothing to do, and in every other respect he was well calculated to guide and assist him. He was a man of known courage, had some experience in such affairs, was troubled with no scruple or hesitation of any kind, and was prompt, active, and clear-sighted.. He could easily obtain the pistols for him from the nearest large town without exciting suspicion in any one, and would, as Charles well knew, have no hesitation in exerting himself under such circumstances.

He accordingly rang the bell, and ordered the servant to ask Mr. Driesen to speak with him; and in a few minutes after, that gentleman appeared with some surprise in his countenance at the summons. Charles briefly explained to him the occurrences of the morning, and Mr. Driesen accepted the office of second at once, rubbing his hands with a certain degree of pleasure, though, at the same time, he declared duelling to be a very foolish thing indeed.

"Early to begin, Charles; early to begin!" he said. "I never went out till I was six-and-twenty, and have not seen anything of the kind for twenty-five years. There was room in the mean while, however, to do a little business of the kind; but upon my life, Charles, if you begin thus early, and go on thus hotly, you will get your brains blown out some day. Six o'clock to-morrow, you say: Harbury Hill? Well, I'll be ready, and come and knock at your door. Is there anything I can do for you in the mean while?"

"Why, I wish you to send for the pistols," said Charles, "without letting any one know it."

"What! haven't you got pistols?" demanded Mr. Driesen, with as much astonishment as if they were an indispensable ornament of a toilet-table; "but never mind, I'll lend you mine: I never travel without. There's no knowing when one may want them, and there can't be better pistols. I'd give them to you, Charles, for at my age, it is not likely I shall

often use them; but they were sent me by a poor friend of mine when he was dying—shot through the liver, poor fellow! —and I have a great regard for them. However, I will leave them to you in my will. You Tyrrells should never be without such companions."

Scarcely ten words more were said upon the subject, and Mr. Driesen, after ascertaining the difference between his watch and that of Charles Tyrrell, wished his young friend good-bye, and went away to read his book again.

CHAPTER XI.

Charles Tyrrell was up early on the following morning. He was one of those who are born without the consciousness of fear. Though eager and enthusiastic by nature, vehement and rapid in character, his was not one of those weak-toned minds, easily hurried on to violent actions to be regretted the next moment, or to unsustained daring which evaporates with the excitement of the hour. When he had struck an officer in the king's service he knew the consequences likely to ensue, and he was quite as ready to meet those consequences after calm reflection, as at the moment when he committed the act.

There was indeed only one condition under which Charles Tyrrell regretted his actions, which was, when the impetuosity and vehemence of his nature led him to do anything which his own heart condemned. Such, however, was not the case in the present instance. He felt solemnly that there was a chance of his meeting death in the encounter to which he was voluntarily going. He felt that he might very likely be torn in a moment from the side of a mother to whom he was the only source of consolation, comfort, and support. He felt that he might be taken too from one who had wakened in his bosom, for the first time, the noblest, the most endearing, the most kindly of affections, and therefore, on two strong motives he hoped and prayed that life might be continued to him.

But those feelings were very different from apprehension of death. He could not bring his mind to grasp the terror with which some people regard that event. It seemed as if his mind were unsusceptible of the idea of danger, and he set about all his proceedings for going out to meet Arthur Hargrave as calmly and tranquilly as he had made his preparations on the preceding day for going to Oxford.

Weighing the chances, however, he sat down and wrote brief notes to the three persons whom he thought the most interested in his existence. One was, as may well be supposed, to Lucy Effingham, and another to his mother. The third, addressed to his father, was couched in terms of affection and

kindness, as if there had never existed dispute or angry feelings between them. Before he ended it, however, he spoke of his mother, and besought Sir Francis Tyrrell, in terms which he thought would touch him if read when the hand that wrote them was cold in death, to render her life happier by a change of conduct towards her.

When he had done it, Charles was well pleased that he had thought of so doing; for he felt that there are events which form epochs in the life of man, changing or influencing his very character itself, and he believed that the death of an only son, under such circumstances, might well form such an epoch in the life of Sir Francis and Lady Tyrrell, and might teach him to control that violent and bitter disposition which had rendered the existence of his wife an existence of misery.

He had concluded the whole of these arrangements some time before Mr. Driesen knocked at his door. The gentleman entered with a cheerful face, carrying his pistol-case under his arm, and saying: "Early rising, Charles! early rising! very good for the health this! A breeze upon Harbury Hill will do us a great deal of good; but we shall find it necessary, Charles, to jump out of your window, I think; for it seems to me the only one open in the house; all the rest are as dark as the pit of Acheron, or to use a not less classical simile, as dark as a dog's mouth. Those lazy jades of yours are never up before six o'clock in the morning, so that when I come down sometimes, to seek for a book in the library, I find them walking about with their brooms in their hands, like the apotheosis of a March wind, enveloped in a cloud of dust. But I see you are ready, and so am I, and so are the pistols; for I looked at them last night and there is not a speck upon them. You see I always cram them, Charles, when I put them into their cases, with a piece of dry tow, wrapped up first in a piece of chamois leather, and that wrapped up again in a piece of fine green cloth. I have got little instruments made too, for stopping the touch-holes, so that not the slightest particle of flue or dust can get in. But we had better set off, for we must walk quietly you know; no running and scampering to-day."

Charles was quite willing to set out, and unlocking one of the doors which led into the court-yard for themselves, they proceeded calmly towards Harbury Hill, Mr. Driesen himself carrying the pistols, for which he seemed to have a high veneration and respect. The walk was long and beautiful, the scenery varying every moment, the newly-risen sun lighting up hill and dale with all the fresh and varying loveliness of morning, and the wind blowing the foliage about, and carrying here and there a light cloud rapidly across the sky.

It was a scene to prompt thoughts of long life and manifold enjoyments, and there was something in gazing upon it and

thinking of death and departure from all known and habitual pleasures which struck solemnly to the heart of Charles Tyrrell.

Finding that they had plenty of time, Mr. Driesen insisted upon Charles climbing the hill slowly, declaring that any great exertion unsteadied the hand. He also made him quit the road, which was covered with large, hard stones, and mounting the bank, proceed over the short soft turf which clothed the old Roman encampment.

Before they reached the top, however, he said, "They are there before us; I saw a man's head at that corner. However, as we have five minutes to the time, we need not hurry."

When they had reached the top, however, they found that the head which Mr. Driesen had seen, belonged to a no less innocent person than an old shepherd, who, accompanied by his two faithful dogs, sat upon the brow of the hill while his sheep fed quietly on the grassy side. Nobody else was there, and when they had reached the flat top, Mr. Driesen having laid down the pistol-case, put on his spectacles, and mounting upon a part of the old intrenchments, looked over the country, to see if their adversaries were coming.

"It's very odd," he said, "very odd, indeed! One can see all round here, and yet I can perceive nothing like them on any of the roads. Well, we must wait," and thereupon he took out his silk pocket handkerchief, and tied on his hat, to prevent it being blown away by the wind.

After waiting some short time longer, Charles began to be apprehensive that his watch might have been slow, and that his opponent might have been on the spot before him and gone away; under which supposition he advanced to the shepherd, and asked him how long he had been there.

"Why, for this hour and a half, Master Charles," replied the man, who knew him well. "I always set out pretty early-ish, and have been sitting here ever since."

"Were there two gentlemen here then," said Charles, "just before we came?"

"No, Master Charles, no!" replied the man. "There's been nobody here since I was here. What happened before I came I can't say; but there's been nobody here since; not a living soul, except one of the two old ravens that live in those trees there. He came, old boy, and swung himself backwards and forwards on his feet, putting down his head, and croaking as if he had got hold of a sheep. I thought it boded no good to the old north-country ram, that has been ailing like for the last week; but he seems better to-day. No, Master Charles, not a living soul but the old raven."

So far satisfied, Charles walked back to Mr. Driesen, whom he found engaged in the humane and rational sport of pelt-

ing a lizard to death, which he had found sunning itself amongst the stones. He left off, however, as Charles Tyrrell approached, and said—

"This is very odd, Charles; it's near a quarter past the hour. Do you think this can be a white feather, my boy? We must give 'em a little more time, however; watches may differ, and though mine goes well, yet it may be found at fault when compared with one regulated by observation taken from the deck of his majesty's revenue cutter, the ——. What is she called, Charles?"

"I am sure I do not know," answered Charles Tyrrell; "but I think I see somebody coming along the further part of that road. Oh! yes, it is certainly. I saw him pass the trees."

Mr. Driesen now looked, and anxiously; but in a moment after, he said—

"That's but a single person, and looks to me too little for a man. It's a boy, Charles, it's a boy. He's making straight for the hill, however; perhaps they've sent him on to say they are coming."

They watched the person who approached, and whom they could plainly distinguish to be a boy of no very great age, as he came along the road to the hill, and then mounted directly towards them. He was soon, however, seen to be a mere country lad in a smock frock, and Mr. Driesen concluding that he was one of the shepherd's sons, or something of that kind, was turning away when the youth came up and stared inquiringly, first at him and then at Charles.

"Are you one of the gentlemen I was to find upon the hill?" said the boy, addressing the latter.

"I really do not know," replied Charles Tyrrell. "Pray who told you you would find anybody here?"

"That I can't tell either," replied the boy; "but he looked like a sea captain."

"What is that you've got in your hand, my man?" said Mr. Driesen; "I dare say it is for us; let me look at it;" and without ceremony he took from the reluctant hands of the boy a note, which he found to be directed to —— Tyrrell, Esq. "There, Charles, there!" continued Mr. Driesen, "that's for you. Let us hear what all this is about."

Charles took the note, which was wafered, and opened it, when he found written within, in a hasty and nearly illegible manner—

SIR—I am sorry to inform you, that unexpected events will prevent my friend Lieutenant Hargrave from giving you the meeting proposed for this morning. I have not time to explain this matter further; but have only to add that you will hear either from him or me in a few days, and that I am, sir, your most obedient servant, &c. &c.

"White feather! Charles," said Mr. Driesen. "White feather, no doubt of it! Well, you have done with the matter. If the fellow comes in your way again, horsewhip him, that's all: but don't suffer yourself to be tempted to meet him any more. Sometimes these cowardly fellows, after hanging back for a time, screw themselves up to behave like gentlemen, but you are not to be trifled with by such a scoundrel. You have kept your engagement, and been to your time, and that's quite enough. Hark you, my man!" he continued, turning to the boy, "what did they give you for bringing this note?"

"They gave me a shilling, sir," said the boy.

"Give it to me," said Mr. Driesen. "There's half a crown for you instead. Now I want you to do two things. If ever you meet that gentleman again tell him it would not pass current, and so you had the broad arrow stamped upon it; and, here, take this mahogany case, and walk on before us to that house that you see in the park beyond the trees there. We are close behind you; but take no notice, give the case to one of the servants, and tell him to put it in Mr. Driesen's room; Mr. Driesen's room, mind!"

The boy pulled the front lock of his hair and took the pistol-case; and Driesen, turning to Charles, led the way homeward, saying, "Come, Charles, come! My walk has given me an appetite, and I don't think it has taken yours away, though something has taken away the stomach of your adversary seemingly. I shall go and coax Mrs. Housekeeper to make me a cup of chocolate, for it wants an hour and a half to the breakfast time yet, and I should be starved if I were to wait so long."

Charles determined he would do so likewise, and they accordingly returned to the house with a more rapid pace than that with which they had left it.

When there, Charles Tyrrell destroyed the notes that he had written, and the whole party met at breakfast, he having once more prepared to set out for Oxford immediately after. Sir Francis, in reality ashamed of what had taken place the day before, but forcing down the throat of his own conscience a persuasion that he had been very much ill-treated by his son, enshrouded himself in sullen dignity, read the newspaper, and scarcely spoke to any one. Lady Tyrrell was present, but sad at her son's departure, and the burden of conversation devolved upon Mr. Driesen, who, to do him but justice, bore it up stoutly.

When breakfast was over, Charles ordered his packages to be taken down to the lodge, and bade his mother farewell. Lady Tyrrell melted into tears, and retired immediately into her own room. Sir Francis shook hands with his son, wished him good-bye, and returned to his newspaper again. Mr.

Driesen accompanied Charles to the lodge, and left him fully satisfied that he had established a hold upon the young man's regard which he had never before possessed.

The coach came up in a few minutes, the luggage was taken up, Charles mounted on the top, the horses started, and he was borne away from the scenes which were endeared to him by early reflections, but still more by the one sweet attaching tie of his love for Lucy Effingham.

CHAPTER XII.

"Nella strada della Licatia vi è una chiesetta mal fornita, ove suole annidarsi uno dei romiti girovagi, ed anni sono vi abitava uno di barba e pelo rosso, che si procacciava il vitto colle spontanee limosine de' passaggieri, conforme a tutti i suoi antecessori. Teneva egli un cane addestrato in maniera che ad un cenno quasi indiscernibile investiva con gran furia i passaggieri, e ad un altro cenno faceva mille ossequiosi atteggiamenti e giuocarelli."

So said our worthy old friend, the Canon Joseph Recupero, and therein he afforded an excellent allegory, representing in faint colours the passions of a violent and irritable man, which at the slightest sign, imperceptible in fact to any but his own eyes and to the feelings that he acts upon, now rise into unprovoked aggression, now sink into exaggerated affection.

Ere Charles Tyrrell had been much more than a month at Oxford, he received a letter from his father, commanding him imperatively to return to Harbury Park, without assigning the slightest reason or motive whatever for the conduct he thus pursued. On first reading the letter, Charles was inclined—and what young mind is not so inclined—to give way to hope, to imagine that the purpose of his father was, as Mr. Driesen had prognosticated, to propose to him that union which he desired more than any other thing on earth: to offer to him all that he thought necessary to render him as happy as he conceived it possible for a human being to be.

But when he came again to examine his father's letter, to weigh the words and examine the expressions with accuracy, he found that there was an acerbity, a bitterness, a mysteriousness about the whole composition, which made him judge that the cloud would bear storm and tempest rather than genial and refreshing showers.

Some difficulties, of course, arose in regard to his quitting Oxford so soon after the commencement of the term; but these were speedily obviated, and merely announcing his obedience beforehand, he set out for Harbury Park.

We must notice, however, before we touch upon the events

which took place after his return, the circumstances which now surrounded the society which he had left behind him. Lady Tyrrell had been more unhappy than ever, and had had more cause for unhappiness; for Sir Francis Tyrrell not having wished his son to go, and irritated at his going, had vented a great part of that irritation which he had not thought fit to display towards Charles himself, upon those who were nearest to him during his son's absence.

Lady Tyrrell was of course the first that suffered. She herself, however, could retire to her own bed-room, and let the storm blow by. But the very absence of the person on whom Sir Francis thought that his anger might be most justly expended, increased his irritation in a high degree, and kept him in the state of an avalanche ready to descend, but stayed by some trifling impediment which only rendered the accumulation greater.

It unfortunately so happened also, that no one would give him any cause for offence: that the servants ran like lightning to obey his orders, that the horses themselves seemed to be more tractable and easy under the consciousness of an impending catastrophe, and that Mr. Driesen, with extraordinary skill and forethought, avoided the slightest occasion of offence, though he did not fail to launch the little biting sarcasms which, by showing him constantly prepared to assail others, tended not a little to guard him from assault.

Through a long life, as we have said, Sir Francis and Mr. Driesen had never quarrelled, and Sir Francis had generated in himself a sort of affectionate regard towards Driesen, which without respect or esteem, or any of those qualities that seemed requisite to render regard permanent, had outlived many trials, and rather increased than diminished. It is true that Mr. Driesen was under some pecuniary obligations to Sir Francis Tyrrell, and Sir Francis was too generous in regard to such transactions not to feel that such a circumstance ought to act as a check and control upon him. This was, indeed, the only kind of restraint he knew, and it is but justice to point it out, and to say that on many occasions it acted as a barrier, when, had it not been for that, his wrath might have poured forth upon his friend as well as upon his wife or son. As very rarely happens, indeed, the existence of pecuniary obligations had given permanence to the friendship of two men of dissimilar characters and of no very steadfast religious principles.

These causes still existed to prevent anything like a rupture between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his friend; but in the course of that month a change had come over Mr. Driesen which was sufficiently remarkable to attract the attention of Sir Francis himself. He had become gloomy, melancholy; had not taken pleasure in his books, but been thoughtful in conversation;

and had not seemed to view all things in that quiet and amusing light which he had been accustomed to do. Sir Francis saw that such was the case, and as he had remarked a similar change in his friend once before, and had discovered what was the cause, he divined it easily at present, and said one morning when they were alone, "Driesen, you have been speculating and have been unsuccessful. I see it in the sharpness of your nose. You'll have to come to me soon, I am sure, so you had better do so as soon as possible."

Mr. Driesen turned upon his heel, whistling a few bars of a French song, and without reply, walked out of the room.

"There goes a proud man who scoffs at pride!" muttered Sir Francis Tyrrell to himself, and feeling himself superior to Mr. Driesen for the moment, which was pleasant to him, as he did not do so in general, he too whistled the same air, and proceeded to other matters.

During that month, it is but fair to say—especially when we are speaking of a person of whom we are not very fond—that Mr. Driesen laboured assiduously in all the intricate paths which his spirit was fond of following, to induce Sir Francis Tyrrell to hurry forward whatever measures he proposed for the purpose of uniting his son Charles to Lucy Effingham. But whether it was that something had occurred to open the eyes of Sir Francis himself to the real feelings of Charles and Lucy towards each other, or whether it was that Mr. Driesen, with all his skill, suffered his object to be too perceptible, Sir Francis resisted in a manner which had not been expected, and at the end of the month the matter was no further advanced than at the beginning.

Mr. Driesen was somewhat puzzled, and as he had sometimes found it an excellent plan with Sir Francis to let things alone, and as he expressed it, to suffer his caprices to rack themselves clear, he gave up all allusions to the subject, in the end, and even when Sir Francis himself approached it, avoided it as much as possible. At the same time he went down to the old manor-house as often as he had a decent excuse for so doing, and one day laughingly said to Sir Francis Tyrrell, "'Pon my word, I think if Lucy reaches the liberal age of one-and-twenty without being married, I shall propose to her myself! Her fortune would stop many a gap for the time being, and she'd make a beautiful widow some eight or ten years hence."

"Do you intend to live eight or ten years, Driesen?" said Sir Francis Tyrrell.

"I'll bet you any money I live longer than you," replied Mr. Driesen.

"What makes you think so?" said Sir Francis, sharply.

"Why," replied Mr. Driesen, "we are like two horses

running a race. We are much about the same age, Tyrrell; six off, eh? Much about it in bone and substance; but you carry weight, Tyrrell, and I don't. You've a wife, and a son, and an estate, and a bad temper; and I'm wifeless, childless, penniless, and pleasant; so I'll bet you what you like, as I said, that I live longer than you. Come, Tyrrell, will you have it for five thousand cool money, and say done? 'Pon my soul it would be a great comfort to me; and you might die whenever you liked for that matter!"

"I won't run you so hard as that, Driesen," replied Sir Francis, with a grim smile; and almost immediately after, a heavy frown gathered upon his brow, while he added: "I'll tell you what, Driesen, you are likely to come in for something better than you know of; for on my soul, as a gentleman and a man of honour, if what I've heard yesterday and to-day be true, I'll leave you every farthing that I can leave away, and cut that undeserving boy as close down as the law will let me."

Mr. Driesen stared, as well he might; for Sir Francis had been, as usual when his son was absent, particularly affectionate in his mention of him since Charles had gone to Oxford; and not one single word had been said up to that moment which could afford, even to his penetrating sagacity, just cause to imagine that Sir Francis Tyrrell had discovered any new cause for offence in his son. Rapid was Mr. Driesen in all his calculations; and one of his modes of proceeding, was instantly to suffer a vivid imagination to produce every possible and probable cause for any mysterious circumstance which presented itself, and then to apply to his judgment, seldom found wanting in accuracy, to select the most probable from all the causes thus produced.

Thus, in the present instance, he thought, "Charles has been kicking this young Hargrave at Oxford; he has refused to fight him according to my advice; he has written to Lucy Effingham to tell her he is in love with her, or he has written to his father to tell him the same thing; or else he has got himself into some devilish scrape by his fiery temper, which his father, of course, will never forgive, being so lamb-like himself. Well, if the old gentleman do but keep his word, and adhere to his resolution, which he is very likely to do, it will deliver me from many a difficulty out of which I don't see my way. However, I must do my best at present to endeavour to persuade him not to do the very thing that would be the most beneficial to me; in the first place, because I really do not want to injure the boy, and in the next place, because that's the very way to make Sir Francis adhere to his resolution, if the youth is really in the wrong."

Acting accordingly upon this determination, Mr. Driesen

applied himself, in the first place, to learn from Sir Francis Tyrrell what was the cause of this sudden fit of indignation with his son. For a time, the baronet was uncommunicative; but by one means or another, Driesen wormed out of him the fact that Charles Tyrrell had been engaged in a duel with young Hargrave, and that the whole business between him and their fair neighbour at the manor-house was known. Mr. Driesen, however, could arrive at nothing more; for Sir Francis did not, and would not specify from whom he had received his information. Nor did he himself seem to feel quite sure of the facts, or to know the particulars.

His friend, then, in pursuance of his resolution, set hard to work to convince him, that even taking it for granted, that the whole was true which he had heard, he ought to overlook his son's fault, promote his marriage, and applaud the duel. In the first place, however, he found Sir Francis Tyrrell's whole opinions in regard to duelling, suddenly, but not the less completely changed. He had on former occasions declared a thousand times, that fighting duels was one of the greatest modern improvements; that it was very true the bravest men of antiquity knew nothing of such a practice; but he added, it was simply because such a thing as a gentleman was then uninvented; that the discovery of that biped required duelling as a natural consequence; and that it was absolutely necessary, as society was constituted at present, to have the means of holding something more than the mere law over the heads of personages who might be inclined to forget civility.

Now, however, he was as eager on the contrary side of the question, and advocated boldly all the adverse arguments. Duelling was the most stupid and absurd practice that it was possible to conceive. The man who called another out, as well as the man who received such a call, was nine times out of ten an arrant coward. The very principle of the matter was cowardly as well as absurd, and he had hoped, he said, that his son would not have shown himself to be so great and lamentable a fool.

As Sir Francis had never been famous for his consistency, Mr. Driesen did not attempt to throw in his teeth, otherwise than by a slight sneer, his former opinions upon the same subject; but in regard to Lucy Effingham, he pointed out to Sir Francis that he had really no right to complain of his son falling in love with so beautiful a person, when he himself had brought them together for the very purpose.

In answer to this, Sir Francis Tyrrell said, grinning at him all the time with a degree of spiteful scorn—

"Now, you think that a very excellent argument, Driesen, don't you, and you call yourself a philosopher and a logician? What right have you to suppose that I am angry with him for

falling in love with Lucy Effingham? I am not angry with him for that in the least. I think it quite natural, and what I expected and wished; but what I expected and wished also was, that my son should make me, in the first instance, acquainted with his intentions and purpose, and not clandestinely seek the hand of a person whom he might have obtained openly and straightforwardly; but openness and straightforwardness are not a part of his character, sir, to his father at least; and his father will teach him that he is not to be contemned and made a fool of with impunity. He shall learn better, whether he likes it or not; and though the lesson may be a painful one to inflict or to receive, I shall not hesitate to give it. And now, Driesen, I will tell you something more," he continued. "Do not let me hear any more of these arguments, for I know you are reasoning against your own conviction, by doing which you will not serve my son at all, and may make an unpleasant difference towards yourself."

"I wasn't reasoning against my conviction, Tyrrell," said Mr. Driesen, grinning at him in return; "but I was certainly reasoning against my own interest, which is what a man seldom does in the world, let me tell you. However, henceforth I shall hold my tongue upon the subject. If you choose to leave your money away from your son, I don't see why I shouldn't have it as well as another; and to tell you the truth, if you thought fit to do so, and could manage to die within a rational time, thirty or forty thousand pounds would be very convenient; as indeed a less sum would, for that rascal, Swearun, has called in his mortgage, and threatens to foreclose. He tells me, too, he could arrest me for interest if he liked, and I rather suspect that he tells me true."

"He shan't do that, Driesen! He shan't do that!" replied Sir Francis, who was as we have said, a really generous man in regard to pecuniary matters. "But I will go down directly to the manor," he continued, "and ascertain what truth there is in the news I have heard. I have sent for the young scoundrel home already, though I dare say he is, by this time, expelled from the university for this glorious beginning of life which he chooses to make."

Mr. Driesen did not reply, for it was evident that in Sir Francis Tyrrell's state of mind at the moment, no argument would be effectual. He saw him take his hat and gloves and set out for the manor, with the appearance of cool indifference which he usually put on; then, taking up a book, he stretched his legs over the back of one of the chairs, as if not one word of importance had been said during the morning.

When Sir Francis was fairly out of the house, however, Mr. Driesen laid down the book, raised himself, and took two or three slow turns up and down the room, with his head bent

forward, and his eyes fixed upon the carpet. Into the exact nature of his thoughts we shall not inquire. It may be sufficient to give some of the broken sentences in which, as was very common with him, he commented aloud upon what was passing in his mind.

"Why should I care?" he said; "why should I care? Better that I should have it than any one else; it would put me at ease for the rest of my life, and deliver me from the vile bondage of debts and embarrassment. I can but use it while I live, and give it back to the boy at my death: all the better for him, too, not to have so much at first; and I know the devilish determination of this maddest of a mad family: if he does not leave it to me, he'll leave it to somebody else. 'Pon my soul! it's a lucky thing that he can't communicate the disease like a mad dog by the bite, for he's very well inclined to bite everybody he meets with. What a rabid race we should have! I shall get myself bitten some day; but if ever we do come to that, I think he'll meet with his match. Now, he'll tease poor Mrs. Effingham's soul out before he comes up. I often think it would be a good thing if some of those on whom he vents his ill-nature were to imitate the worthy man they hanged for knocking his ancestor's brains out with an axe."

Thus reasoned Mr. Driesen with himself; and having at length settled the whole matter, in his own mind, he resumed his book, threw his legs again over the self-same chair which had supported them before, and was still deep in his studies when Sir Francis returned. Mr. Driesen very evidently heard by his step, and by the manner in which he threw down the hat he had worn, with an echoing emptiness, amongst half-a-dozen others strewed on a table placed in the hall to receive them, that his violent mood was anything but diminished. Mr. Driesen, however, took no notice, but went on with his book, and Sir Francis, after taking a turn round the room, paused and said; "It's all true, Driesen, and more."

"Is it?" said Mr. Driesen, and went on reading.

"Come, Driesen, listen to me!" exclaimed Sir Francis, "or it may be worse for you. I have determined that I will do what I said, and put the will in his hands the first thing I do on his arrival."

"Wait till to-morrow," said Mr. Driesen, looking up. "Wait till to-morrow, and I'm sure you'll change your mind."

Sir Francis Tyrrell stamped his foot, exclaiming, with a blasphemous oath, "Never, Driesen, never! The boy has not only put no confidence in his father, in regard to a matter where he knew that father would have promoted his wishes, but has gone and prevailed upon Mrs. Effingham to be silent about the whole transaction; representing to her, I am sure, though she does not say so, that Sir Francis Tyrrell is a weak,

unreasonable, foolish, passionate man. Now, Driesen, you have studied the law; will you draw the will, or will you not?"

"Oh! I will draw the will," replied Mr. Driesen, "and take my fee, too; and I'll tell you what, Tyrrell, if you intend to make me benefit by it, you must write it all over in your own hand after I've drawn it, for of course it would be unpleasant to have ——"

"Oh! you draw it up, and I will write it over," replied Sir Francis; "there, take that sheet of paper, and now listen."

And he proceeded to dictate a sort of codicil to his former will by which he revoked the bequest of everything that he had left to his son, leaving the entailed estates as bare as possible. He then went on and specified in detail what he left to Mr. Driesen. That gentleman put the whole into legal form as briefly as possible, and Sir Francis sitting down copied the document on a sheet of paper, tore the other copy into small pieces, and then ringing the bell, called up a sufficient number of servants as witnesses, with whose attestations he signed and sealed the paper. As soon as they were gone, he threw the paper over to Mr. Driesen, saying, "There!"

But Mr. Driesen pushed it back again, replying in the same laconic style, "Keep it yourself, I'll have nothing to do with it."

Sir Francis Tyrrell made no rejoinder, but took it up, opened a drawer in the library table, put it therein, shut the drawer, locked it, and left the room, apparently well satisfied with what he had done.

"There's a nice father!" said Mr. Driesen, when Sir Francis departed; "a very nice father, indeed! I may well thank my stars that I can never have such a one at my time of life."

But after grinning for a moment at his own jest, deeper thoughts took possession of him, and when he remembered all that Sir Francis had left him by that will, strange and conflicting sensations took possession of his heart. He had never possessed more than a very moderate income, and that income he had contrived gradually to diminish very greatly; but now there was before him the prospect of possessing not thirty or forty thousand pounds as he had anticipated, but between six and seven thousand a-year.

We shall follow, in regard to his thoughts on this occasion, the same course that we followed on his meditations when Sir Francis had left him before, though in the present instance he uttered but one sentence. That sentence, however, was quite sufficient to show to an inquiring mind some portion of all that was passing in his thoughts. He remained standing for many minutes with his hands clasped one over the other, and at length he said, turning upon his heel to go to his own room, "'Pon my honour, I do think there is such a thing as a Devil!"

CHAPTER XIII.

We will now follow Sir Francis Tyrrell, as, with his passions all excited, he went out into the park, and wandered on, lashing himself into but the greater fury by the scourge of his own bitter thoughts. When uninfluenced by extraneous circumstances, a man's mood at the time will almost always lead him to seek that peculiar scenery in the external world which harmonises with the state of the world in his own heart. Cheerfulness will affect the sunshine, gloom the shade, and Sir Francis Tyrrell naturally turned his steps to a part of the wood where a number of old gnarled oaks, with rough and rugged contortions, spread a deep shadow over various parts of the ground, as uneven and wild-looking as themselves.

He advanced towards it musing and pondering, biting his lip and knitting his brow, till he was suddenly aroused by the sound of a shot fired at some distance. The shooting season had by this time commenced, and there were undoubtedly a great number of poachers abroad; but the gun had evidently been fired afar off, and if he had thought for a moment, he would have seen that it must have been beyond the precincts of his wood, and very likely beyond the bounds of the manor itself. His own gamekeepers, too, were out in all directions, and if the shot was fired on the estate at all, it was most likely by one of them.

Sir Francis Tyrrell, however, was at that moment in no mood to give calm consideration to anything. He felt quite sure that it was the gun of a poacher which had been discharged. He believed that it was within the limits of the wood itself, and he was preparing a tremendous passion against the indolence and inactivity of his gamekeepers, when he suddenly saw through the trees, at a great distance, something which looked like a smock-frock. He instantly hastened towards it, becoming more and more convinced, at every step, that it was a countryman with a gun in his hand; but to his surprise this daring intruder did not seem to avoid him; and on a nearer approach, the gun transformed itself into a thick stick, and the man was found to be a respectable old man from the coast, hale and strong, indeed, but upwards of seventy years of age.

He advanced direct, as I have said, towards Sir Francis Tyrrell, looking him in the face, and pulling off his hat with a respectful bow. The baronet remembered to have seen him somewhere before, but could not tell where. He was impatient because he did not recollect at once; he was impatient because the man had not gratified him by turning out a

poacher; and he was impatient because he stood respectfully in the middle of the way, waiting till Sir Francis began without announcing his own business at once.

"What do you want? What do you want?" he exclaimed at length; "why the devil don't you speak, and not stand bowing there?"

"Why, I made bold, your honour," replied the countryman, "to come up to speak to your honour about my poor boy of a son, who was sent to prison, your honour, and I thought——"

"And who the devil is your son?" demanded Sir Francis. "How can I tell who your son is, unless you tell me his name? Do you suppose I am to know every old man's son in the country?"

"No, sir, no!" replied the old man; "that would be a hard job, indeed, as you say; but I thought, mayhap, you might know my poor boy, John Smithson, who was sent to jail some time ago, with the smugglers. I thought you might recollect him, mayhap, and me too, seeing that I used always to serve the house with fish in your father's time; ay, those were pleasant days!"

There are some people who might have been in a degree moved by this appeal. There are some people who might have smiled at it; and there are a great number who would quietly and reasonably have told the old man, that his son being committed to jail, nothing could be done for him by the magistrate, but to leave him there to take his trial. Few, very few, are there, on the contrary, who would have acted as Sir Francis Tyrrell acted. He flew into a violent and most outrageous passion. He called the old fisherman a thousand times a fool and an idiot; told him, not that he could not do anything for his son, but that he would not; and added a hope that he might be transported at least, as the law was weak enough not to hang the robbers of the public revenue, though it hanged those who took a few shillings on the highway.

The old man listened at first with surprise, and then with evident indignation; but he did not follow the bad example of the gentleman with whom he conversed, but gave way to no passion, retorted upon the baronet none of his abusive language, but only replied from time to time, "Well, that is a hard word! I didn't think to hear that, howsoever, at my time of life!"

Still, however, Sir Francis Tyrrell went on, and we have already remarked that he was eloquent upon such occasions; but he did not succeed in disturbing the tranquillity with which the old man listened to him, and of course became but the more angry at such being the case. He ended an oration which would have done honour to a Xantippe, by bidding the

old man get out of his park, and never show his face there again, otherwise he would order the servants to horsewhip him.

The old man instantly put on his hat, and grasped his cudgel firmly while he replied: "I should be sorry to see any gentleman so disgrace himself by giving such an order as your honour mentions, and still sorrier to see any of your powdered vallys attempt to execute it; for I think, though I be past seventy, I could manage to thrash two or three of them: master, and men, and all."

This still further excited Sir Francis Tyrrell's indignation; and though the old man began to move off as soon as he had delivered himself of his oration, the baronet continued to load him with abuse, finding no end to his copious vocabulary of harsh names, till he was suddenly surprised by seeing old Smithson stop and turn short round upon him. The old man used no threatening attitude, and nothing on his countenance marked his anger, but the gathering together of his heavy white eyebrows as he marched straight up to the baronet.

"I'll tell you what, Sir Francis," he said, "you're a passionate man, and a bad man; and if all be true that's said, you treat your own lady and your son as bad as every one else. You'll repent all this some day when you can't mend it. You'll repent it, I say: I'm thinking God has tried you long enough, and it's time you should be taken away. Remember, there's been more than one of your kidney has had his brains knocked out, and what has happened to another may happen to you. So now good morning to you, master! If the boy must stay in prison, he must: that's all."

Thus saying, he turned on his heel, and left Sir Francis Tyrrell in a state of bewildered fury that it is impossible to describe. He had not sufficient command over himself to refrain from yielding to the most lamentable display of impotent rage. He shook his clenched fists together in the air; he stamped upon the ground; he almost foamed at the mouth; he cursed and he blasphemed aloud; and to crown all, with an extravagance of horror that almost reached the ludicrous, he declared that he wished they would murder him that they might be hanged afterwards. Scarcely credible as this may seem, it was none the less true; and for the moment, to such a height was his vindictive rage carried, that he did really and sincerely feel what he said.

This adventure, as may naturally be supposed, did not tend to soften or sweeten the mood of Sir Francis Tyrrell, and he returned to his own abode more full of anger and violence than ever. He sought for somebody to vent his irritated feelings upon; and it is not improbable, that if Mr. Driesen had met him at that moment, he would have quarrelled even

with him, though, as we have thrice before remarked, they had lived in constant acquaintanceship through a long life without the violent passions of the one, or the utter want of principle of the other, ever ending in a serious dispute between them.

It so happened, however, that Mr. Driesen was invariably out of the way when Sir Francis Tyrrell's wrath was excited to such a pitch as to be in absolute need of some outlet, and by this fortunate circumstance, as well as others, that worthy gentleman had uniformly contrived to keep well with his friend. Mr. Driesen then had, as usual, gone forth to walk, and as the necessity was strong upon him, Sir Francis strode up stairs and sought the apartments of his unhappy wife. She had no means of escape; and the moment she beheld him she read upon the dark and troubled page of his countenance, a page which she had studied with grief and agony for many a year, that some new suffering, some still greater aggravation of sorrow was in store for her.

But there is a pitch at which endurance ends, and where the most timid and the most gentle must resist. That point was reached between Lady Tyrrell and her husband. She had long contemplated taking a step which would decide her fate for the future; and the instant she beheld the dark and lowering brow of her husband, she nerved all her energies; she prepared her mind with the recollection of all the past, in order to fulfil the resolution she had taken. She felt that to live with Sir Francis Tyrrell longer, was to live a living death. Her son had now reached the period of manhood, for a very few days would see him of age. It was as desirable for him as for her, that he should have another home open to him, where he might hope for peace and tranquillity; and every thought strengthened her determination, and gave her vigour and force to carry it into execution. Had anything been wanting, the words with which Sir Francis Tyrrell opened their interview would have been sufficient to render that resolution irrevocable.

"I intrude upon your privacy, madam," he said, "for the purpose of informing you, that I have been made aware of the conduct which my son Charles—doubtless under your wise consent, approbation, and direction—has thought fit to pursue towards Miss Effingham; and I wish you to know, and fully understand the consequences which such conduct produces."

"I am really unaware, sir," replied Lady Tyrrell, "of what you allude to. I hope and believe that Charles would do nothing towards Lucy Effingham which could at all merit his father's displeasure."

"Doubtless, madam!" replied Sir Francis, "you are wonderfully innocent and ignorant; but you will excuse my feel-

ing a difficulty in believing your son has acted in that manner without your approbation and consent. I therefore shall certainly look upon you as an accessary in this business; and as you have enjoyed the satisfaction of teaching your son through life, the wise and just lesson of despising his father and refusing him all confidence, it is but right that you should be made aware of the fruits which such lessons produce."

Lady Tyrrell rose from her chair with a look which Sir Francis Tyrrell had never seen her assume before.

"One word, Sir Francis Tyrrell," she said, "before you proceed further. You accuse me now, as you have often previously done, of things in regard to which I am perfectly innocent and ignorant. I have never taught your son to disobey you, though your own conduct may have taught him not to respect you, and may have alienated the affection of a son full of strong feelings, as it has alienated the affection of a wife, who might have been taught to love you dearly. More than twenty-two years of my life have been sacrificed to you: my health, my happiness, my comfort, my youth have been blasted and destroyed by the ill-fated connection which united me to you. For my son's sake I have endured till now; but I will endure no longer; and I now tell you, Sir Francis Tyrrell, that this must be the last altercation between us, for it is high time that we should separate."

Sir Francis Tyrrell was certainly struck and surprised, for this determination was not at all what he had expected from a woman whom he fancied to be habitually his slave; but still there was far too much pride in his nature to suffer him to show the slightest disappointment or regret. On the contrary, he determined to punish and embitter an act that he could not prevent.

"Just as you please, madam!" he replied. "It is an arrangement I have long desired and coveted myself; but I too have been restrained by consideration for my son, and should have proposed such a thing some sixteen or seventeen years ago, had I not apprehended that I might thereby have cast some doubts upon his legitimacy."

Lady Tyrrell gazed at him for a moment as if utterly confounded and bewildered by astonishment and horror. She knew by sad experience that there were few points of malignity to which passion would not carry Sir Francis Tyrrell in his more violent moods; but pure as light in every word and thought and action, she had not believed that even human malignity itself would have dared to risk an insinuation against her honour. She gazed upon her husband, therefore—upon him to whom that honour should have been most dear and sacred, while he made an insinuation only the more terrible because it was not direct—with feelings that defy all descrip-

tion; while he, glaring at her from under his heavy eyebrows saw, and saw with satisfaction, that he had succeeded in cutting her to the soul. The moment after, however, she turned deadly pale, and without replying a word to the base speech he had just uttered, fell fainting on the floor before him.

For a moment Sir Francis Tyrrell fancied she was dead, and he felt some degree of apprehension, if not remorse; but the next instant he perceived he had but cast her into a swoon, and thinking that but a light punishment for the offence of resisting his will, he merely rang the bell for Lady Tyrrell's maid, and told her to take care of her mistress, for she had fainted.

"Poor thing!" said the woman when she saw her, and those words, with the plaintive tone in which they were uttered, made Sir Francis Tyrrell feel that he was generally hated, and they acted, therefore, as some retribution for the sufferings he inflicted. But such retribution had only a tendency to harden, not to mitigate, his feelings. To know that he was hated made him seek to deserve hatred, and turning round to the woman, he said: "You have warning to go!"

The woman had been with Lady Tyrrell for many years past, and being of a naturally fearless disposition, she lost all awe when she lost respect.

"I am my lady's servant, not yours, sir," she replied; "and will take no warning from you. I shall stay with her till she bids me go, and do my best to comfort her, which you do not."

"We shall see, madam; we shall see!" said Sir Francis Tyrrell, shaking his finger at her as he left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

We must now turn for a time to Charles Tyrrell, and give some further details of the events which had befallen him between his return to Oxford and his recall to Harbury Park, which we have hitherto purposely omitted.

Although there were many things unpleasant in his situation, although the conduct of his father towards himself had sent him back, as usual, with unpleasant memories fresh upon him, yet there was something now in the store-house of remembrance which made up for all. There was a drop of that elixir cast into his cup, which is described by one of the greatest painters of human nature that ever lived, Le Sage, as giving flavour and sweetness to the sourest, the bitterest, or the most insipid cup. He had loved, and was beloved, and when he looked back upon the last short month, it seemed as if the whole of the rest of life was nothing compared with what he had done, enjoyed, and suffered in that brief space.

The memory thereof afforded him sufficient matter to occupy his mind till he reached the University, and then it still remained a comfort, a consolation, a hope, a joy. It was to him as an angel stretching out one hand towards the future and the other towards the past, and scattering flowers over both.

We will not dwell upon the passing of a week or two, on the prosecution of his academical studies, on the society that he kept, or the amusements which the narrow means his father afforded him enabled him to seek. We are coming now to the more bustling and active scenes of the drama, and we must not pause upon many interludes.

Time slipped by quietly. Charles kept his word faithfully to Mrs. Effingham: he wrote not to Lucy. He sent her even no message when he wrote to his mother, though he never failed to mention her in his letters with terms which he knew would induce Lady Tyrrell to repeat them to Lucy herself, and would show to her whom he loved, how deeply he still loved her. In so writing, to say the truth, there was perhaps a greater pleasure than there even would have been in writing to herself. There was something exciting and doubly interesting in the shadowing forth under anything that suggested itself, those feelings, wishes, hopes, and memories which he was forbidden to express more plainly. He now mentioned to his mother having met with some flower, or heard some song, that recalled sweet moments passed in the society of Lucy Effingham; it was now a picture he had bought which he longed to show her; it was now a book that he had read which would give her pleasure to read also; it was something now that she had said which he remembered and applied under new circumstances.

He certainly thought of Lady Tyrrell when he wrote those letters to her; but neither Lady Tyrrell, nor himself, nor Lucy Effingham could doubt that he thought of the latter too at every line he wrote. Lady Tyrrell could not help soon perceiving that her son was really and not nominally in love with Lucy Effingham; but what between a mother's fondness and a woman's clear-sightedness, she had discovered something before which gave her comfort and satisfaction. It was, that Lucy Effingham was not quite indifferent to her son.

The time thus slipped quietly away day after day, and Charles Tyrrell was calculating, with schoolboy impatience, how many days yet remained to the holidays. He had totally forgotten, by this time, Lieutenant Hargrave, and everything concerning him. As soon as he had found that Lucy had never loved that personage, he had lost all feelings of enmity towards him, and his conduct in regard to the duel had only excited contempt.

A person we despise is soon forgotten, and such was the

case in the present instance; but he was suddenly roused one morning from such forgetfulness by having a note put into his hands, bearing Arthur Hargrave's name. It simply went to inform him that he had followed him to Oxford with his friend Lieutenant —— for the purpose of settling the affair which they had been prevented from settling before. The servant who brought the note told him farther that the gentleman who delivered it, had said he would call again for an answer, towards five o'clock; and Charles, fully determined to have nothing to do further with a person who had before failed to keep his appointment, merely sent for one of his friends of the same college to witness the explanation that was to ensue, and waited patiently for the hour appointed.

At five o'clock precisely the lieutenant of the revenue cutter made his appearance, and after the ordinary civilities, usual on such occasions, Charles Tyrrell informed him that, by the advice both of the friend who accompanied him on the previous occasion, and the gentleman whom he then saw present, he had determined to proceed no farther in the matter, having already done all that was required of him, and not thinking himself bound to be at the beck and call of Lieutenant Hargrave at any time that he thought proper.

"I am afraid, sir," replied the lieutenant, "that if you adhere to this resolution, you will seriously affect your own reputation. I am charged to give you a full explanation of the causes which prevented Lieutenant Hargrave from meeting you, and those causes will be found quite sufficient in the eyes of any man of honour."

Charles Tyrrell turned a questioning look upon his friend, who replied to it by saying—

"Of course we must hear. Pray, sir, what were those causes?"

"Why, sir," replied the lieutenant of the revenue cutter, "it is a delicate subject in some degree to deal with; but as I am quite sure I am speaking with two gentlemen and men of honour, who will not on any account betray a trust reposed in them, I will give you the real causes explicitly. You must know, that after I left Mr. Tyrrell, with the full determination of bringing Lieutenant Hargrave to the ground appointed on the following morning, Hargrave informed me of his intention of carrying off a young lady, whom he said was willing to elope with him, and with whom he was in love."

Charles Tyrrell started off his chair, exclaiming—"The scoundrel! I trust, sir, you had no hand in such a business?"

"No further hand than might become a man of honour, sir," replied the lieutenant calmly. "He told me the young lady was ready to go off with him, he was quite sure; that she would have a large fortune at her father's death——"

"Why, her father has been dead for many months!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell, again interrupting him.

"There must be some mistake," replied the lieutenant; "for I saw you talking to her father himself the very last time we met, and I am as certain as a man can be of anything in this world, that old Longly was alive not eight and forty hours ago."

"Old Longly!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell; "that is quite another affair. I beg your pardon; I interrupted you by mistake; pray go on."

"Well, sir, as I was about to say, he told me if I would but carry them round to Guernsey or Jersey in the cutter, I should lay him under an infinite obligation, and it was settled that I was to land him that evening near the house; that he was to go to meet her with two of the boat's crew to carry her things; that he and I were to land the next morning to give you the meeting, and when he had shot you we were to go on board again, and get under way for Guernsey."

"A kind, pleasant, and jovial arrangement!" said Charles Tyrrell, with a touch of his father's bitterness in his tone and manner; "pray what prevented it from succeeding?"

"Why, two things," replied the officer: "in the first place, while we were away the people got intimation that it was Hargrave who had spied out the smuggled goods, and given the information which led to the seizure. His name, it is true, did not appear, but he was to have two-thirds of the reward. In the next place, you see, the young lady was not quite so willing as he had represented her to be. We landed, indeed, at the hour appointed, and he went up with the two men and met her in the wood; but then she did not choose to come away with him; and when he made his entreaties somewhat too pressingly, and got one of the men to help him to lead her down to the boat, perhaps not quite so tenderly as might be, she set up a scream, which brought me up from the shore, and I insisted upon her being set free directly. She then ran back to her father's house; but it would seem the old gentleman had by this time found out the whole business, and refused to take her in; so that if she had not met with John Hailes, the fisherman, and found shelter in his cottage, I do not know what would have become of her; for by this time we had put off, and perhaps reached the ship. Well, Hargrave and I had a quarrel that night, as you may suppose."

"I am glad to hear it; I am glad to hear it!" exclaimed Charles Tyrrell, vehemently; "for the honour of human nature, I am glad to hear it."

"Why, I did not like the job, it must be confessed," replied the young officer; "but, however, as I had engaged to stand his friend in the business with you, I could not get off, you

see, and we landed the next morning in time to be with you. How it was that the fishermen, and hovellers, and smugglers, got an inkling of what we were about, I don't know. But it seems they had found out, not only that Hargrave had given information, but that we were going to land early that morning, and they had laid an ambuscade, just to the west of Stony Point; so that before we had got a hundred yards from the boat, they were upon us, and Hargrave was in their hands in a minute. They did not offer to hurt us, though they were five or six to one; but they thrashed him with the stretchers in such a way, that I saw they would kill him outright before they had done; and consequently, getting all the boat's crew together, I made a rush for it, and got him, more than half dead, out of their hands. They pelted us all the way back to the boat with large stones, which hurt several of the men; but we got off, notwithstanding, and as soon as I could, I wrote a note to you, and going ashore higher up, sent it off by a boy. I hope it reached you."

"It certainly did," replied Charles Tyrrell, "but not till after I had waited some time. However, by your own account, sir, this Lieutenant Hargrave seems to be so little of a gentleman and so much of a scoundrel, that I wonder you consent to present yourself upon his part."

"I do not intend to justify his conduct, or to make myself his champion, sir," replied the commander of the revenue cutter, "and therefore we will put all that out of the question, if you please. Having once engaged in the business, I do not choose to go back, and have only farther to say, that of course you will act as you please; but that the cause of Lieutenant Hargrave's conduct in not meeting you at the place appointed, having been explained, and that cause being that he was incapacitated from doing anything, by the ill usage of a mob, it seems to me that a gentleman, a brave man, and a man of honour, cannot refuse the appointment he before made."

"Well, sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, "on your account, and to make it perfectly evident that fear has nothing to do with the matter, I will meet him. I suppose if you, a respectable officer, and an honourable and gentlemanly man, do not refuse to second him, I must not refuse to fight him; but still, sir, I must say that I look upon him as a scoundrel of the lowest and most ungentlemanly character, for whom the only proper treatment would be a horsewhip."

The lieutenant bit his lips. "I must beg leave to decline giving any opinion of his character," he answered; "the task I have undertaken I will accomplish, and I have only further to ask you to name the time and place."

The rest of the preliminaries were speedily arranged. Upon the particulars of the duel we shall not pause. Every pre-

caution was taken by Charles Tyrrell and his second to keep the matter so private that it could not reach the ears of the academical authorities, and in this they succeeded perfectly. Charles met his antagonist at a considerable distance from Oxford, and, as he had predetermined, did not fire at him, though he made no display of firing in the air. The other fired at him, and missed him only by a few inches; and the moment that exchange of shots had taken place, Lieutenant Hargrave's second walked up to Charles Tyrrell, saying, "I ask you, sir, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, whether you fired at Lieutenant Hargrave?"

"To a question so put," replied Charles, "I can but reply that I did not."

"Then the business can go no farther," said the lieutenant. "I presume you agree with me, sir?" he continued, turning to Charles Tyrrell's second.

The other replied that he did so exactly; and without any further discussion, the parties prepared to separate.

To Charles's surprise, however, he perceived, as they were getting into the chaise which brought them there, that Arthur Hargrave and his second parted also on the ground, with no other farewell than a cold bow on either side. Every precaution was adopted, in returning to Oxford, to avoid attracting attention, and by extreme prudence and care, not a whisper of the transaction spread through the university.

Everything resumed its usual train in the life of Charles Tyrrell, and he fancied the matter would never be farther heard of, when he suddenly was aroused from this dream of repose, by receiving the bitter but laconic note from his father, which we mentioned in a former chapter, bidding him come immediately to Harbury Park. The tone of this epistle led him to believe, upon full consideration, that Sir Francis was acquainted with the whole affair of the duel, though of course he did not know till he reached home that his engagement with Lucy Effingham had been also disclosed.

He prepared, however, instantly to obey the summons he had received, and certainly did not suppose that his father, who had always been an advocate for duelling, would now entertain any very serious wrath at what had occurred, if the matter were properly explained to him. Making his preparations, therefore, with as much quickness as possible, he set out on the morning after the receipt of his father's note, upon a journey destined to prove the most important of his life. He followed the same course that he had pursued on his preceding journey, going first to London, and then making his way onward by the heavy night-coach.

During the former part of the journey, namely, from Oxford to London, Charles Tyrrell's thoughts were principally

employed in endeavouring, by one effort of imagination or another, to divine who could be the person that had given Sir Francis Tyrrell information of an event which had been so carefully concealed as to be perfectly unknown to the members of university, within twenty miles of the spot where it took place. But the only person whom he could fix upon, was Lieutenant Hargrave himself, as he felt perfectly sure that that officer's second would not mention the matter, it having been represented to him beforehand, that very serious consequences might ensue if it became known, by any chance, to the heads of the colleges, that a duel had been fought by one of the gentlemen commoners.

The irritation which he felt under these circumstances was very great, and it was fortunate that Lieutenant Hargrave himself was not near at hand at the moment when Charles came to the above conclusion, as it is not improbable that he would speedily have resorted to some sharp measure for chastising what he conceived to be an unwarrantable breach of confidence. However, as we have said, it luckily so happened, that Lieutenant Hargrave was not in the coach, and even more, that there was nobody in it at all; for Charles Tyrrell was certainly in an irritable mood, and there are few men, let their disposition be what it will, who are not disagreeable companions when such is the case. Thus he had plenty of opportunity to torment himself with his own fancies, and in the course of that journey, he learned one of the most valuable secrets of the human heart, by long and solitary commune with his own, in a state of excitement.

People of an eager and impetuous nature, when by any chance they fall into the sin and folly of anger, are apt to declare, that other people, or other things, have put them in a passion; when in truth, even if others have had any share in the business at all, which is not always the case, those angry people have been themselves the principals, and others only the accessories. It generally happens that others may throw down for us a little smouldering straw, but it is our own thoughts and imagination that toss it up into a flame.

Charles Tyrrell felt that such was the case in his own instance; that he had worked himself up into a fit of anger upon very unreasonable grounds. He detected the habit of doing so in his own mind, and he had sufficient firmness and resolution, as soon as he had detected that habit, vigorously to set about rooting it out.

As the first effort so to do, he resolved to think upon Lieutenant Hargrave no further; gazing forth from the window, he revolved with pleasure upon a thousand other things, remembered that the shooting season had already commenced, laid out a plan for being absent from home the greater part of

the day, either occupied in the healthful sports of the field, or passing the hours in the society of her he loved best, and devising with her schemes for future happiness, building on foundations laid by imagination with materials from the abundant store-houses of hope.

At length, however, he reached the great metropolis of smoke and industry, and then once more set out in the Old Blue for the park of his father. At a little distance from London, however, the coach stopped, and a woman and a little girl, seemingly both out of health, and probably proceeding to the sea-side for its recovery, applied to the coachman to be admitted. There was one place vacant in the vehicle, and the guard represented that the little girl was young and small, and would occupy but little space, if the passengers would consent to her sitting on her mother's knee.

Against this proposal a fat lady, who, if equity ruled stage-coaches, should have paid for two places instead of one, opposed her veto most vehemently, declaring that she would get out and take a chaise, and make the coachman pay, if any more than the legal proportion of passengers were admitted into the favoured vehicle in which she travelled. The poor woman stood by the coach side, with her child in her hand, waiting the event of the discussion, and pleading by no other means than a look of care, and anxiety, and ill health. The little girl was a frail, delicate child, like a flower of the early spring that the first frost might wither, and she looked up first to her mother's face and then to the vehicle, as if asking what they were to do.

After listening for a moment or two to the fat woman's objections, Charles Tyrrell put his foot out of the coach, saying, "My good lady, I will soon settle the matter; you shan't be put to the trouble of seeking a post-chaise to-night by having too many in the inside; coachman, I will go on the top, and then there will be plenty of room."

The fat woman had nothing to say, but, "Well, I declare!" but the poor woman by the coach side dropped him a low and grateful curtsey, and thanked him in a tone which could not be mistaken.

If it had been the coldest night of the year, Charles Tyrrell would have been well repaid for what was, in fact, no sacrifice. But it was clear, and beautiful, and warm; and as the coach rolled along, with the fine summer moon pouring her bright light over the sleeping world, he enjoyed himself highly, till a gray streak here and there upon the edge of the eastern sky, and a faint, indescribable glistening about the tops of the hills, told that the orb of day was soon about to rise.

They had now come very near to the sea coast, and were within a few miles of the spot where, winding round the steep

shores of a small bay, the road turned to pass the park of Sir Francis Tyrrell. The distance by the road might be about ten miles; through the wood it was less than half; and so fine had been the night, that Charles Tyrrell had almost made up his mind to alight at that spot, and take the shorter path in order to enjoy the morning freshness more at leisure.

As they approached the shore, however, and the day began to dawn, a thick sea fog came on, unusual at that period of the year, but which took away all promise of pleasure from the idea of walking through the wood. The high road itself was scarcely discernible, and as they turned away from the sea again, to sweep round the bay and cut across the opposite point, they could hear the voices of persons talking close by the road, without being able to see where they were.

The coachman was going on at a furious rate, and one of the passengers who sat on the box had just said, "You had better take care, or you will run over something or somebody," when some object coming out of the wood on the left, which neither the coachman nor any of the passengers could see, startled the leaders, who dashed violently up the bank, on the opposite side of the road. The coach was carried after them and was instantly upset, and Charles Tyrrell, with the rest of the passengers on the outside, felt himself instantly cast with enormous force towards the wood on the left.

Of what happened for some time after, he had no consciousness. He felt, indeed, a violent blow upon the head, but that was all; and when, after a long lapse of time, he regained his senses for a few minutes, it was but to feel, or at least to think, that he was dying, or to sink again into insensibility. Those brief moments, however, had been sufficient for many a painful thought to cross his mind. He thought of Lucy Effingham, certainly; but we must tell the truth, and acknowledge that the first, the deepest, the most painful thought was of his mother. Lucy, he knew, had other ties to life, and though she might grieve, she would not grieve without consolation. Lady Tyrrell had none but him, and had he had power to speak, he might have exclaimed with the wounded cavalier, Prince Baldwin, in "The Marquis of Mantua:"—

O triste Reyna mi madre!
Dios te quiera consolar,
Que yà es quebrado el espejo
En que te solias mirar.

Siempre de mi recelaste
Sobresalto de pesar,
Ahora de aquí adelante
No te cumple rezelar.

However, as we have said, he spoke not; for there was a

faint sickness upon him, a death-like sensation at his heart which took away all power; and the first feelings that assailed him, instantly cast him back into insensibility once more. How long he remained in this state, he of course could in no degree calculate; but when he at length opened his eyes again, he felt much better than he had been before, and could see around him, which had not been the case on the former occasion, when all had been dim and indistinct. It was night, and the place in which he was had the appearance of a fisherman's cottage, and stretched upon a rough but clean bed, he gazed around, and saw several anxious faces watching him by the light of a single candle.

All those faces but one were known to him, and they were those of honest John Hailes, the fisherman, his wife, and his eldest boy, who now apparently recovered from the injury he had sustained, but pale and eager with anxiety, was holding a basin under Charles's arm, while the blood flowed freely into it, from an incision just made by a gentleman in black, who was sitting by the bed-side, and whom Charles Tyrrell naturally concluded to be a surgeon. The medical man immediately saw that consciousness had returned, and slightly moving the arm backwards and forwards, he caused the bleeding to proceed more freely, every drop that flowed giving his patient greater relief.

After a short time, Charles found himself able to speak, and was about to ask some questions when the surgeon held up his finger, saying, "Perfect quietness, and you will soon be quite well! There is no bone broken, no injury to the skull, merely a severe cut and concussion. But you must be perfectly quiet, neither speak nor move, nor think if it be possible till to-morrow morning. I will stay with you all night, and not leave you till I am perfectly sure you are safe. Your father has been informed of what has occurred, as soon as these good people could send up to let him know. But their first care was of course most wisely to seek for medical advice, which rendered it late. You will soon be quite well, however, so keep your mind at ease."

His arm was then bandaged up, and by the surgeon's direction Hailes and his wife and children left the room in which the young gentleman was, and retired into an inner chamber, keeping everything as quiet as possible. The surgeon then resumed his seat by his patient's bed-side, shaded the lamp, and applied himself to read, refraining from speaking even a word. Charles Tyrrell did not sleep for some time, however, and towards midnight the surgeon felt his pulse, and gave him something to drink, which seemed both to cool and tranquillize him, for in a few moments after he fell asleep, and did not wake till the sun was high up in the sky.

CHAPTER XV.

It may now be necessary to return for a time to the family at the manor-house, and without pausing upon all the minute events which varied the course of existence for Mrs. Effingham and her daughter during the first period of Charles's absence, we will come at once to the visit of Sir Francis Tyrrell to that lady on the day of his conversation with Mr. Driesen: a visit which we have already seen had no very tranquillizing effect upon his mind.

He at once spoke on the subject of his son's love for Lucy Effingham; but there were two motives which put a restraint upon Sir Francis, and which acting together were sufficient to prevent him from indulging in any violent outbreak of passion, notwithstanding the excited state in which he had gone down to the manor. Neither of these reasons, indeed, would have been sufficient to act as a curb alone.

The first was a strong desire that Lucy should still become the wife of his son. It was a scheme of his own planning, a thing in regard to which he had so long made up his mind that he did not like to be foiled in it, even though he met with no opposition; for though he would sometimes contradict himself when he could find nobody else to do it, and work himself into anger with his own impediments, yet in his favourite schemes he was more wilful than capricious.

His second motive was a certain feeling of respect for Mrs. Effingham, of which he had never been able to divest himself. He might have often called her a foolish woman to others, might have spoken of her religious feelings as fanatical, and found fault with many of her actions; but there was something in her very placidity, in the constant presence of her reason and good sense in all that she did, which had its effect even upon Sir Francis Tyrrell. He knew that under no circumstances could he induce her to quarrel with him. He knew that nothing would produce a high word or an angry argument; and he felt that her cool and clear-seeing mind would in a moment cut through everything like sophistry, and take the sting out of everything like sarcasm. In all his dealings with her, then, he was calmer, cooler, and more placable, than with any other person on earth, not even excepting Mr. Driesen; for with Mrs. Effingham Sir Francis did not dare to venture any of those sarcastic speeches which very commonly took place between him and his friend.

On the present occasion, then, he acted with wonderful restraint; pressed Mrs. Effingham on the subject, indeed, so far that she could not avoid without insincerity informing him of

all that had taken place. But still to her he expressed no disapprobation of the marriage itself. On his son's conduct, indeed, he launched forth most bitterly and vehemently, though not so bitterly and vehemently to her as he would have done to any other person.

She suffered him to come to an end, and when he had done, merely replied, "I suppose, Sir Francis, the truth is, that you have indulged in a little violence to your son occasionally, and that he, being of a quick and impetuous character himself, is anxious on all occasions to avoid coming into actual collision with you."

"You are charitable to him and me, dear lady," replied Sir Francis.

"No, indeed, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham; "I am only just. I have not, and shall not oppose Lucy's marriage with your son, if she be herself inclined to consent, because I think he has a number of good qualities, and is a most honourable and upright young man; but I am not at all insensible to his defects, Sir Francis, and must acknowledge that had I chosen for my daughter, I should have chosen otherwise."

The little spirit of opposition thus thrown in had a wonderful effect in deterring Sir Francis Tyrrell from saying one word that could increase it; and for fear he should do so, he took his leave, and hastened away as speedily as possible. As he went, however, he lashed himself up into the more fury against his son from the restraint he had put upon himself, and the result of his proceedings that day we have already seen.

In the mean time Mrs. Effingham informed Lucy of all that had occurred, and the tidings certainly agitated her very much. But she was destined, ere two days passed, to be agitated still more. On the following day no one from the park appeared at the manor-house, and Lucy passed the time in picturing to herself all sorts of unpleasant consequences to result from the opposition which she seemed to have predetermined Sir Francis Tyrrell was to display in regard to her marriage with his son. Her mother had told her the simple truth, that Sir Francis had neither expressed his approbation nor disapprobation; and though Lucy's was a strong and hopeful heart, yet her feelings were too deeply interested not to have courted some fears and apprehensions, even had such fears and apprehensions been unreasonable. Hope indeed revived, and put them out as evening came, and the next day she rose in the full expectation of some pleasant intelligence.

She would have gladly walked over to see Lady Tyrrell, but a sense of propriety prevented her from so doing, till something more had passed on a subject so near to her heart; and Mrs. Effingham had ordered her carriage to drive out in a different direction, when Lucy's maid, while assisting her to

dress for the expedition, informed her that the London night coach had been upset that morning, and two or three of the passengers had been killed. Such tidings, horrible in themselves, had at that moment a greater effect upon Lucy Effingham's mind than they would have had at any other time. Her heart was unnerved, and rendered more susceptible of every painful impression. Her anxiety had reached that precise point where it does not give strength and energy, but weakens; and though she had not the slightest idea that Charles Tyrrell was likely to travel down to Harbury Park before three weeks had passed, yet the information struck her with new and sudden apprehensions which she could by no means banish.

Leaving her toilet half concluded, she ran to tell her mother what had occurred; but Mrs. Effingham did not seem to share in her fears; and towards evening, hearing nothing more upon the subject, she grew more tranquil.

Just as night was falling, however, the butler entered the room, and with the sad but important face wherewith a servant generally communicates disagreeable intelligence, he began in the prescribed form: "I beg pardon, madam, but I am afraid there's a terrible accident happened."

"Do you mean in regard to the coach, Harris?" demanded his mistress. "We heard that in the morning."

"No, ma'am," replied the man; "I mean that, indeed; but I mean that about young Mr. Tyrrell too."

Mrs. Effingham held up her hand to stop him, but it was too late.

"Let him go on, mamma. Let him go on!" cried Lucy; "I have heard too much or too little. Speak, Harris; is he killed?" and she gazed on him fixedly, though with a face as pale as death, endeavouring to read on his countenance whether what he was about to say was the unvarnished truth.

The man who had known her from her infancy now guessed at once, both from her look and manner, and from that of Mrs. Effingham, how it went with her young heart, and he hastened to relieve her of at least part of the apprehension which he had cast upon her.

"Oh, no, Miss Effingham!" he said; "Mr. Charles is not killed. Don't be afraid. He was hurt a good deal, and was taken into one of the fishermen's cottages, down on the shore, which was the nearest place they could find, though that was many miles off the park. But he is not killed, and they say there is no doubt he will recover. I am quite sure of the fact, for I happened to be at the gate just now, as one of the fishermen came by who was going up to carry the news to the park, and he stopped to tell me the whole story."

After some further questions and answers, the butler re-

tired, and Lucy advanced to her mother with a look of beseeching anxiety. Oh, mamma!" she said, "let us go to him."

"Quite impossible, my dear Lucy," replied Mrs. Effingham. "Circumstanced as you are, quite impossible!"

"But, dear mamma," replied Lucy, more earnestly than perhaps she had ever pressed a request before, "it is the very circumstances in which I stand towards him which should make me go. Unless he were to set me free," she added with a blushing countenance, "I shall ever look upon myself as pledged to be his wife. Who, who then should be with him if I am to be absent?"

"But you forget, Lucy," replied Mrs. Effingham, "his father. Sir Francis has in no manner expressed his approbation of your future marriage with his son; and I cannot consent to your going, unless Sir Francis himself were to wish it. We must bear even the suspense, Lucy, and the only thing that can be done is for me to go up and see what I can do to comfort poor Lady Tyrrell. Console yourself as well as you can, my dear Lucy, till I return, and never lose your hope and trust in Him whose right is our full faith and unmurmuring submission."

As soon as the carriage could be brought round, Mrs. Effingham fulfilled her intention. But on arriving at Harbury Park, she found that Lady Tyrrell had been ill in bed for the last two days: a brain fever the doctor called it; and her delirium ran so high that she did not recognize any one. While she was hesitating what to do, the voice of Sir Francis Tyrrell himself was heard, demanding eagerly if that was the carriage. The servant informed him that it was not, but that it was Mrs. Effingham who called to inquire after Lady Tyrrell.

The baronet was at the door of the carriage in a moment, and soon found that Mrs. Effingham was already acquainted with the event that had occurred. He was dreadfully agitated, but his agitation had always anger as a sort of safety-valve, and now a great part of it flew off in wrath. He was excessively angry that the coach had been overturned, and though he knew nothing of the matter, he vowed that it must have been entirely the coachman's stupidity and folly, and that the punishment of having been killed on the spot was only what he deserved.

He was equally angry with Charles Tyrrell for having been hurt, and here he was upon surer ground, for he proved to a demonstration, that if he had been in the inside of the coach, where he ought to have been, he would not have suffered so severely. He was angry that the intelligence had not been conveyed to him sooner, though the coachman had been killed and the guard had his leg broken, and they were the only persons about the vehicle who knew his son's name and family.

His anger at his own servants, however, for not bringing up the carriage, exceeded all, though Mr. Driesen, who followed him out, intending to accompany him on his expedition, proved to him clearly that the order had not been given four minutes and a half.

"The best way, Sir Francis," said Mrs. Effingham, as soon as she heard this fact, "will be for you and Mr. Driesen to come into my carriage; let me get out at the gate of the manor-house as you pass, and then go on yourselves."

Sir Francis accepted the proposal at once, for he was really anxious about his son, whom he loved as well as he could love anything on earth, and getting into Mrs. Effingham's carriage with Mr. Driesen, he thanked her a thousand times for the proposal, adding, "It would be too great a favour to ask of you to come on with us to the place where this poor boy is lying. You must not think me hard-hearted, Mrs. Effingham; I am very sorry for him, and very anxious about him indeed."

"I see you are, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "and am really sorry for you; but I fear I cannot go on with you to-night, for you must remember that I have one at home requiring consolation also, and requiring it not a little, I can assure you. Poor Lucy!" she added, "she is terribly shocked, and wished to set off to see him at once; but of course I could not consent, Sir Francis."

"Why not, my dear madam? Why not?" demanded Sir Francis Tyrrell. "Why should not his promised wife go under the protection of her mother to see him, if she be inclined to do so?"

"She can never be his promised wife, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "without his father's full consent."

"Oh! that was a matter of course," replied Sir Francis Tyrrell, who at that moment would have consented to almost anything. "You do not suppose, my dear madam, that I would ever oppose the union of Charles to a daughter of yours, and of my poor friend Effingham. It is the thing of all others I should most desire. I was only angry at his want of confidence."

"I could not tell your views, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "till you let me know them."

"I thought all that was fully understood," replied Sir Francis; though if he had looked into his own heart, he would have seen that such had not been exactly the thoughts he had entertained. "Pray," he added, "pray, Mrs. Effingham, do not refuse to take Lucy to see him, if it will, as I doubt not, be a comfort to either of them."

"Now I understand you, Sir Francis," replied Mrs. Effingham, "I shall certainly not hesitate any longer. I will not keep you now, however, for it would delay you some time;

but I will go and make Lucy as happy as I can, with the intelligence I have to bear her. There are the gates, I think."

It will be remarked that Mr. Driesen, during all this conversation, had not proffered a word, and neither Mrs. Effingham nor Sir Francis Tyrrell seemed to have regarded his presence in the least, looking upon him as an animal of that class too independent to be ranked with the toad-eater, but which is known, I believe, by the name of a tame cat. Mr. Driesen's silence, indeed, proceeded from feelings at work in his own bosom, not from any respect for either of his companions, inasmuch as Mr. Driesen had no respect for any one, there being an utter vacancy in his brain at that spot where we are told the organ of veneration ought to be discovered.

However, shortly after, the carriage stopped at the lodge of the manor-house, and Mrs. Effingham, alighting, hastened to convey to Lucy tidings that she knew would give her the greatest comfort, though they could not allay her fears for her lover. Lucy was indeed overjoyed at the tidings, and it was no proof of the contrary that the first effect produced upon her by the news of Sir Francis Tyrrell's full and unconditional consent to her marriage with his son, was to cast her into a flood of tears. She could not be satisfied, however, without extorting from her mother a promise to take advantage of the permission given to visit Charles Tyrrell the next day, as early as possible; and Mrs. Effingham, who was the kindest and most indulgent of mothers, where no duty lay in the way, rose earlier than usual, and though still ill in health, put herself to many minor inconveniences, to gratify her daughter in what she conceived a reasonable wish.

The carriage was ordered to the door immediately after breakfast, although Sir Francis had sent a very favourable report of his son's health, after having seen the surgeon who attended him, and witnessed the tranquil sleep into which he had fallen, by the time that he and Mr. Driesen had arrived. Lucy's heart beat high and anxiously as they proceeded on their way, and certainly never did eight or nine short miles appear so long to travel as those which lay between the manor-house and the fisherman's cottage.

Lucy Effingham and her mother were obliged to quit the vehicle some time before they arrived at the cottage, and to proceed on foot; and before they had reached the door, Lucy had wrought herself into such a state of anxious excitement that she was obliged to pause and take breath. Everything, as they approached the house, however, bore a peaceful and a tranquil aspect.

It is wonderful how prone is the heart to draw its auguries even from slight causes. The sight of the children playing at the door, of a couple of fishermen sitting at the shady side of

the house, mending their nets, and one of them whistling while he did so, were to Lucy Effingham, "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ," that the tidings of Charles Tyrrell's improved health were not deceitful. The step of the two ladies upon the shingly shore made one of the fishermen look up. It was good John Hailes himself, and the moment his eye fell upon Lucy he recollected her at once, and advanced in his usual abrupt way to meet her, answering before it was put, the question which he knew was uppermost in her heart, by saying, "He's a great deal better, ma'am. He'll do quite well, I'm sure."

Lucy made no reply, but eagerly advanced to the door, and laid her hand upon the latch, not observing that one of the fishermen made the other a sign to remark what she was about, and that both of them seemed somewhat embarrassed.

Yielding to nothing but her own feelings at the moment, Lucy opened the door and went in, and as she did so, somewhat indeed to her surprise, she beheld a very beautiful girl, dressed in a manner far different from that which might be expected in such a scene, retreating quickly into the inner chamber. At the same moment, the surgeon, who was still sitting by the bedside of Charles Tyrrell, held up his hand to her, as if to beg of her to make no noise, and she perceived that her lover was still asleep.

No feeling like jealousy crossed Lucy's breast for a moment. She thought the appearance of the girl she had seen strange indeed, and felt somewhat curious to know who she was, but nothing more, and her whole attention was turned, in a moment, to her lover, who, whether by the sudden opening of the door, and the coming in of the sunshine, or by some other cause, began to wake almost at the same moment that Lucy entered. Mrs. Effingham, who had followed her closely, however, and was more familiar with scenes of sickness and danger than herself, laid her hand upon her arm, and drew her gently back out of the cottage, saying in a low voice, "Let him wake up completely, Lucy, before he sees you; for if he feels for you, as I believe he does, it will agitate him a good deal."

Lucy obeyed at once, and remained for a short time with her mother, conversing with the fishermen on the outside. From them they learned that John Hailes and his companion had both been on the road at the time the accident happened, and had instantly carried Charles down to the cottage, as the nearest place of shelter. He had remained perfectly insensible for many hours, and the two fishermen were proceeding to enter broadly into all the horrible details of the accident, when Mrs. Effingham put a stop to a narration which she saw would agitate her daughter, by begging one of them to go in

and ask the surgeon to speak with her. This was done immediately, and after a short pause the medical man appeared.

From him Mrs. Effingham and Lucy heard a still more favourable account of the invalid.

"I apprehend no danger whatever, madam," he said; "the young gentleman is evidently of a very strong and powerful constitution, which made me at first, indeed, more apprehensive of the consequences; but all the symptoms have now taken such a turn, that strength and vigour will only serve to restore him the more rapidly to health. The brain is now quite free, and nothing more is required than care, attention, and tranquillity for a few days, in order to prevent all evil results."

In answer to a subsequent question of Mrs. Effingham, the surgeon replied, that he could see no objection to herself and her daughter visiting his patient when he was properly prepared. That he might be so, the surgeon then went in to tell him that they were waiting without, and in a few minutes Lucy was sitting by the bedside of Charles Tyrrell with her hand clasped in his.

We shall not pause to depict the joy that he felt at seeing her. We shall not dwell upon the gladness and rejoicing of his heart, that his father's full consent had been given to their marriage. That consent seemed to open his heart to new feelings towards a parent who had lost, by his own fault, the first great tie, filial love, upon one full of every warm affection. He was unconscious that Sir Francis Tyrrell had come down to see him on the preceding night; and Mrs. Effingham, one of whose rules it was to tell everything that might promote good and kindly feelings, and to be silent when she could not do so, painted the agitation and anxiety of Sir Francis Tyrrell in such terms, that for the first time in life Charles really believed that he was beloved by his father. His heart instantly beat warmly in return; but, alas! those feelings were soon destined to be drowned in others, dark and terrible indeed.

On Lucy's visits to her lover we shall dwell no more. They were repeated on the two following days, and on one of those she again saw the same female figure retreat before her which she had beheld on her first visit. Still Lucy was not jealous, for she was of a confiding nature. She could only love where she doubted not, and when she did love, her trust was not easily shaken.

On her third visit, Charles Tyrrell was rapidly recovering, up, and dressed, and sitting at the door of the cottage. The surgeon had given a sort of half consent to his going to Harbury Park on the following day, and to say the truth, there was not the slightest reason, as far as his own health was concerned, why he should not have done so. Mrs. Effingham,

however, held a moment's conversation with the surgeon apart, and that gentleman's opinion seemed to be considerably changed thereby. He felt Charles's pulse some time after they were gone, shook his head gravely, and expressed doubts as to the propriety of his attempting the journey.

Towards evening, when he returned, after having been absent for some hours, he declared that he must not think of it; that there was a tendency to fever in his pulse, and various other signs and symptoms of not being so well, with which Charles's own sensations did not correspond in the least. He was persuaded, however, to submit, and it may scarcely be necessary to tell the reader, that the cause of all this was the health of Lady Tyrrell. The day on which Charles had first proposed to return was the day on which the physicians had declared the crisis of her disease would take place; and on the following day Mrs. Effingham, who never shrunk from a painful task, and who undertook to tell Charles that his mother had been at the point of death, had the satisfaction of being enabled to add, that she was no longer in danger.

Still the news agitated Charles Tyrrell a great deal, and he now felt how ill he himself had been. He was only the more anxious, however, to return home as speedily as possible, and on the following day he arrived at Harbury Park, and took up his post by the sick bed of his mother. Lady Tyrrell recovered very slowly; Charles saw little of his father; and the day of his coming of age, which was the second after his return, passed without mark of rejoicing in a gloomy and melancholy house.

CHAPTER XVI.

We must pass over a brief space with but a slight sketch of its events. Charles Tyrrell stole daily some hours to spend with Lucy Effingham, and the rest of his time was chiefly spent in the sick chamber of his mother. Of Sir Francis he saw but little.

For several days, joy at his son's recovery somewhat softened the temper of Sir Francis Tyrrell. But that amelioration soon wore off; and though Charles took an opportunity of telling him, simply and feelingly, how grateful he was for the kindness and anxiety he had shown respecting him during his illness, Sir Francis did not think him grateful enough, was piqued at the attention he showed his mother, alluded more than once with a sneer to what he called the cabal up stairs, and wondered when there would be a change in the ministry.

When Charles thanked him for the anxiety he had shown respecting him in his illness, he thanked him also for the con-

sent he had given to his marriage with Lucy Effingham. Sir Francis cut him short, however. "You have nothing to thank me for," he replied sharply; "you chose for yourself, without putting any trust or confidence in me. It so happened that your choice chimed with my opinion; but I have a good deal more to say upon that subject, which shall be said hereafter, and which may not be quite so pleasant to you."

Charles very well understood from these words that Sir Francis, as was frequently the case, wished to hold over his head, as a drawn sword, the vague expectation of some future retribution for having ventured to own his love to Lucy herself, without making him acquainted therewith. As he had often experienced, however, that such vague menaces produced no effects, he did not make himself uneasy. But that which alarmed him more than anything which fell from his father's lips, was a certain degree of anxiety which he beheld constantly in the countenance of his mother, and her informing him more than once, that there was a matter which weighed much upon her mind which she must tell him soon. She put it off, however, from day to day; and the disinclination she had to speak served more than anything to confirm Charles in the belief, that what she was about to tell him was not only important, but painful in a great degree.

The fourth inmate of the house, for such Mr. Driesen seemed entirely to have become, had lost much of his good spirits, was grave, thoughtful, somewhat irritable. His books seemed no longer to have that charm for him which they once had possessed, and he passed the greater part of the day either in reading and answering letters, or in walking about the grounds with his hands in his pockets. He would sometimes, indeed, amuse himself by throwing a stone at a squirrel, and succeeded in knocking one off a branch; but he did not pursue this long, and there was a restlessness about him which seemed to show that he was ill or unhappy.

Such was the state of the family at Harbury Park, at the end of about nine days after Charles Tyrrell's return, when Sir Francis entered the room one morning while Mr. Driesen was sitting reading the newspaper, with the gathering of a coming storm upon his brow.

"Driesen," he said, "we have all been young men in our days, and so I suppose I must overlook it. But I am afraid that boy of mine, Charles, is playing the fool, and as far as Lucy Effingham is concerned, the blackguard too. He has twice ridden out for three or four hours at a time down to the sea-side, and I hear there is a girl there that he goes to see. This shooting, to which he has taken within this day or two, has, I fancy, the same object. You know what a good shot he is, and yet he brings back very little game. There is evi-

dently something going on, Driesen: I see his gun brought down, the gamekeepers waiting, and everything ready. Now, it's an even chance that he brings home no more than half-a-dozen partridges and a cock-sparrow after being out for four or five hours."

"There are two classes of consummate fools in the world," replied Mr. Driesen: "the fools that cannot open their eyes, and the fools that cannot shut them. The first are very annoying to every body around them; but the second are very annoying to everybody else and themselves too. Pray, Tyrrell, take care what you're about!" and turning round, he went on with the newspaper, without waiting for any reply.

Sir Francis, however, would most likely have given him one spontaneously, for he was not a man to be called a fool without having his revenge. But his attention was turned in another way by the entrance of his son. Charles was dressed for shooting; but his countenance was very pale, and he was evidently a good deal agitated.

"I wish to speak with you, sir, for a moment," he said, addressing his father somewhat abruptly.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Francis, staring him in the face, "if you come to speak, why don't you speak?"

"Because, sir," replied Charles, "I think on every account what I have to say ought to be said in private."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Sir Francis, "here is nobody but Driesen. Solemn conferences, my most sage and erudite son, always require protocols; and here is Driesen shall put them down for us."

"Well, sir, if you insist upon it," replied Charles, "I must go on. What I came to speak to you about was the subject of my mother."

"Well, sir, what of her?" interrupted Sir Francis. "I hope she is well this morning."

"Neither so well in mind or body, sir, as she might be," replied Charles; "but it is in reference to a conversation with you immediately previous to her illness, that she has desired me to speak with you."

"I suppose she has told you that that conversation produced her illness," exclaimed Sir Francis, sharply; "but you will learn, young man, some day, that women can falsify the truth."

"Nearly as well as men," added Mr. Driesen, suddenly rising, and moving towards the door. "You two fiery gentlemen make the room too hot for any cool and quiet person; so I shall quit it."

"And the house too, if you please, sir," said Sir Francis Tyrrell, in a loud tone.

But Mr. Driesen did not appear to hear him, and retired

with the same steady step. He closed the door after him and father and son were left alone.

What followed nobody has ever known. The gamekeepers came out and took their posts in the hall at the appointed time; the butler lingered about to open the door for Master Charles, whom he had loved from his infancy, and to give him his hat, and gloves, and gun; and Lady Tyrrell's footman, who had been sent down with a small note from her to her son, on finding that he was with Sir Francis, lingered beside the butler in the vestibule.

At first the conversation between Sir Francis and his son, whatever might be its nature, did not make itself heard beyond the precincts of the library; but gradually the voices of both were heard rising louder and louder, in that fierce, fiery tone that could not be mistaken. The voice of Sir Francis became a shout, and the deep tones of Charles were heard replying like distant thunder. The servants looked at each other with dread and apprehension; for although but too often they had heard and witnessed the angry contentions which arose in that family, there seemed to be a deep conviction upon all of them that this was something more serious, more terrible than ever before occurred. The butler could resist it no longer, and put his ear to the key-hole.

"Good God!" he cried, after listening for a moment; "run, William, to Mr. Driesen; ask him to come here, for God's sake, for I am afraid of mischief. Tell him there has never been anything like this in the house before."

The man obeyed instantly; but before Mr. Driesen appeared, though, to do him justice, he made as much speed as possible, the door of the library was thrown back, as if the hand that opened it would have dashed it from its hinges, and Charles Tyrrell appeared, as pale as death, with the exception of a small red spot in the centre of either cheek. The voice of Sir Francis Tyrrell was heard screaming after him at the very highest pitch of passion; but the only words which were distinct were something about "Your father." They caught his son's ears, and instantly made him turn with flashing eyes and a quivering lip.

"My father!" he exclaimed; "do you call yourself my father, after the words you have just spoken? Out upon it!" And snatching his hat, gloves, and gun from the servant, he rushed forth into the open air.

The freshness seemed in a degree to recall him to himself, and seeing the gamekeepers following him with the dogs, he paused upon the lawn, saying, "Not to-day—not to-day; I shall not want you; I have no time left;" and he dashed into the wood along the path, that very path which we have described in the beginning of this work, and which, some way

farther on, divided into two, leading to the long walk of beech trees, called the Ladies' Walk, on one hand, and to the walled kitchen garden in the middle of the wood on the other.

In the mean time, Sir Francis Tyrrell had remained leaning with his hand upon the table, and trembling in every limb with passion. In a minute or two, however, he seemed seized with a sudden desire of following his son, and rushing out into the vestibule, he demanded his hat in a sharp tone. The man was as long in finding it as it was possible. He brought his master first one of his friend's and then one of his son's hats. But Sir Francis said nothing; for his thoughts were so intensely concentrated upon other subjects, that the petty obstacle was scarcely known.

By the time he had got his hat, however, Mr. Driesen was at his side, and laid his hand upon his arm, saying, "Tyrrell, Tyrrell, listen to me!"

"I have no time to listen," replied Sir Francis, and pushed past him. Mr. Driesen, however, followed him beyond the door, and caught him by the arm again, saying—

"Nay, but you *shall* listen to me, Tyrrell."

"Then you shall listen to me first, sir," replied Sir Francis, while his eyes flashed fire at feeling himself forcibly detained. "Let me tell you a secret, Mr. Driesen, which it may be convenient for you to know; let me tell you a secret!"

Mr. Driesen bent down his head to listen with a cynical smile upon his countenance; but whatever it was that Sir Francis said to him, it banished all smiles in a moment, and turned him very pale.

"I will not believe," he replied, "that you could act so ungentlemanly a part."

"You will see, sir; you will see!" rejoined the baronet, with a menacing air, and breaking from him, he dashed into the wood by the self-same path his son had taken.

When he was gone, Mr. Driesen stood in the midst of the lawn, putting his hand more than once to his head, as if the sun incommoded him. The butler, who saw him, wisely ran and brought him his hat, which he took, still remaining in a deep fit of thought.

"You are right," he said, at length, putting on the hat; "I had better go after them, for they are in a terrible state."

Thus saying, he walked on towards the corner of the wood, but there paused for a full minute, as if still undecided what to do. He then went on along the path, but not long after returned, and walking into the library, paused for a moment in thought, and then went up to his own room; after which he soon came down again, apparently quite satisfied that every thing would resume its own course when the momentary storm had blown over.

About an hour after, while he was still sitting there with the newspaper in his hand, Charles Tyrrell entered in haste and evident agitation. He said nothing to Mr. Driesen, who only looked up for a moment from the paper, but passed on to his own room, where he locked himself in, and remained for some time alone.

Not half an hour more had elapsed when one of the gardeners was seen running across the lawn at full speed towards the house, and with the interval of a minute five or six of the men servants issued forth with the gardener, carrying a sofa between them. There was a great commotion in various parts of the house, a running to and fro, the noise of many tongues, and even the maids gathering round the door that opened into the front vestibule. All their eyes were turned in one particular direction, and at the end of about twenty minutes the men were seen returning, bearing upon the sofa the form of some person, who seemed, from the sad and careful manner in which he was carried, to have received severe injuries.

When they arrived at the door, the men set down their burden, while the glass wings were thrown open; and there before the threshold of that dwelling, which his own violent passions had rendered miserable to all it contained, lay the body of Sir Francis Tyrrell, cold, still, inanimate, and already beginning to grow stiff. A small, thin, trickling stream of blood over the pillow of the sofa showed that the injury he had received, and which had caused his death, must have been inflicted on the back of his head, while a slight contusion on the forehead, together with some earthy stains upon the breast of his coat, evinced that he had fallen forward, and that the blow had come from behind.

Mr. Driesen had by this time come to the door, attracted thither apparently by the noise, and he now stood gazing upon the countenance of his dead friend, evidently much affected, but struggling against his feelings, and expressing neither sorrow nor surprise. All that he said was—

"Take the body into the library. Send for the coroner immediately, and bid the keepers scour the whole park and country round on horseback and on foot, to seek for any stranger lurking about."

The butler gazed silently in his face for a moment, shut his teeth tight, and shook his head with a meaning sadness.

"Do as I bid you," rejoined Mr. Driesen, sharply; "and remember that every word now spoken is of importance. I know that his life was threatened some days ago by a man in the park, for he told me so."

The butler made no reply, but turned his eyes to one of the servants who came behind, and who was not engaged with the others in carrying the body of his master. The man had

a gun in his hand, the cock of the right hand barrel was down, and the white dust surrounding the pan showed that it had been recently discharged. A single glance was sufficient to show that it was the gun of Charles Tyrrell, the same gun he had taken out with him in the morning. Mr. Driesen made no observation, however, but by a slight frown, and the body was carried into the library as he had directed.

"Go and give the orders I mentioned," continued Mr. Driesen, speaking to the butler, as soon as they had set down the body, "while I go and inform Mr. Tyrrell, who has been in some time."

"Indeed! sir," exclaimed the butler, "I did not see him come in."

"But I did," replied Mr. Driesen; "he passed through the library some time ago, and went to his own room."

Thus saying he ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door of Charles Tyrrell's room.

"Come in!" said the young gentleman in a calm voice; but on turning the handle of the door, Mr. Driesen found that it was locked. Charles, however, unlocked it instantly, and on looking towards the washing-stand, Mr. Driesen saw that he had been washing his hands, and that the water was bloody.

"Charles," he said, fixing his eyes upon him, "I have some very bad news for you."

Charles Tyrrell turned very pale, but he replied nothing, and Mr. Driesen went on: "Your father has been found dead in the wood, apparently murdered."

"Good God!" exclaimed Charles. "Where was he found?"

"That I cannot say," replied Mr. Driesen; "but they have just brought home the body, and I thought it right to come and inform you of the facts myself, especially as you and Sir Francis had quarrelled so violently in the morning, had gone out together, at least one following the other closely, and as your gun seems to have been found by the men very close to the dead body."

Charles Tyrrell instantly strode past him to the door; but Mr. Driesen laid his hand upon his arm, and stopped him, saying in answer to the look of indignation which came upon the young man's countenance, "Charles, I do not in the least suspect you; but these men below evidently do, and I have said what I have said because it is right you should be aware and upon your guard. There may be circumstances of suspicion attached to the most perfect innocence, and in such circumstances it is absolutely necessary to be guarded. I speak to you as a friend, Charles Tyrrell, who wishes you well most sincerely. All I say is, be on your guard, remembering that, though perfectly innocent, you may be placed in a painful situation by the least imprudence."

Still Charles Tyrrell made no reply, but opened the door, walked out with a firm step, descended the stairs, round the foot of which the greater part of the servants of the house were collected, and demanded, "Where is the body of my father?"

The butler pointed to the library without speaking, and Charles Tyrrell at once went in.

The sight that met his eye, however, seemed to strike and affect him deeply. There lay the parent with whom he had passed the greater part of his life in struggles and contentions, which had indeed embittered it terribly! There he lay! but with all those strong and fiery passions quelled for ever; the fierce lightning of the eye gone out, the sarcastic sneer cleared away from the lip, and nothing left upon the countenance to denote the fierce and menacing spirit which had once dwelt therein, except the stern frown which had become so habitual on the brow as to affect the muscles themselves, and leave a deep indentation that even death could not do away. There he lay! calmer than he had ever been seen in life; and as his son gazed upon him, and marked the small trickling stream of blood which had oozed forth and stained the sofa on which he was stretched, all but the terrible fact was forgotten, and the quarrels, the contentions, the violence of the past, were like faintly-remembered dreams.

A crowd of emotions, many of which he had never felt towards his father before, rushed at once upon Charles Tyrrell's mind, and clasping his hands together in agony, the tears rolled silently down his cheeks.

Several of the servants followed him into the room, though Mr. Driesen had remained without; and as soon as the young gentleman had recovered some degree of composure, he questioned them at length upon all the particulars connected with the discovery of his father's body. He then asked if the coroner had been sent for, and finding that such had been the case, he retired to communicate the event to his mother.

We shall not attempt to depict the feelings of Lady Tyrrell, nor pause to trace any farther the events of that day, as the imagination of the reader may easily supply the facts, which did not in any degree tend to promote the ultimate result.

Early on the following morning, however, a coroner's jury assembled at Harbury Park, and after having been sworn, proceeded to view the body, which was recognised by several of the persons present, who had known the deceased gentleman under various circumstances. After having gazed at it for some time, and made several remarks, as impertinent and insignificant as the remarks of coroners' juries generally are, the jury again returned to the drawing-room, and commenced their investigation of the facts. The coroner himself was a

sensible man, and a man of good feelings, and consequently the inquiry was conducted with as much decency and propriety of demeanour as possible.

In the first place he besought the jury emphatically to dismiss from their minds any rumour which they might have heard, previously to their entering the house; to look upon the case solely in reference to the evidence that was to be laid before them; and to remember that they had power to adjourn as often as necessary, in order to gain additional information, so that their verdict might be calm and deliberate, and not pronounced without full conviction.

At the suggestion of the coroner, the first person examined was the gardener who had discovered the body, and had called the servants to carry it to the house. He declared, that being as usual about to go up to the house for orders from the housekeeper, he had come out of the walled garden, by the door which opened into the path leading to the mansion. At first he had remarked nothing extraordinary, but just as he had passed the tool shed, which we have noticed before as defacing the outside of the high walls, he saw a gun lying on the ground, and thinking it was most likely that of some poacher, who had been pursued by the keepers, and dropped it in his flight, he took a step out of the way to lift it, when beyond the next tree he saw something like the body of a man, and on approaching beheld his master. He was lying on the ground, he said, with his face buried in the leaves of the wild plants, and he had a large ragged wound on the back of his head, which he described in a manner that we shall not dwell upon: suffice it that he must have died instantly, as the whole charge of the gun, at the distance of a very few yards, had been lodged in the brain. There seemed to have been no struggle, he said, for the ground was not at all beaten up. He must have had his hat on when he was shot, from the fact of a considerable part of the charge having passed through it. There was a great deal of blood upon the ground round about, he added; but no traces of footmarks of any kind, the ground being hard and dry. Horrified at what he had seen, he ran as fast as he could to the house, and brought up a number of servants to aid in removing the body, and had taken them to the spot where the body remained just as he had seen it.

After he had concluded his own account, the coroner questioned him as to whom he had seen in the garden or the park during the course of the day; and the only one of the family he had seen had been his young master, who, about an hour before the body was discovered, had entered the garden by the door leading from the mansion, had looked about eagerly for a minute or two, and then, crossing the garden, had tried the opposite door, which was locked. The gardener, who was at

the other end of the ground, and saw this proceeding, advanced for the purpose of opening the door; but before he reached it, his young master was away amongst the apple-trees and other thick plants, and he did not see him any more.

These particulars, it is to be remarked, were drawn forth by the questions of the coroner, and were evidently detailed unwillingly; and when the man had concluded, the coroner told him to quit the room, but not the house, as he might very probably be called upon again to give further evidence.

The other servants were then examined, and their testimony confirmed in all respects the gardener's account of the finding of the body. The only further fact of importance produced by their examination was, that the gun which had been found near Sir Francis Tyrrell was one belonging to his son Charles, with which he had gone out that very morning. This immediately pointed suspicion; and the butler, who had proved that the gun was the same which he had given to his young master when he was going out, was ordered to remain.

The coroner then looked to the jury in silence, as if to see whether they would ask any further questions or not. No one spoke, however, and he himself paused, and seemed to hesitate. At length, however, he murmured to himself, "It must be done!" and he began a series of questions addressed to the butler, calculated to elicit all the particulars of the quarrel between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his son in the morning.

Though the man softened the whole business as much as he could, without falsifying the facts, it became evident to the jury that Charles Tyrrell and his father had quarrelled seriously, more so, indeed, than they had ever been known to do before; that the son had gone forth with his gun in his hand; that the father had followed him, and had never returned alive.

"Was the gun charged or not, when you gave it to your master?" demanded the coroner.

"I have always charged it for him since he was a boy, sir," replied the butler, "and did so yesterday morning also."

While this examination proceeded, Mr. Driesen was in the room; but Charles Tyrrell was voluntarily absent, and as the former had been mentioned several times by the servants, the coroner next proceeded to examine him.

He told as much as he knew of the quarrel between Sir Francis and his son in the morning, stating everything with his usual precision; and then he detailed how the servants had come to seek him, fearing some violence would take place on the part of Sir Francis towards his son. When he came down, he said, he found the baronet excited to a greater pitch than he had ever beheld; and he further stated, that on attempting to stop him from going after his son, Sir Francis had

told him in a low voice, that it was his intention not only to deprive Charles of everything that he legally could, but to destroy the title-deeds of his entailed estates rather than that his son should possess them. He had remonstrated, he said, and pointed out that it would be most ungentlemanly so to do; but that Sir Francis had broken away from him, intimating that his resolution was not to be shaken. He had followed him, he added, along the path he had taken in the wood till it had separated into two, and then, not knowing which branch Sir Francis had pursued, and not seeing him upon either, he had returned to the house, trusting that either the father would not overtake the son, or that the quarrel between them, as had been frequently the case within his own knowledge before, would pass away and be forgotten.

He seemed inclined to pause here, but the coroner proceeded. "I think," he said, "one of the servants informed us that you were the first person who notified to the present Sir Charles Tyrrell the awful event which had occurred in his family. Be so good as to detail what took place upon that occasion."

Mr. Driesen did so, but not altogether sincerely. He stated broadly the fact of having gone up to Charles Tyrrell's room, and informed him that his father had been found murdered in the wood, and he dwelt much upon the surprise and horror which that young gentleman had seemed to feel, and which could not be affected. He also added that the servants had informed him, that Charles Tyrrell, on going into the room where his father's body lay, had been affected even to tears.

The servants were then recalled to prove these facts; but the coroner thought fit to question several of them in such a manner as to ascertain that there had been spots of fresh blood found upon Charles Tyrrell's shooting jacket, and that the water in which he had washed his hands, after his return home, had been apparently bloody. The latter facts, as well as the fact of the door having been locked, Mr. Driesen had taken care to conceal; but it tended directly to increase the suspicions of the jury against Charles Tyrrell in a very great degree, and when the servants were again dismissed, the coroner sent at once to that young gentleman, in order to notify to him that his evidence would be required before the jury.

Charles immediately obeyed the summons, and the coroner, after a short pause, during which he seemed embarrassed by painful emotions and feelings for the young man himself, said: "I grieve very much, Sir Charles, to have to call you at all upon this painful business, and still more to have to caution you that there are circumstances connected with your conduct during yesterday, which may prove of such very great importance to yourself at an after period, that it will be well for you

to weigh every word, and not to speak anything the tendency of which you have not fully considered."

The young gentleman merely bowed his head, and the coroner then asked him to go on, and to detail as much as he thought fit of the events which occurred to himself during the preceding day.

Charles replied at once: "Were it independent, sir, of the death of my father, that day would be, from various other events, the most painful of my life. On the morning of that day, which I had appointed for shooting, my mother explained to me the particulars of a discussion of a most unhappy kind, which had taken place between herself and my father, and which had ended in an agreement to separate for ever. Illness had prevented her previously from executing her resolution, but she deputed me to inform my father that that resolution was unchanged, and to arrange with him the necessary preliminaries.

"I mention these painful facts to account for the serious dispute which ensued between my father and myself upon the subject. His conduct and his language became so violent, that feeling my own temper every moment giving way, I left him, and went out into the park. As I had intended to shoot, everything had been prepared for that purpose, and I took my gun from the hands of the servant quite unconsciously. The keepers were waiting without with the dogs, but feeling that I was in no state to enjoy such an amusement, I told them I should not want them, and walked on. I still had the gun in my hand, and kept it till I reached the door of the garden, when finding that it put me to inconvenience, I leaned it against the wall under the tool shed, and walked on, intending to take it up as I came back again. I forgot it, however, entirely, and returned to the house without it, nor thought of it more till I heard that it had been found near the dead body of my unhappy father. That father I never saw again from the time I left him in the library, at about half-past eleven o'clock, till the time he was brought home a corpse. This, I believe, is all that I have to state. But any question which may be asked me, I am very willing to answer, provided it affects myself alone."

"In the first place, then," asked the coroner, "will you permit me to inquire if there is any one on whom your own suspicions fix as the perpetrator of this horrid act?"

"On none," replied Charles Tyrrell, "in particular. My father informed me, and I understand also informed Mr. Driesen, here present, that he had been threatened by some man in the wood a week or two ago, while I was still at Oxford. The particulars I never heard, but most likely Mr. Driesen, who was here at the time, can give them to you."

The coroner turned to Mr. Driesen, who was still in the room. But that gentleman replied: "I cannot, indeed, give any information of an accurate kind. Sir Francis Tyrrell returned one day in a state of very great excitement, and at dinner informed me that he had met with an old man in the wood, with whom he had quarrelled, and who had thereupon menaced him with the same fate which had befallen one of his ancestors, who had his brains knocked out. He added, that it would be some pleasure if they did murder him, to know that they would be hanged for it; but he did not add the old man's name, nor mention many of the particulars."

The coroner paused, and then again addressing Charles Tyrrell, he said: "You mean distinctly, sir, to state that you did not meet your father in the wood, nor see him at all again till after his death?"

"Most distinctly," replied Charles; "I never saw him after I left the library at about half-past eleven o'clock."

"Did you see any one else in the course of your walk?" demanded the coroner.

"Yes, several people," replied Charles Tyrrell. "I was out more than an hour, and saw a number of persons."

"Who might they be," the coroner demanded, "as far as you can recollect?"

"In the first place, I saw the head gardener," replied Charles; "for I went into the garden, intending to pass through it to the other side of the wood, and he was on the left hand side, at the extreme end."

"Did you pass through it?" demanded the coroner.

"I did pass through it," replied Charles Tyrrell, "but not directly. Finding the door locked on the opposite side, I turned to the gardener's house, which is near, and passed through it, there being a way from it into the wood."

The coroner looked round to the jury with a well-satisfied smile, glad to find that the young gentleman's account corresponded exactly with the gardener's.

"Pray, who else did you meet in the course of your walk?" he continued.

"Oh! several people," replied Charles Tyrrell, vaguely. "I saw woodcutters, the gardener's wife, a man lopping some trees, one of the fishermen who occasionally come up to the house, and generally pass by what is called the park stile."

"Did you speak with any of these persons?" demanded the coroner. "And if so, what might be the nature of your conversation with them?"

"I did speak with some of them," replied Charles Tyrrell, colouring a good deal. "But with regard to the nature of my conversation with them, in one instance at least, I must decline stating it. I do so because it concerned others as well

as myself, and related to matters which I have no right to mention."

"I should think, sir," replied the coroner, "that no persons would object to your stating the conversation you held with them, considering the circumstances in which you are placed, and I am very desirous, indeed, Sir Charles Tyrrell, that you should be explicit; for the jury are anxious to arrive at a calm and just conclusion, and I fear, under present circumstances, that our decision must be a very painful one."

"Whatever is your decision, sir," replied Charles Tyrrell, "it cannot induce me to violate confidence reposed in me, or to repeat a conversation which might produce injury to others."

"Had that conversation anything to do with the present case?" demanded the coroner. Charles Tyrrell replied in the negative, and the coroner went on in the same kindly tone which he had used throughout.

"There are several things to be explained, sir," he said, "which must be left for you to do, or not, as you think fit; but only let me point them out to you, and observe that if you will satisfactorily account for them, it may spare a great deal of pain to all parties. There can be no doubt that the unfortunate gentleman, the causes of whose death we are about to investigate, was killed by the gun which you carried out in the morning; that he went out to seek you; and that the feelings of both were highly irritated at the time. You say that you never saw him after leaving the house; that you laid down your gun against the wall of the garden, and entering the garden itself, proceeded in a direction leading away from the spot where the murder was committed. So far you are borne out by the testimony of the gardener; and if you can account for the time which afterwards elapsed, showing any of the persons that you spoke with, or who can prove that they saw you under such circumstances as to establish that you could not have been on the spot at the time Sir Francis Tyrrell was killed, even if you give us strong probabilities to suppose that such was the case, we are very willing to take your previous high character and the natural affections of human nature into consideration, and give you every benefit of doubt. It may be also necessary for you to account satisfactorily for the blood which appeared on your shooting-jacket and on your hands, as you say that you laid down the gun without having discharged it at any of the ordinary objects of field sport. Let me beg you to consider the matter well, and make such a reply as will save unpleasant results."

Charles Tyrrell paused for a moment and thought deeply, first turning his eyes towards the jury, and then towards Mr. Driesen, as if he would fain have asked his advice; and there can be no doubt that his heart was terribly agitated at that

moment; for if it had been horrible to him beyond all endurance, to lie under even the suspicion of having raised his hand against his father's life, what was it to run the risk of having the suspicion confirmed, perpetuated, and put upon record for ever, by the verdict of a coroner's jury?

After maintaining silence, however, for nearly five minutes, he said, "I am very sorry to be obliged to reply, that in regard to neither of these points can I satisfy you. I am bound in honour to be silent, and silent I must be, let the risk be what it may to myself."

"This is very strange and very painful," said the coroner. "But, gentlemen, our duty must be done. Is the evidence sufficient to satisfy you?"

The jury assented, and the coroner went on:—

"Then I have only to point out to you," he continued, "that it has been proved by various witnesses, that a violent quarrel existed between Sir Francis Tyrrell and his son; that his son went out first, and Sir Francis Tyrrell followed, for the avowed purpose of continuing the discussion which had begun in the morning. The son was seen shortly after in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where his father's dead body was found; was absent some time from the house, and returned without his gun, but with his hands and clothes bloody; that the period of his absence is not accounted for, nor the marks of blood explained; that his father's body was found close to the garden which he had entered; that the gun which he had carried out with him was found discharged close to the body, and that the death of the late baronet had evidently taken place by the discharge of a gun, loaded with small shot, within a few feet of the back of his head. Gentlemen, I do not presume to point out in any way the verdict to which you must come, but now leave it to you to say, what course shall be pursued, whether you will adjourn for more evidence, or proceed at once to a verdict."

The jury consulted for a single moment apart, and then the foreman said, "There is no occasion at all, sir, to adjourn. We think the evidence quite sufficient, and we are unanimous in our verdict." The coroner then demanded the verdict in the usual manner, and the foreman replied at once, "Wilful murder against Sir Charles Tyrrell, of Harbury Park."

There was a good deal of bustle and excitement in the room as soon as the words were spoken, though every one had seen to what point the investigation was tending. The only person who was perfectly still was Charles Tyrrell himself, who, though deadly pale, showed no other sign of agitation.

The coroner instantly proceeded to draw up a warrant, and before he left the house, put it into the hands of one of the constables.

Mr. Driesen advanced, and spoke a few words to the prisoner, in a low voice and in a kindly manner. But all the rest of those present stood aloof, gazing on him with feelings in which awe and horror swallowed up entirely everything like sympathy and compassion.

Charles Tyrrell found himself alone, desolate and abandoned in his paternal mansion. A weary sickness of heart came over him, a recklessness, a despair. He longed to see and take leave of his mother, before he was hurried to a prison. He longed to write, if it were but a few lines, to Lucy Effingham. But he had not strength nor energy left for any thing, and in a few minutes the carriage was brought round which was to convey him to the jail, and getting in between two constables, he was carried rapidly away to the abode of guilt and misery.

CHAPTER XVII.

By a small dull lamp in the best chamber of the prison, which, however, was bad enough, sat Charles Tyrrell about four nights after the period at which we last left him. The passing of the intermediate lapse of time had wrought a terrible change in his appearance: the rosy hue of health had fled; the fulness and roundness of youth had given place to the sharp lines of care and sorrow; and the quick and fiery eye was dull and heavy, having none of the light which used to beam from it in former days. The handsome features, the fine, noble expression of countenance, were indeed still there, but in everything else Charles Tyrrell was an altered being. It was not, however, confinement that had produced this change, but grief; for the room was on the first floor of the prison, and as airy as any it contained.

In those days, great discretionary power was entrusted to the governors of such places, and it so happened, luckily for the prisoner in the present instance, that the governor owed his place to the interest of the Tyrrell family, and always retained for them great veneration and respect. There was something, too, in the whole demeanour of Charles Tyrrell which had impressed him from the first with a belief of his perfect innocence; and, as the time before his trial was not likely to be long, the assizes being just about to commence when this unfortunate occurrence took place, he determined to make him as comfortable as possible, and do everything in his power to make him forget his imprisonment. Thus the young gentleman had pen, and ink, and paper by him, books in abundance, and everything which could occupy his mind, and turn his attention to less painful subjects.

He had heard from his mother, who had summoned up

great courage and resolution upon the occasion, and was labouring diligently to provide means for his defence; and he had written two letters, to neither of which, however, he had received any answer. The one was to Lucy Effingham, and the other to Everard Morrison. Charles Tyrrell, however, neither doubted the friendship of the one, nor the affection of the other. But he was anxious and uneasy. He feared that the horrible events which had occurred might have made Lucy ill, and he longed too for assurances that she did not regret having connected, by the bond of affection, her fate with one who seemed to have been of late marked out for mischance and unhappiness.

There are few minds that can endure calmly an enforced solitude. We may encounter evils and dangers without shrinking or fear. We may undergo sorrows and pains with firmness and resolution. In almost all cases where freedom is left, and a communion with our fellow-men, imagination links itself with hope sooner or later, and carries us on to brighter scenes and happier days. But in the solitude of a prison, gloom and despondency are the companions of fancy. She takes none of her suggestions from the bright storehouses of hope; she sits and ponders with us over bitter memories, or spreads out the sombre future like a pall.

Charles Tyrrell strove energetically to nerve his mind, and to resist the suggestions of despair. But which way could he look? what could he do? If he thought at all, what were the images presented to his mind? His dead father murdered and followed to the grave by menials alone; his mother with her heart torn and agonized, forcing herself from the bed of sickness to exert herself on his behalf, while every word that she must hear, and every act that she must do, could only serve to wring her heart more painfully, and call up every fearful impression of the past and the future; his promised bride, her he loved better than anything else on earth, with all her young happiness blighted, all her bright prospects gone, mourning ineffectually over his fate, and sorrowing for his ruined character and wounded name; and then the future, the dark, inscrutable, terrible future, that vast interminable cloud, filled with objects that we know not, but which to the eyes of Charles Tyrrell, rolled into every frightful form, and assumed every dark and threatening hue.

With these things, and such as these, were his thoughts busy about eleven o'clock on the fourth night of his imprisonment, when one of the turnkeys opened the door and Everard Morrison presented himself. Charles advanced and grasped his hands eagerly, saying, "I thought you would come, Morrison; I have been longing for you, to consult with you on various matters."

Morrison was very pale, and there was an anxious and excited look about him, which Charles Tyrrell had seldom seen.

"We are all selfish, Sir Charles," he said, replying to his friend in the respectful tone which he always used: "we are all selfish; and I have been occupied for two days after your note arrived in business of my own; but now let us speak upon your business, Sir Charles."

But Charles Tyrrell required a friend, and the formality with which the other spoke pained him.

"Do not call me Sir Charles," he said; and forgetting the restraint he had considerably put upon himself in former times, he went on: "I, at least, Morrison, have ever retained for you the same regard which we mutually entertained at school. I have sought you, I have courted you, as far as it was decent or proper for me to do so, and I have not even been offended by coldness which might have offended others. Why you have acted so I cannot tell: but ——"

"I will tell you at once why I have acted so," replied Everard Morrison, taking his hand and grasping it affectionately. I have acted so, deliberately, even at the risk of offending you. My father, when he heard of the intimacy between us, laid before me a picture of my fortunes such as they were, and he showed me that there were two paths for me to follow: either to seek associations above myself, and take my chance of rising by patronage and assistance to eminence in my profession, and to society of a high grade; or to content myself with the middle class, in which I was born, apply myself under him to diligent study and constant exertion; to choose calm mediocrity, and tranquil competence, rather than to accumulate wants and wishes, necessities and cares even while I strove to amend my condition. My choice was easily formed. I chose the humbler path, because I believed it would prove the happier, and the only real sacrifice that I made was the sacrifice of your society, Tyrrell. I had forgotten none of our boyish friendship; I have forgotten none of it now. Every kind act that you have done me, every generous or noble feeling which I had remarked in your nature, have ever been present to me through life. I at one time indeed thought that I could effect a compromise, and still cultivate your friendship, without stepping out of my own station. One visit to Harbury Park, however, convinced me that that could not be; for although you were everything that was kind and friendly, your father treated me as the small attorney's son. That trial made me resolve to guard my own demeanour towards you with a sort of iron respect, which I have observed up to the present moment. It was that made me call you Sir Charles; but the matter is now altered, Tyrrell. I can serve you. I can be something more to you than the small attorney. I can be your zealous,

your true, and I trust, your successful friend. But you must put full confidence in me, Tyrrell."

"Why, you don't think me guilty!" exclaimed Charles.

"Oh, no!" answered Morrison, "I think you innocent; nay more, Tyrrell, I *know* you to be innocent; for I know the very spot on which you stood at the moment your father's murder must have taken place."

"Do you know who did it?" exclaimed Charles eagerly, grasping his hand, and gazing intently upon his countenance.

"No, I do not," replied Morrison; "I cannot form an idea."

"Then we are as much at sea as ever," cried Charles Tyrrell; "for unless we can clearly show some one to have been guilty, this stigma, let me prove what I will, will always lie heavily upon me."

"There is something more to be thought of, Tyrrell," said Everard Morrison, "something far more important. It is to save a life."

"Life I care not for," replied Charles Tyrrell, "at least not half so much as honour. But surely they would never think of condemning me in want of more substantial proof than that which already exists."

"Men have been brought to the scaffold on half as much," replied Everard Morrison; "and you see, Tyrrell, there is no time to act. I have been over myself to Harbury. I have seen all the witnesses; and I, as a lawyer, tell you the case is strong against you. I strove to ascertain whether the gardener could positively state the time that you were in the garden, whether you had the gun with you then or not, and whether he had heard the report of a gun after you had passed through the garden. But he had not observed if you had anything in your hand or not, could not tell the time of day with any precision, and had heard several guns in the course of the morning, of which he took no notice. The evidence Tyrrell, is all against you, and you have but one choice."

He spoke earnestly and solemnly, and presented to Charles Tyrrell's eyes his probable fate in a far more awful point of view than that in which he had hitherto seen it.

"Good God!" thought the unfortunate young gentleman, "to stand in the spring time of youth upon a public scaffold, condemned to die for the murder of my own father, gazed upon, hooted at perhaps by an abhorring multitude, and by an awful and degrading death to end a life in which I have known so little happiness; to leave the heart of a mother broken, and to scatter untimely sorrows on the bright morning of one whom I love more than life!"

It was horrible, very horrible, and he gazed eagerly and painfully in the countenance of his friend, as that friend placed boldly before his eyes the fate that was likely to befall him.

"I know, Charles Tyrrell," added Morrison, when he found his companion did not reply, "I know that you do not fear death; but I know that you fear disgrace, dishonour, and a blackened name. Once the fatal ordeal over, once the appearance of your guilt sealed completely by your condemnation and death, and there will be scarcely a motive, scarcely an object, scarcely a means, to remove the load from your memory and cast it upon another. Tyrrell, I tell you again you have but one chance."

"And what chance is that?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I see none."

"Oh, yes! there is," answered Morrison; "you know there is, Tyrrell. You must either say where you were during the whole time you were absent from the mansion, or you must account for the blood upon your hands and clothes. You must tell the whole story, in short."

"And what will be the consequence if I do?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "You seem to know more, Morrison, than you say; if I do, tell me what will be the consequences?"

Everard Morrison looked steadfastly in his face, and clasped his hands tight together.

"Why do you ask me?" he said, "why do you ask me? But as you do ask me, I must tell you. You will save your own life. You will do much, though not all, to clear your own name. But you will doom two others to the gibbet."

"Then God be my friend," said Charles Tyrrell, "for I will not do it!"

Everard Morrison cast himself upon his bosom and wept like a child.

"Noble, generous creature!" he cried; "but still, Charles, still think what you are doing. I am commissioned to tell you that you are at liberty to do as you please; that nothing shall be denied; that nothing shall be concealed that you may choose to reveal."

"No, no, Morrison!" cried Charles Tyrrell, putting him back from him with his hand. "Morrison, do not tempt me! No, I would rather die an honest man than live a scoundrel, though such a death is terrible indeed."

"But you have not heard the alternative," replied Morrison.

"Is there any other but death?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Yes, there is," replied Morrison. "It is a hazardous and most dangerous one. But yet it can be tried, and I am willing to run my share of the risk, which will even be greater than yours."

"What is it, Morrison?" demanded Charles. "I fear no risks myself; in fact, in my situation, all risks vanish."

"That is true," replied Morrison, "and you are no worse, at all events, than you were before. The alternative is to attempt to escape."

"But shall I not, by the very effort," demanded Charles, "whether successful or unsuccessful, establish the truth of the charge against me, and deprive myself of the power of ever proving my innocence?"

"No," replied Morrison; "no; far from it. On the contrary, you give yourself the only opportunity, for you gain time. If you stay, as far as I can see, you stay for certain death; if you can accomplish your flight, you give us an opportunity, in the first place, of laying out plans for detecting the real murderer. In the second place, you give time for another person, whom we will not name, to escape, but who is now so strictly watched, on other accounts, that he dare not ride out by night for fear of creating suspicion. As soon as he is safe from pursuit you can explain the whole, and I will take care that everything shall be done to make your explanation clear, sure, and convincing. Suspicion, indeed, will hang upon you till the real murderer be found; but, in the mean time your own life will be saved; the danger will be removed from others; a great part of the suspicion against yourself will be done away, and you will be placed beyond all risk, if we can but effect the escape."

Charles Tyrrell took one or two turns up and down the room ere he replied; but he answered at length—

"It is well worth the trial, Morrison. I like not the thoughts of compromising you; but if I can escape without doing so, it is worth running any risk to accomplish it. Of this I am fully convinced."

"Fear not for me," replied Morrison; "I will take my chance willingly, and of course I shall use the greatest precautions to prevent implicating myself in any degree further than I can help, inasmuch as my staying in security here is of the greatest importance to you and others. Sit down, then, at once, and write two notes: one to your mother, begging her to act in any way that I shall direct her, if you are not afraid of placing such great trust in me; the other must be addressed to Miss Effingham, expressing an extreme desire to see her."

"I have every confidence in you, Everard," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but indeed I cannot ask Lucy to come here. I would not for the world that she should come to such a place."

"She shall never see your note," replied Morrison; "it is for other eyes, not hers, that I want it. You are of course closely watched. One of those who watch you we can deceive, and I think we can bribe the others, not to aid indeed, but to connive, and that is all that we require."

"I do not understand your plan at all," replied Charles

Tyrrell; "but I put every trust in you, and will write the notes directly. If you want money to bribe the people, I have plenty upon me, for my mother sent me the day before yesterday a very large supply."

"I wonder the governor let you have it," replied Morrison; "but give me a hundred pounds. I may as well begin operations to-night."

Charles Tyrrell followed his directions implicitly in everything. He had known him from boyhood, and he knew that there was no doubting him. He therefore wrote the notes, and placed them in his hands together with the money, and Morrison looked satisfied and even joyful.

"I cannot insure success," he said; "but we have a chance, and a good one. I will not tell you my plan, as perhaps it is well you should be ignorant of it till it is executed. Only be prompt to do exactly what you are told at once, and without question; and under no circumstances venture any exclamations of surprise."

Charles smiled with a melancholy look, as he replied: "I think, after what has occurred to me within the last few days, Everard, that I should show no surprise at anything. But I will do exactly as I am told, and endeavour to be quick and ready."

"Well, then, good night," replied Everard, "for I will not know what sleep is till I have arranged all this business."

Thus saying he left him, and the night passed over with Charles Tyrrell in sleepless anxiety.

On the following day, however, at about one o'clock, Everard re-appeared, bringing with him a famous barrister, who had obtained a high reputation for eliciting truth in criminal cases, even when concealed by almost impervious art. On introducing him Everard said, with a meaning smile: "I have had the honour, Sir Charles Tyrrell, of giving your retaining fees, which as usual have been graciously received, and now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. ——, who will advise with you on your defence better than I can do. I have only to say, that you must be well aware of the necessity of making your counsel fully acquainted with all the particulars of your case."

What took place between Charles Tyrrell and the barrister is needless to recapitulate. The learned gentleman thought a very good case could be made in favour of his client, and seized all the particulars with a rapidity and precision which perhaps none but lawyers are capable of displaying. Everard Morrison took his leave at the same time with the barrister, and departed, merely pausing to say to his friend, "Don't go to bed till you hear more."

The governor, who really took an interest in the young

baronet, was standing in the lobby when the two lawyers came out, and knowing them both well, he nodded familiarly to the barrister, saying: "I hope, sir, you'll be able to make a good case for poor Sir Charles."

"Oh, beyond all doubt!" replied the barrister. "The young man is as innocent as you or I, my good friend. One sees it in his every look and his every word. But he'll be hanged to a dead certainty, or I don't know an assize jury!"

Thus saying, he wished him good-bye, and walked on with young Morrison.

The rest of the day was spent by Charles Tyrrell almost in solitude. The governor visited him once, and hoped he had everything to make him comfortable; and the turnkeys bringing in his food, and inquiring if he wanted anything, produced the only interruptions to his own sad thoughts, till about half-past nine o'clock at night, when the governor came in to say that he had just had a note from Mr. Morrison, saying there was a lady at the Crown Inn wished very much to see Sir Charles Tyrrell, if it were but for a few minutes.

"Good God, it is Lucy!" cried Charles Tyrrell, remembering the note that he had given on the preceding day; but he added instantly: "She should not have come at night!"

"Why you know it pleases many ladies better, sir," replied the governor; "for they don't like to be seen coming into a prison, and a crowd is apt to gather about at the gate. But I am sure I have no objection to your seeing her if you like. Mr. Morrison says he does not know who the ladies are; but I dare say that the young lady that we've heard of down at the manor is the one that wants to come."

"Of course, now that she *is* come," said Charles Tyrrell, "I should like much to see her;" and after a few more words of the same kind, the governor went away to send a message to the inn.

In five minutes after, the door was opened by one of the turnkeys, and a female figure entered, dressed in the very height of the fashion. She looked round her, with some degree of bewilderment apparently, through the thick black veil that covered her bonnet. But from the dress, from the whole appearance, and from the height, Charles Tyrrell saw at once that it was not Lucy Effingham. He advanced towards her, however, and took her hand, and the turnkey, who had paused to witness the meeting, closed the door.

The moment he had done so, the veil was lifted, and to Charles Tyrrell's utter surprise, he saw the countenance of the good fisherman's wife, Mrs. Hailes, whose child he had saved from great peril when the boat drifted out to sea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It wanted about a quarter to eleven o'clock at night, and Lucy Effingham sat alone in the drawing-room of the old manor-house, leaning her fair face upon her hand, and bending her head over a book which, however, she did not read. All the old accustomed objects were about her, the things with which she had herself taken a delight to decorate the abode of her mother, and the ornaments which had been collected there before they arrived, to make the house look pleasant to their eyes, by him who had now gone down to a cold and bloody grave. She had thought the place, when first she saw it, a little paradise; every object in that drawing-room she had noted and approved; the large China jars, the few fine and deep-toned paintings, the exquisite bronzes scattered here and there, the tables of marqueterie and mosaic, and all those thousand little ornaments which, either for their rarity or their beauty, convey, through the eye, pleasant impressions to the mind, even while busied more intently with other things.

Now, however, when she looked around her, and thought of the past and the present, the feeling excited by the view of things connected with happiness gone by was nothing but that sickening sensation, mingled of regret and despair, which takes possession of the mind of youth when first dark disappointment falls upon it. Hers was not indeed a spirit to yield, and give itself up to sorrow without a struggle. She had much firmness and determination of character, mingled with gentleness of heart and sweetness of disposition, and she had struggled long, powerfully, and successfully to keep down, as far as possible, every expression of her grief, so as not to lay a deeper load upon the mind of her mother, already depressed with anxieties, and cares, and sorrows, not a few.

"I am young," thought Lucy, "and can bear my share; but into her cup so many woes have lately been poured, that it is near the overflowing."

Thus when her mother was present, Lucy had power, for her sake, to stop almost every expression of her grief. But when she was alone as now, when Mrs. Effingham had gone up to the park to spend the evening in consoling Lady Tyrrell, the motive, the great motive for self-command was gone, and she sat with her head bent down over the book, and her eyes fixed upon it: but those eyes were sightless of any word that it contained, and from time to time poured forth tears, which fell upon the page, and left it as if it had been lying open under a spring shower.

It need not be said that her thoughts were of Charles Tyrrell, of their blighted hopes, of their happiness destroyed, of his probable fate, of the awful question, whether he was really guilty or not. She had remarked often, very often, the fiery impetuosity of his nature; she had heard, and heard exaggerated, many an anecdote of his passionate boyhood; she had seen how continually his father irritated him, till human nature could scarcely bear it any longer; and she had heard of the terrible dispute, and its still more terrible cause, which had taken place between the father and the son on that fatal day; and she asked herself, again and again, whether it were really possible that, driven into actual frenzy by his father still pursuing him, Charles Tyrrell might not have raised his hand against that father's life.

She had never spoken with her mother on the subject, for she knew that if she did she could no longer command her feelings. The letter which Charles Tyrrell had sent to her had only reached her on that very morning, and in it he had made no allusion whatever to his guilt or innocence. It was filled throughout with words of deep and burning affection. He had felt as if, in writing it, he were pouring forth, for the first, and perhaps the last time, all the deep and energetic passion of his heart. The awful situation in which he was placed—the terrible scenes through which he had gone—the mighty importance of every moment, as it then passed by, seemed to raise, and elevate, and strengthen, and excite, till love assumed more than love's own eloquence, and the soft words of affection became sublime.

She had read it. She had determined to answer it; she had determined also to beseech her mother to let her go and visit him in prison. But she had felt also that she could neither trust herself to do the one nor the other during that day, for the letter had itself unnerved her, and she required some time to recover strength and calmness sufficient to speak to her mother on the subject.

When Mrs. Effingham had set out for the park, Lucy had determined to employ the evening in struggling to overcome her feelings. But it was with her, as is too often the case when we sit down with such a determination, alone, and unaided by other motives: we are ourselves overcome in the struggle, and our feelings triumph over us rather than we over them. She had given way; her whole thoughts had turned to grief and despondency, and the evening that she thus passed alone was sadder, darker, more despairing, than any that she had passed since the fatal event which had interrupted all her prospects of happiness.

She thus sat then, with her head bent over the book, and her eyes filling again with tears, though she had dried them

often, when she thought she heard a noise in the conservatory, which joined the drawing-room on the southern side, and extended up to the plantation which lay away towards the park. It was as if something had struck against the window; and after listening some time with a beating heart, to hear if it returned again, Lucy opened the glass doors, and going into the green-house, gazed out through the windows upon the night. The round, yellow, autumnal moon was shining clear and bright in the sky, and she could see everything upon the lawn and slopes that surrounded the old manor-house: the sparkling stream that flowed along at the foot of the declivity, the gray stone bridge with its Gothic arches and massy piers, and the square tower of the old church beyond, almost as clearly as if it had been day. No moving object was to be seen in any direction, but she thought she heard a rustling in the shrubbery close by, and with some degree of fear, but more surprise, she retreated into the drawing-room as speedily as possible, closing the doors behind her.

A moment or two after there came a loud ring of the house bell, and she thought "That must be mamma returned; but it is odd I did not hear the carriage."

The next moment, however, the butler appeared, saying—

"There is a gentleman of the name of Morrison, Miss Lucy, below, who wishes to see you immediately."

"Morrison," said Lucy, thoughtfully; "it must be a mistake, Harris. You must mean he wants mamma. I know nobody of the name of Morrison."

"No, Miss Lucy," replied the butler; "he asked for you and you only, and I have heard that he was a friend and school-fellow of poor Mr. Tyrrell: Sir Charles Tyrrell, indeed, as I should now call him."

Lucy turned a little pale with agitation, but she directed the butler to show the gentleman in; and in another minute Everard Morrison was standing before her.

He was pale and somewhat haggard, but perfectly calm and composed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Effingham," he said, without sitting down, though she had pointed to a chair, "for intruding upon you in this manner, and at this moment ——" As he spoke he turned his head over his shoulder, to see that the butler had shut the door; "but I do not know whether you are aware," he proceeded, "that I had the honour of being a school-fellow of Sir Charles Tyrrell."

Lucy could only bow, for she was too much agitated to reply.

"I am forced to be abrupt," continued Morrison, "for there is no time to be lost. Sir Charles Tyrrell is, as you know, accused of a horrible crime. There are particular facts, which I

cannot explain to you at present, which would prevent him from proving his innocence, except at the expense, and indeed utter destruction, of two other persons. Under these circumstances he has judged it better to attempt to escape."

Lucy clasped her hands together, exclaiming, "Good God! has he succeeded?"

"He has, Miss Effingham," replied Everard Morrison, lowering his voice; "he has made his way out of the prison, and is now within a hundred yards of this house."

Lucy sunk back in her chair and grasped the edge of the table, as if to prevent her from falling to the ground, so greatly was she agitated by contending feelings: fear, apprehension, anxiety, and joy.

"I beg pardon," continued Morrison, "at being obliged to agitate you in this manner. But Sir Charles cannot, without seeing you once more, quit this country, which it is necessary for him to do for a time, till the other two persons whom I have spoken of are placed in safety. He dare not come into the house, as any one of your servants seeing him would lead to his being traced, and to the discovery of the road he has taken, which I have used every precaution to conceal. But if you would venture to pass through the conservatory into the shrubbery walk beyond, you will find him there waiting for you. He has two or three times tried to make you hear through the conservatory, but finding it vain, I ventured to come in myself."

"I will go directly," cried Lucy, starting up, "I will go directly!" and she turned towards the conservatory door without the slightest hesitation.

"I will remain here," said Morrison, "in case any of the servants should come in; but pray, Miss Effingham, beseech Charles to be quick, and to remember the boat is waiting."

Lucy paused for a moment, to say—

"I expect my mother to return every minute. But you may tell her all, Mr. Morrison."

Thus saying she left him, and entering the conservatory, unlocked the door that led out into the shrubbery, and walked on. Ere she had taken ten steps, however, she heard the laurels rustle a little before her, and her heart beat so dreadfully that she feared she would have fallen to the ground. In another moment, however, the arms of Charles Tyrrell were round her, and while she wept profusely with the tears of many mingled emotions, he pressed her again and again to his heart with feelings of unmixed joy.

"My Lucy, my dear, my beloved!" he cried, "do I—do I see you once more?"

Lucy dried her eyes, and gazed up in his face by the moonlight.

"You are very pale, and very haggard, Charles," she said. "Oh, what you must have suffered!"

"Suffered, indeed, dear Lucy!" he said; "I had not known that the heart of man could endure so much without breaking."

"But you are innocent, Charles?" she said; "oh, yes! I am sure you are innocent. Yet tell me so. Oh, yes, tell me so, and set my heart quite at rest!"

"Have you doubted it Lucy?" exclaimed Charles, in a reproachful tone; "do you doubt it, Lucy?"

She lifted her deep blue eyes to his face, and gazed at him tenderly, confidingly, but thoughtfully; while he bent down his eyes upon her with a look of deep and earnest affection, yet characterised by the strong emotions of the moment, and by some degree of reproachful sadness. But all was clear and noble, and open in that countenance, and Lucy, as she gazed, could not entertain a shadow of a doubt. Feeling that she had in some sense wronged him, though but slightly, she cast her arms around him, and again leaning her fair face upon his bosom, she said—

"No, Charles; no, no, no! I do not doubt you. I know, I feel that you are innocent."

"As innocent as you are, Lucy," replied Charles Tyrrell. "As I have hope in heaven, Lucy; as I love you truly and well; as I look for the continuance of your love, and as I place my whole hopes in this life on your affection, I never saw my unfortunate father from the moment that I left him in the library till the moment I saw him lying dead in the same room."

"I believe you, Charles, from my heart," replied Lucy; "indeed I have never really doubted you. I have indeed asked my heart whether it was possible; and in so doing I have thought of all your impetuosity and your fieryness, Charles. But I have remembered your noble nature, and the restraint I have often seen you put upon yourself, and the reply has still been, 'no, it is impossible!'"

"Hark!" said Charles Tyrrell. "There are carriage wheels. That must be your mother, Lucy, returned."

"Oh! mind not that," said Lucy, "mind not that. I know you ought to go, and yet, I cannot part with you so soon. It is terrible, terrible Charles, to see you leave me under such circumstances, and after such a brief moment as this. It is very, very terrible, Charles, and who knows when or how I shall see you again?"

"Would to God you could go with me!" cried Charles Tyrrell, pressing her to his heart. "Oh, Lucy! Lucy! what a fancy has come up before my eyes!"

They were both silent for several moments, and through

the open door of the conservatory they heard the voices of persons speaking in the drawing-room beyond. Lucy made no reply to what Charles Tyrrell had said. But her hand rested in his, and he thought he felt it clasp upon his somewhat more closely than before, as if within her bosom there were feelings which echoed the wishes and thoughts of his. They now heard a footstep in the conservatory, and she said rapidly—

"I am your promised wife, Charles; and my view of such an engagement is, that I am as much bound to you for ever as if I had made the promise at the altar which I made in the woods of the park. I can never be any other man's wife so long as you live. I can never refuse to be yours whenever you ask me to be so. Such have always been my feelings with regard to that engagement. Let that satisfy you. I have duties to fulfil towards my mother, or I would refuse to accompany you nowhere."

Ere she had well concluded these words there was another figure in the walk besides themselves. It was that of Mrs. Effingham. She came towards them with a quick step, and held out both her hands joyfully to Charles Tyrrell.

"Welcome, Charles, welcome!" she said, in a low voice. "I am convinced you have done wisely, for I have seen, up at the park, Mr. ——, the barrister, who says, that, although there is no doubt of your innocence, yet you run great risk by staying. But come into the drawing-room," she added; "I have told your friend to lock the door. We shall not be interrupted there, and this night air chills me."

Charles followed at once, still holding Lucy by the hand. The conservatory door was then locked, the curtains drawn over it, and all being thus made secure, the four persons there assembled stood and gazed upon each other, as if asking the still recurring question in life, 'The what next.' Mrs. Effingham's eyes turned from Charles Tyrrell to her daughter, and from Lucy to him.

"Poor things," she said at length, "yours has been a sad fate indeed! It is but the fate of few to know such early and such severe sorrows. But console yourselves, my children; it has been often remarked, even to a proverb, that a certain portion of grief and care is always allotted to our life, and that when the clouds are early, the sunshine comes late; and when the spring-time is all bright and shining, the autumn is full of storms. Your early days have been dark and cloudy indeed, and I trust that the brighter part is yet to come."

"Oh, may it be a prophecy, dear lady!" said Charles Tyrrell, taking her hand and raising it to his lips. "Oh, may it be a prophecy! for as I stand here, holding this dear, this beloved girl by the hand, and think of parting with her for a

long and indefinite time, with dangers, and sorrows, and all the accidents of fate between us—when I think of all this, and my utter desolate solitude in a foreign land, without a friend, without a home, without an occupation—with my name stained and dishonoured, my fortune withheld from me, and with all the bright hopes that animated me but a few days ago, so completely crushed under foot—I feel almost inclined to cast away this scheme for saving myself; to return to the prison, and to take my chance of what may come; for the worst and most terrible death that could befall me could scarcely be more terrible than such a parting as this."

Mrs. Effingham gazed upon his face for a moment, and then said—

"Tell me, Charles, is there a probability of you ever being able distinctly to prove yourself innocent to the satisfaction of all men? Mind, I do not doubt you in the least, or in any way; for when we visited you at the fisherman's cottage I twice saw a person there bearing the appearance of a lady, and certainly not in the rank of those that surrounded you. There are also parts of your conduct on the day of your father's death which you do not choose to explain, right or wrong. I have combined these two circumstances in my mind together; but remember that I believe your whole motives, your whole conduct, to be upright and honourable, that I have not a doubt, that I have not a suspicion."

Everard Morrison advanced from the other side of the table, where he had been standing, and though there was a considerable and unusual glow upon his ordinarily pale cheeks, he spoke in his usual calm and impressive manner.

"Madam," he said, "you are quite right. I will take upon me to answer for my friend. Those two circumstances are connected with each other. That lady that you saw is one very dear, perhaps too dear, to my own heart; and now, madam, to answer your question distinctly and closely, without putting him to the pain of saying a word upon a subject which he may think right not even to allude to, I will tell you that if he so chose to act, he could at once prove his innocence to the whole world; that he will be able to do so, beyond all doubt, at an after period, but that he could not do so now without bringing certain destruction upon the heads of two other persons, and committing a great breach of trust. The facts I know from others, revealed to me as a legal adviser, and I put it to him, himself, yesterday, with full permission to do so, whether he would break the trust reposed in him, and save his life at the expense of others, or run the risk, the imminent risk of death. Madam, he chose like Charles Tyrrell, and to those who know him that is enough."

"I thought so; I was sure of it!" cried Mrs. Effingham,

while Lucy gazed up in the face of her lover with her eyes dimmed with tears.

"And you must be the sacrifice!" continued Mrs. Effingham, after a pause, gazing upon Charles with feelings of deep interest and compassion. "You must be the sacrifice to your own noble and kindly heart. Would to God that you were married to Lucy, that she might go with you, and be your consolation and your comfort!"

Charles Tyrrell took Mrs. Effingham's hands in his, and gazed into her face for a moment.

"I fear I am very selfish," he said at length, "for I am so tempted to ask you to let her go with me, that though I know you require comfort too, I can scarcely refrain."

"But Charles, Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Effingham, pale and very much agitated, "she is not yet your wife. She considers herself as much bound to you as if she were. I know she does; I have always taught her to do so. She will never be any others but yours. She shall be yours whenever you claim her."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Effingham!" said Charles, "that it were so indeed! and not merely in name. I would claim her now, even now; but I know I am acting selfishly. I know I am acting wrongly. I should be exposing her to perils, and dangers, and discomforts, and it is better that I should go now at once, and leave love, and hope, and happiness in my native land behind me. It is better that I should go," and he dropped the hand that he held in his.

"But Lucy," said Mrs. Effingham, turning to her daughter, "have you thought of this? Have you heard of this? What do you say, my child, for my brain is bewildered, and I scarcely know what I am doing?"

"I say, my dear mother," she replied earnestly, "that there is but one thing on earth that would stop me from going with him; neither perils, nor dangers, nor discomforts, nor, if it must be so, the sorrows of a life itself."

"What then?" demanded Mrs. Effingham.

"My mother!" replied Lucy. "To leave her to sadness, to solitude, and discomfort; that, that is the only obstacle that I think ought to stand in my way."

"It should not stand in the way for a moment," replied Mrs. Effingham, "were it not for other things. But think, Lucy, think of the world; think of what the good and wise, as well as the vicious and malevolent, would say."

"For that, my dear mother," replied Lucy, "I should care little, secure in the approbation of my own heart. When Charles spoke of such a thing—he did not ask me, but merely spoke of it a moment ago—I thought over it all earnestly. I asked myself were these times of trouble such as took place

in the French Revolution, or in our own Great Rebellion, and he were forced to fly so suddenly, should I not do right to go with him? should I not be applauded for so doing? Who could doubt that I should? How much more need for me to go with him now when he has so much more need of comfort! Would the world, which says so little against the woman who, in disobedience to her parents, or in opposition to her friends, flies from her home to be married in Scotland, would it blame me for crossing the sea to unite myself to the man to whom I was engaged before with the consent of all; would it blame me, when I have so much higher objects, so much better purposes in view, when I neither oppose those who love me, nor enter into a family unwilling to receive me; when I go to share the sorrows, and the poverty, and the exile of the only man that ever I loved; and if it did blame me, ought I to value its blame? If it did censure me, should I care for its censure?"

"No, my dear child," replied Mrs. Effingham, "in that you are right. In such cases as these, perhaps, removed from all the ordinary considerations of life, we must cast off ordinary considerations, and for once think abstractedly of what is just and noble, without considering the world, though that consideration of the world is in almost all instances a woman's best and surest safeguard. Lucy, I will put no restraint upon you. I will not say do it; for the responsibility is too awful even for me, who do not often shrink from responsibilities. You shall follow the dictates of your own judgment and of your own heart. Think not of me for one moment, my child. I and poor Lady Tyrrell will console one another, and will, if you so decide, join you as soon as may be."

Lucy paused for a moment without reply. A thousand new and strange sensations, a thousand anxious and painful thoughts crowded her bosom, and might be seen written in legible characters upon her countenance. The last thing that appeared there was the rushing up of the bright, warm, eloquent blood, suffusing forehead, and cheeks, and neck, with a deep and painful blush, while she held out her hand to Charles Tyrrell, and casting the other arm round her mother's neck, hid her face upon her bosom, and once more burst into tears. Mrs. Effingham pressed her to her heart, and looking upon Charles with a melancholy glance, she said—

"Oh, Charles, Charles! when, with frank and noble confidence, you first told me of your love for Lucy, I promised that in the coming time I would repay that confidence to the full; but I little thought that I should ever have to put such a great, such an awful trust in you! But I can trust you, surely; surely I can trust you with the safety, with the happiness, with the honour of my child?"

"Believe me, believe me, Mrs. Effingham!" replied Charles; "as soon as ever we reach the French shore, Lucy shall become mine by a right that none can dispute. Pure, and innocent, and bright as she is, I do not believe that there is mortal man who would have the impious courage, even in thought, to ruin that purity or sully that brightness. I know that our marriage can be instantly celebrated in France, though we are now at war with that country, and the very first letter that Lucy writes to you, it shall be as Lucy Tyrrell."

Still, however, Lucy clung to Mrs. Effingham, and raising her eyes to her face, she exclaimed—

"Oh, my mother, my dear mother! how can I leave you? Charles, Charles, ought I to be so selfish?"

"It is I that am selfish, I fear," said Charles Tyrrell; "for while I own, Lucy, that I would almost bear death itself rather than part with you under circumstances of such uncertainty, yet I feel that it is cruel to Mrs. Effingham to take you from her even now."

"Think not of me, Lucy; think not of me, Charles," said Mrs. Effingham. "You know what I can bear, and how I can bear it. If you think it your duty to go with him, and perhaps, notwithstanding all dictates of worldly prudence, I may think so too, act as you would act if I were not in existence: let me not in the least impede you. I shall do quite well; and he certainly needs you with him more than I do; for I do believe, Lucy, that to a noble and an uncorrupted heart, the love and society of a pure and virtuous woman, is not only a consolation under all circumstances, but a safeguard and a support."

Everard Morrison had in the mean while remained silent, but now, though he understood and made every allowance for the natural hesitation of Lucy under such circumstances, he felt that precious moments must not be lost for slight causes, and taking a step forward, he said—

"Dear Miss Effingham, you are decided to go. I have said nothing hitherto in opposition to Tyrrell's scheme, for where you are willing to risk so much, who shall talk of any other hazards? Let me, however, remind you, that every moment is precious. The tide serves just one hour before daylight; the cutter will be off the point at that hour; a very short time, therefore, remains for your preparation; and even during that time Sir Charles ought to leave you; for though we have taken every precaution to prevent them from tracing us hitherto, and to mislead them in regard to the course we have taken, yet there is that natural connection between this place and our escaped prisoner, that suspicion will instantly look in this direction. Should any search of the house be made while he is still here, no possible means of escape would be left. He

must, therefore, go on alone, leaving me to conduct you to the spot where we shall find him."

It very often happens in life, that our decisions are made for us by other persons taking it for granted that we have made them. Such, however, was not exactly the case in the present instance; for Lucy had determined already to go, and all that Everard Morrison said only tended to hasten her arrangements for that purpose. If any shade of indecision was left, it was only expressed by her gazing alternately at Charles Tyrrell and at her mother, while the young lawyer was speaking. When he had done, however, she put her hand in that of Charles Tyrrell, saying—

"I will go with you, Charles. Now go on as fast as possible. I will lose no time, and will join you as speedily as I can. I may be agitated, Charles, I may be terrified, but I have no earthly doubt that I am doing right, and therefore I will not fear. Do not stay here longer! Mr. Morrison is quite right. They may seek you, and what a terrible thing it would be if they were to find you here! Every sound that I hear makes me tremble. In a very few hours I will be with you. God bless you, Charles; God bless you! Go, and leave me for the present."

Charles Tyrrell tore himself away, and pursued his journey alone, and fortunate was it, as it proved for him, that he did so. As soon as he was gone, Lucy hastened away, by her mother's direction, to make what preparations the time admitted, and Mrs. Effingham, instantly turning to Morrison, said—

"The next matter to be considered, Mr. Morrison, is, how we are to prepare Lucy's maid to accompany her mistress."

Morrison started, and was somewhat surprised, as he had not calculated at all upon Lucy taking anybody with her. He strongly objected, however, to the least hint being given to the maid in regard to Charles Tyrrell's escape, although Mrs. Effingham guaranteed her fidelity, assuring him that the woman had been in her family for many years, having been in the first instance her daughter's nurse. He represented the risk, however, so strongly, that Mrs. Effingham said, at length—

"Well, since such is your opinion, I must go and persuade the woman to go with Lucy without knowing why or wherefore. I think I shall be able to do so; and it may, also, Mr. Morrison," she said, "be necessary to add all the money I have in the house to their little stock; for such a flight as this cannot be accomplished without great expense, and we cannot tell how long their absence from this country may be prolonged."

"Sir Charles Tyrrell has already with him a very considerable sum," replied Morrison, "which I procured from his

mother in contemplation of this business. It is necessary, however, to be fully prepared in such respects; but I think if you have any jewels which you could give your daughter it would be even better than money; for a large sum of gold would be cumbrous, and I do not well know whether the notes, which form now our principal money, can be used in France without great loss while we remain at war with that country."

"That can be easily managed," replied Mrs. Effingham; "I have some valuable jewels, which I have not worn for many years, and which will go into a very small space. I will now, however, see about all these things, and prepare the maid to accompany her mistress."

Thus saying, she left him, and Morrison, whose presence of mind and acuteness extended to the minute details of everything, instantly went into the conservatory, closed the door by which Charles Tyrrell had gone out, locked and bolted it, drew down the curtain, closed the door between the drawing-room and the conservatory, locked it also, and placed the key on a small nail by the side of the door, where he saw another key hanging.

He then sat down, took out a number of law papers from his pocket, made no scruple to borrow a sheet of paper from the writing-book on the table, and having folded it neatly down into proper form, was in two minutes after Mrs. Effingham had left him busily engaged in making an abstract of one of the documents which he had spread out before him. His only thought in so doing was, "I may as well employ the time in this way as any other;" but the fact of his so doing proved of great advantage.

He had written one page, and was half way down the second, when a loud ringing was heard at the bell. Before any of the servants could appear, though they ran to open the door with habitual quickness, the ringing was repeated, and when the footman arrived at the door, followed by the butler, three or four men presented themselves, headed by the governor of the county jail. As soon as the door was open, the governor demanded sharply—

"Has any gentleman been here to-night to visit the family?"

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, at once advancing, "there has; but I should like to know why you ask?"

"Because, sir," replied the other, "I am governor of the county jail, from which a prisoner has made his escape this night, and we have traced him here. What is the gentleman's name that has been here?"

"His name is Morrison, sir," replied the butler.

"Then there was somebody with him?" said the governor.

"No, that's not true," replied the butler, in a frank tone, that admitted scarcely of a doubt; "there is no one but him-

self and our own family who have entered these doors to-night. Of that I'll take my oath. He is in the drawing-room now, on business with my mistress, and will tell you so himself. I will go and call him."

"Stop! stop! my good fellow," cried the governor; "you don't stir a step. Take care of these good fellows, constable, while I go in. I must intrude upon the ladies at all risks. Is that the drawing-room door?"

"No, sir," replied the butler, "that's the ante-room door, but it leads to the drawing-room. Go if you like, you'll only be thought a saucy companion for your pains; and if my mistress blames me it's not my fault, you know."

Without making any reply, the governor walked straight forward and threw open the ante-room door. The door beyond was partly open, so that he could see into the drawing-room at once, and there was no possibility of anybody in it making their escape without being perceived. There, however, sat Everard Morrison alone at the table, with half a dozen large law papers spread all over it, the pen in his hand, the abstract he was making lying before him and the ink still wet upon three or four lines preceding.

As the governor entered, he lifted up his head to see who it was; but his countenance betrayed nothing which could excite suspicion. The whole appearance of the room, and of the young lawyer himself, was so natural, and so little calculated to awaken or confirm suspicion, that the governor at once began to fear he had been misled, especially as he had been guided in that direction principally by his own suspicions.

It was necessary, however, to say something on the occasion, and he therefore burst forth, saying—

"Very pretty this, Mr. Morrison; very pretty this!"

"What do you mean?" said Morrison, in his usual calm tone. "What is very pretty? I don't understand you."

"Why, here you send a woman to me," said the governor, "asking admission to Sir Charles Tyrrell, and giving me to understand that it is Miss Effingham, and she turns out to be no such person, but lets him get out in her cloak."

"I never gave you to understand that it was Miss Effingham," cried the young lawyer; "quite the contrary: in my note to you I told you I did not know who she was. I wrote in a great hurry, as I had to come here to-night; but I took care to tell you that, I am sure. If it had been either Mrs. or Miss Effingham, they would have come to me of course, and I should have put their names down in the note. But I took especial pains, on the contrary, to say that the lady who had written to me was at the inn, and that I could not tell who she was, in order that you might act upon your own responsibility."

"Precious responsibility business I seem to have made of it!" said the governor. "Why, I shall be turned out of my post."

"Pooh! nonsense!" replied Everard Morrison; "any man may be deceived. But who is this lady, for she must have stayed behind?"

"Lady!" exclaimed the governor. "She is no lady; some common woman, who speaks as broad as a waggon wheel. But she won't tell who she is; and when I told her she would be kept in there all her life till she did, all she said was, she would take a day to consider of it; so I thought the best way would be to come on here at once."

"And pray what do you want here?" demanded Everard Morrison, coolly; as if the governor's coming there was the most extraordinary thing in the world.

"Why, I thought I should find him here most likely," replied the governor. "It was natural that he should come here, rather than go up to the park, where he was sure to be laid hold of."

"More natural that he should go up to London, than do either," replied Morrison. "I'm sure if I had helped him out, I should have advised him to come here by no means," which happened to be really the case, as Everard had strongly counselled him not to come to the manor at all. "However, governor," he continued, "I can assure you that he is not here, for I have been here a long time, upon business with Mrs. Effingham, as you see, and I must have known it if he were. Mrs. Effingham and her daughter have both been with me till within these ten minutes, and I pledge you my word of honour that Sir Charles Tyrrell is not here, so you had better not disturb the ladies, for you can trust to my word, you know very well."

"Why, I think I can, Mr. Morrison," replied the governor; "but then what had I better do, do you think?"

"Why, that's hardly a fair question, governor," replied Morrison. "We lawyers, you know, are never fond of advising a man to break out, for we of course lose everything by such means; but now that he has got out, of course I wish him safe through it; and then, on the other hand, I should not like to give you wrong advice, so I shall give you none. Only one thing you may be sure of, you won't find him up at the park, for he is a great deal too clear-headed to linger about places where everybody knows him, and where the first cottager might take hold of him and get the reward which is likely to be offered."

There was so much reason in what the young lawyer said, that the governor was greatly influenced by it. He resolved, however, to send up a constable to the park, to make some sort

of search, in order that it might not be said he had neglected any effort to recover the prisoner. With the same view, also, he asked—

"Where does that glass-door lead, Mr. Morrison, do you know?"

"Why, I fancy to the conservatory," replied Morrison.

"I should like just to take a look into it, however," said the governor. "I don't think you'd cheat me, Mr. Morrison; but I should like just to say I had made some search."

"Oh, search, if you like!" replied Morrison, rising, and going towards the conservatory; "but I give you my word of honour that if he is in this house it is without my knowledge, or that of either Mrs. Effingham or her daughter. But let us make haste then, if you want to look into the conservatory; for if Mrs. Effingham comes down, as she said she would in a minute, we shall both of us look foolish, you know."

The conservatory-door was then opened, and the governor went in: but the place bore so much the appearance of not having been opened since it was closed for the night that the look of everything, the calm tranquillity of the young lawyer, the surly frankness of the butler, the evidence of legal business going on which the table displayed, thoroughly convinced the governor that he had made a mistake; and he was in the act of retiring to return to the county town, and pursue his search in some other direction, when Mrs. Effingham appeared, and drawing herself up with an air of cold dignity, looked first to the governor and then to Everard, as if for an explanation of his presence. Morrison instantly interposed, not wishing to plunge Mrs. Effingham into the quagmire of explanations, wherein the best compounded stories are apt to flounder, and get themselves caught.

"This is merely a gentleman, madam, who came to me upon some business," he said. "I will see you early to-morrow, governor; good night, good night!" and the governor retired, without adding anything more.

When he was gone Mrs. Effingham sunk into a chair, and pressed her hand upon her heart, which beat violently. Morrison, however, explained the whole to her, and told her that he believed the governor was completely deceived.

"We must take two precautions, however," he added, "when we ourselves set out. One is to ascertain that the same number of persons the governor brought with him have repassed the lodge-gates; the other, to ensure that there is no one watching in the field at the end of the park-stile. How long do you think it will be ere Miss Effingham is ready?"

"Not half an hour," replied Mrs. Effingham.

"Well, then, I will go and see myself," replied Everard. "But pray, my dear madam, in the mean time put her in mind

that she has no time to lose; for there is a walk of nearly six miles before her, and Tyrrell ought to be out at sea before daybreak."

"She will be ready in less than half an hour," repeated Mrs. Effingham; and the young lawyer proceeded to ascertain that all the avenues were clear.

CHAPTER XIX.

The moon had somewhat declined by the time that Charles Tyrrell had left the manor-house; but she was still high enough in the sky to show him every object as he went along; and a lingering unwillingness to quit the place of his birth and of his youth, without taking one last look at the dwelling in which his mother still was, and in which, perhaps, the body of his father still lay, led him back into the park, which, indeed, afforded as short a way as any other to the spot whither his steps were bent. He knew, indeed, that he must not suffer himself to be seen; for though he did not think that any of the servants would betray him, yet imprudence might do as much as treachery, and he therefore resolved merely to stand under the shadow of the wood, near the spot where the buckwheat was laid out for the young pheasants, and to be able to tell his mother, when he wrote, that he had come to gaze up at her windows, and speak an unheard farewell ere he went.

He accomplished his intention in safety. The house was all closed, and the only lights that were seen streamed through the chinks of the window-shutters in his mother's room. He gazed up thereat for some time, and then praying God to bless and protect her, he turned upon his steps, and proceeded along the path to the spot which we have before mentioned, where the walk separated into two. There he paused, and hesitated.

He had a strong inclination, indeed, to visit the garden-gate, near which his father had been murdered, and to ponder over that bloody spot, as if it could give any tidings of the real assassin. He knew, however, that every moment was precious, and that there might be various arrangements to make before he went on board the ship which was to convey him to a foreign country. He therefore refrained, and turned upon the other path, which led to the end of the Ladies' Walk, as it was called, and crossing it brought the passenger by a small neat style into the open fields beyond.

We have before described that walk of fine and sweeping beech-trees planted on one side of the broad gravel, and bending down like a penthouse over it, but yet leaving a beautiful view over the fields on the other side. The moon was shining

clear upon the country beyond, and had so far declined as to pour its light under the branches of the beech-trees; and as Charles Tyrrell approached the extreme end, and still stood under the shadow, he saw that the walk was not entirely solitary, for about half way down appeared the figure of a man walking slowly up towards him. Who it was he could not distinguish at that distance, but he perceived that the arms were crossed upon the chest, and the head bent down, as if the eyes were fixed upon the ground. After advancing for about a hundred yards towards him, the figure stopped, and gazed out upon the moonlight; then clasped his hands together, and advanced again in a meditative manner. As it came closer, Charles recognised the figure of Mr. Driesen, and thought to himself—

"I suppose he has come to attend the funeral; for surely even his cool nonchalance would not permit him to stay in the house all this time after my father's death. However, he has acted in a friendly manner by me in all this sad business, and also about Lucy, so that, perhaps, he might stay, thinking he could be of use."

The cause of Mr. Driesen's stay was, not long after, explained to Charles Tyrrell, for the will, which had been drawn up some time before his return from college, was found in the drawer of the library, and conveyed to Mr. Driesen everything except the entailed estates and the jointure of Lady Tyrrell. Besides an immense property in land and money which thus fell to him, all the plate, the furniture, the books, the cattle, the horses of Harbury Park were his also, and nothing but the bare walls of the house remained to the young heir or his mother.

Charles Tyrrell did not know this at the time, though he learned it before that night was over; and he only looked upon Mr. Driesen as one whose principles, or rather want of principles, he could not approve, but who often acted kindly and justly from natural goodness of feeling.

Driesen gradually approached, unconscious that any one was near; but notwithstanding the good fortune which had befallen him, his whole air was melancholy, his whole carriage dejected; and as he turned again near the spot where Charles Tyrrell stood, the latter heard him utter a deep, long-drawn sigh. When he was nearly at the other end of the walk, which, as we have said, was of great length, Charles crossed it, suddenly passed over the stile, and took his way into the fields.

Turning short to the right, before he reached Harbury Hill, at the distance of about three miles from the park, he entered the woods which surrounded the dwelling of Captain Longly; but avoiding that house, he followed the left-hand path, which

kept close to the edge of the wood, till it brought him into one of those long ravines, which, as we have said, ran down here and there to the sea-shore.

Following this, he was soon upon the beach, and walking rapidly on under the cliffs, so as to be as much in shade as possible, he reached the house of good John Hailes, the fisherman, and knocked gently at the door.

"Who is there?" said a voice from within, without opening the door. "What do you want at this time of night?"

"It is I, Hailes. It is I," said Charles Tyrrell. "Let me in, quick!"

The door was immediately opened, and closed as soon as Charles Tyrrell had entered. He now found himself once more in the fisherman's cottage, surrounded by the family group that he had left there, but with the sad absence of the mother.

"Thank you, Hailes, thank you!" he said, shaking the honest fisherman by the hand; "thank you for all that you have done for me. But indeed, indeed, I am grieved that your wife should put herself in such circumstances on my account."

"You are out, you are out!" said Hailes, "and that's quite enough. Here you are a free man upon the sea-shore, and they'll not keep her in above a day. My neighbour's wife 'll take care of the babies, and I'm sure the ladies up at the house will be kind to them. But I thought Master Morrison was coming with you?"

"He will be here in a short time, Hailes, I trust," replied Charles Tyrrell. "He is only waiting for Miss Effingham."

"Ay, I thought how it would be," said Hailes; "I thought she would not let you go alone. But none of us 'll be obliged to stay in foreign parts long?"

"Why, my poor fellow, what chance is there of your returning?" said Charles Tyrrell. "I'm afraid you do not understand the law upon that matter. You will be looked upon as quite as guilty as the other; for in such cases the law makes no distinction. But has no inquiry been made yet? Has there been no examination into the affair? If not, why have you not, both of you, got away sooner?"

"Why, as to this business," replied Hailes, "there has been no inquiry at all yet, and I could get away when I liked; but then, you see, they're watching him there like cats, about that smuggling business. They well know I had nothing to do with it, and could pay nothing if they were to skin me; but they think if they once get him into the exchequer they'll squeeze him till he's as dry as the skin of a dog-fish: so he cannot walk a step without having some ill-looking fellow at his heels in a minute, and he dare not put out his boat for fear of their being after him."

"And where is Miss Longly?" demanded Charles Tyrrell. "I wish to God we could persuade Morrison, before we go, to think differently of her conduct!"

"She has gone back to her father," said Hailes. "Whenever he heard the word that that scoundrel spoke when he was dying, he took her back again with all his heart; and as for Master Morrison, if he would not take her back too, and be fonder of her than ever, he's not worth having her, I say."

"Why, what did he tell you, then?" said Charles Tyrrell; "that must have been after I left you. From her own story, and the artless manner in which she told it, I am perfectly sure that her motive was innocent, though her conduct was certainly imprudent. But what did he say? for when I left you he seemed quite dead, and he had certainly said nothing before."

"Ay, ay! but he came to life twice before we got him to old Jimmy Harrison's cottage, and he vowed upon his life and soul, as he was a dying man, that she was quite innocent."

"Yes, I heard him say that beforehand," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but that would not be enough to satisfy Morrison, I fear."

"Ay, ay! but he told more of the story," continued Hailes. "He said that her coming to meet him was not at all to go off with him, as he wanted to make her, but because he had proved to her that he could ruin her father at a word, having got an insight while he was staying there into all that Captain Longly was doing in the smuggling line. He acknowledged that he wrote to her to meet him in the wood at the top of the hill, if she would save her father from ruin; and told her that, if she came, he would show her how she might completely screen him. The way which he proposed to her to do, when she did meet him, was to go off with him to Guernsey to marry him, though he would never have married her if he had once got her there, I doubt. But, however, she would not go, and when he tried to force her, she screamed, and brought the other young officer to help her, who wouldn't consent to any such work."

"That I heard from the officer himself," said Charles Tyrrell; "and if we can but get Morrison to believe this, all will be well. I wish she were here herself, that he might see her when he comes."

"Why, you see," said Hailes, "that would be easily done, for if Longly knew that you were here, he'd come down himself, I know, if he could; for Master Morrison told both of us yesterday, when he came down here to speak to my wife about going up to the prison, that when he had given you leave to tell all you had seen, you said you would rather die than say one

word to get us into trouble, so he is bound to do anything that you choose to tell him."

"We'll make an effort for it, however," said Charles Tyrrell. "It is very late. Do you think if I were to send we should find them still up?"

"That you would," replied Hailes, "that you would! for Longly said he would not go to bed till I sent my boy Jim here to tell him that you were safe."

"Well, then, my good boy," said Charles Tyrrell, laying his hand on the boy's head, "run up, as fast as you can, to Mr. Longly's; tell him that I am here, and that I wish very much he would come down and speak with me, bringing his daughter with him. If he can't come himself, see if Miss Longly can come. She'll not be afraid to come through the wood with you."

"Oh, no, that she won't!" said the boy. "I suppose I'm not to tell anybody else but Captain Longly that you are here?"

"On no account whatever," replied Charles Tyrrell; and the boy's father added, "Keep a sharp look-out that you're not watched, Jim, and be as fast as you can."

The boy then went away, and when the door was closed behind him, Charles Tyrrell sat down upon the edge of the bed on which he had spent so many a painful and weary hour: but the conversation between him and Hailes was not continuously resumed. The youngest of the children, who had been awake when the young gentleman arrived, had now fallen asleep as it sat, and the father lifted it on the bed, and laid it thereon, without even rousing it from its slumbers.

For nearly an hour then Charles Tyrrell and his companion sat without speaking, in the silent gloom of expectation. Nothing was heard but the low sighing of the wind along the sea, and the dash of the waves upon the shore, and nothing interrupted the stillness but a single broken question, and an answer as brief as possible.

At length, somewhat after one o'clock in the morning, there came a gentle tap at the door, and Hailes, looking out at the cottage window, said—

"There's a woman, so I may open the door."

The moment it was opened Hannah Longly glided in with the boy, and advanced joyfully towards Charles Tyrrell. All the little coquetry of her manner and appearance was gone, and anxiety, grief, and suffering had given a higher and more intellectual character to a countenance which had always been beautiful.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you free, Sir Charles!" she said, "and so is my father, to hear that you are so. He told me to say that he dare not come down, as there are people con-

stantly watching him, but that you might tell me anything you had to say, and only to lay your commands upon him, and they should be obeyed."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Miss Longly," replied Charles Tyrrell, "it was you I wanted to speak to more than him. Will you forgive me for interfering a little with your affairs?"

"I am sure you never do so but in kindness, Sir Charles," she replied; "and as I am very unhappy, and have no one but my poor father who takes any interest in me, I shall thank you most deeply for any counsel and assistance."

"Well, then," replied Charles Tyrrell, "to say the truth, I sent to seek you, because my friend, Everard Morrison, will be here very speedily, and I do wish to see you on happy terms once more before I go."

Hannah blushed a good deal, and seemed very much embarrassed.

"Indeed," she said, "I'm afraid I cannot wait; I ought to go very soon; indeed I ought. I did not know he was coming," and evidently in great agitation, she burst into tears.

Charles Tyrrell took her hand kindly, saying—

"Come, come, do not be agitated, my dear young lady! We are all, at this moment, placed in circumstances of an extraordinary and trying kind, and we must not attempt to act, or even to think, as we would in the smooth intercourse of ordinary life."

"Oh, but you do not know, Sir Charles!" she said, "or you would not wish me to stay. You do not know that he sent a letter, proposing to me, and after I had unfortunately written back what I thought was right, came all this terrible business and my father's anger with me; and then Mr. Morrison sent me a cold and cutting letter, telling me that, as circumstances were altered, he set me quite free of all engagements to him: you do not know all this, or I'm sure you would not wish me to stay."

"I do know it all," replied Charles, "and yet I wish you to stay very much, Miss Longly. Everard still loves you dearly, and if I am not mistaken, so you do him."

She cast down her eyes, but replied nothing, and Charles Tyrrell went on.

"I must not have you throw away your happiness for the want of a little explanation. You will acknowledge, I am sure, that your conduct, unexplained, might well seem strange and wrong."

"Oh, some part of it was certainly wrong!" she said; "I did what was very wrong. I coquetted with that base young man, when I really loved another. I let vanity and foolishness get the better of me, Sir Charles, and bitterly have I been punished. But I never entertained a thought of doing any

real evil, and when I went down to meet him it was with the thought of doing what was my duty, and what was right alone; for by that time I had learned to hate him, and to despise myself for ever having given him any encouragement. My father would not hear me when I wanted to explain, and I was always afraid of mentioning to anybody else what was the pretence on which he lured me there, for fear of betraying my father's secrets."

"Well then," replied Charles Tyrrell, "for your own sake and for Everard's take a strong resolution; explain to him all that you have explained to me. By means that you do not know, I can confirm every word that you say. Cast away pride, Miss Longly; remember that your happiness and his are both at stake, and that happiness once cast away is seldom, very seldom, if ever, regained."

"Ay, that is what I fear," replied Hannah, "I fear that it never can be regained. Do you think, then, that he is unhappy, Sir Charles?"

"I am sure of it," replied Charles; "I have seen it, and I know it, Miss Longly. I know that he is not only unhappy, but will be unhappy throughout his whole life, if you do not candidly and kindly remove the serious cause for unhappiness that he has, by explaining to him the conduct of one whom he still sincerely loves."

"Oh, if I thought he really loved me, and was unhappy!" replied Hannah Longly, "I would do anything to make him happy. I would tell him all. I would lay open to him my whole heart!"

"That is all that is necessary," answered Charles Tyrrell. "Stay, then, till he comes, and then tell him all. Let him see that you do love him; make him understand that you have never loved anybody else."

"But how could I begin?" she said; "oh, I could never begin! He will come and look cold, and take no notice of me, and I should die of shame and grief."

"No, no," replied Charles Tyrrell, "he will do no such thing. But at all events let me begin the conversation with him. When they come, go you into the next room. You shall hear every word I say, and will find that I do not do anything to lower you or to wound your pride."

"Oh, never mind pride!" cried Hannah Longly; "never mind pride. I have no pride now, Sir Charles Tyrrell. I once indeed had too much, and very weak pride it must have been for a fortnight's sorrow has crushed it all entirely. Say anything you think fit; I know you will say what is right, and neither fear to humble me nor to wound my pride. Only let him know that I am innocent of any evil or any evil intent, and that though for a single day I may have acted foolishly,

yet it was with no intent of doing harm, and was soon repented of."

"Hark!" said Hailes, before she had well done, "I hear a step upon the shingles. Jim, run round into the other room, where it is dark, and look out of the window. I don't like to take out the board if I can help it, for then the light streams out, and some of those fellows on watch at the top of the cliff may see, and wonder what we are doing at this time of night."

The boy obeyed, and returned in a minute, while the step was still distinctly heard moving slowly along upon the loose stones.

"It is a man in a wrap-rascal," said the boy, "and I think he's got a cutlass under it, from what I see. But he's not coming near here; he is walking away to the eastward."

"That's awkward," said Hailes, "for that is just the way they're coming."

A long and anxious pause succeeded, and not a word was spoken by any one; each listening attentively long after the sounds of the steps had died away. Nothing farther was heard for some time, however, and Hailes, after going into the next room to look out, returned, saying, that the beach was then all clear.

"The moon is just going down," he said "which is all the better for us. But I hope this young lady won't be long, for before an hour's over we ought to be afloat."

"Who do you take with you in the boat?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Nobody," said Hailes. "You must lend a hand yourself, sir. I dare not trust anybody, unless I'm forced to it; for though the folks next door are just like ourselves, you know, yet they are not quite ourselves either."

A moment after, rapid steps were heard upon the beach, and then came a quick tap at the door. Hannah Longly darted into the next room like lightning, and in another instant Lucy Effingham, pale, agitated, and fatigued, was in Charles Tyrrell's arms. She shed no tears, however, though there were the traces of many upon her cheeks; but the only words she could speak were—

"Oh, Charles, I hope I am not doing wrong!"

She had been followed into the cottage by Morrison and the maid-servant, whose bewildered look evidently showed that, notwithstanding all Mrs. Effingham's care, she was not fully prepared for the situation in which she was placed.

"We have been delayed for half-an-hour," said Morrison, "fearing to pass a man who kept walking up and down upon the beach just opposite the path where we were coming down. Luckily Miss Effingham saw him before he had seen us, and we waited till he went away round the point."

"You are terrified, my Lucy," said Charles. "I think we had better go off as soon as possible. You will feel yourself more in security when you are on board the ship."

"I shall never feel myself in security," replied Lucy, "till we have safely landed in France. You are going there direct, Charles, are you not?"

"No, miss," replied Hailes, "we must go first to Guernsey, where the ship's going; but not because she's going there either, for she would go anywhere she liked; but at Guernsey, you see, we're just as safe as if we were in France, and my brother, poor Bill, has a number of friends there, and so has Captain Longly, for the matter of that. But, however, we must go to get passports, or letters of license, or whatever they call them, to go into France, or we should risk being made prisoners, you know. The captain of the ship, indeed, has a letter of license* for Bordeaux, where he often gets a good cargo of claret wine."

Charles Tyrrell whispered a word or two to Lucy, which brought the colour again into her cheeks; but she looked at him with the full confiding glance of love, and replied at once—

"Oh, Charles, I have no fear on earth in those respects. I would trust myself anywhere, everywhere with you. I have not a doubt; I have not a hesitation. But we had better make haste, had we not, for I thought I saw the day beginning to dawn?"

"There is one thing, however," said Charles Tyrrell, "which I have to do before we go. Morrison, it concerns you. In the first place, you must beg my mother to take especial care of Hailes's wife and family, and to see that they want none of those comforts which they would have had if he had remained to supply them by his industry. In the next place, Morrison, let me speak one word of yourself."

"Oh, there is no fear of me!" replied Morrison, with a smile, mistaking his meaning. "I am a lawyer, you know, Tyrrell, and accustomed to tricks of all kinds; so that I have taken such precautions as quite to secure myself. They can prove nothing against me."

"You mistake me, Everard," replied his friend. "It is a matter of even greater importance I wish to speak of. It is a matter on which depends your happiness for life."

Morrison made a sign, as if he would have stopped him, and turned away his head, but Charles Tyrrell continued, without heeding the distaste he evinced for the subject.

"Nay, nay, Morrison!" he said, "you have shown me great

* These letters of license were granted constantly by the French government during the whole of the war, even at the very period of the strictest non-intercourse system established by Napoleon.

and disinterested friendship; you have rendered me a most important service, and so also must I act to you. Let me ask you one question, Morrison."

"What is it?" said Morrison; "but indeed, Tyrrell, arguments upon such subjects as you are going to speak of are of no use. My line of conduct is determined on."

"Determined, then, I fear for your own unhappiness," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but, however, my question is this:—If a person whom you dearly love should do some act which you, without knowing all the circumstances, were to judge wrong, and you were thereupon to treat a person who loves you harshly and unkindly, what would be your conduct afterwards, on discovering that that person had acted with the best and highest motives, and on the purest and most straightforward views?"

"Were such a case applicable to me," replied Morrison, "I would take her to my heart at once, or rather fall upon my knees and beseech her to pardon me! But such, however, cannot be the case with me; even her own father, Tyrrell, even her own father ——"

"Judged of her as wrongly as you did, Morrison!" replied Charles Tyrrell.

Lucy had looked on with interest; and with that peculiar talent which women so eminently possess for discovering, almost by intuition, the particulars of everything that relates to love, she had formed a very accurate idea of the principal circumstances to which Charles Tyrrell alluded. Charles, who saw her face full of intelligence as he spoke, whispered a word or two to her, and without reply she glided into the next room, while he went on still addressing Morrison.

"I think, Everard," he said, "that you know me well enough to be sure that no consideration on earth, no mistaken kindness, no weak view of removing dissension, would induce me to say one word that is not strictly consonant with truth. I now tell you, and pledge you my word of honour, partly from my own personal knowledge, partly from what Hailes, here present, has told me, that you have been entirely mistaken and deceived in regard to the behaviour of Miss Longly, and here she is to answer for herself at once. It is my full opinion, Everard, that you owe her an apology, for she has suffered much and greatly for that in which she was not at all in fault."

While he was speaking, the voice of Lucy Effingham was heard persuading, though with great difficulty, Hannah Longly to come forth from the other room. She succeeded, however, in leading her out, half clinging to her for support, half drawing back in shame and apprehension.

The moment he saw her, Morrison's feelings were not indeed

changed, because it was with those very feelings that he had had to struggle, in doing what he believed to be a duty to himself, but all those feelings revived in full force at the sight of her he loved so much, and he advanced at once immediately towards her, for no eloquence that Charles Tyrrell could have used at that moment would have been half so efficacious in pleading the cause of Hannah Longly as the young lawyer's own heart. He held out his hand to her, and Hannah, with many a deep blush, put hers in his.

"What is this mistake, Hannah," he said, "which has deceived both your father and me, and made me very unhappy?"

"My father is undeceived now," said Hannah, "and so would you have been, too, if you had listened to me."

Hannah Longly seemed to feel that she had regained her power, and perhaps there was a little inclination in her heart to use it, in order to punish her lover, even for doubting her. But her heart had been chastened by adversity; and though she might have triumphed a little in former days, under such circumstances, she now checked even the inclination to do so, and determined to be happy herself in the reconciliation which she was sure would take place, and to make him so too as far as she could.

Morrison, however, felt that he was in some degree put upon his trial, and of course began his defence.

"I was told, Hannah," he said, "and told even by your father, that you had gone out secretly and alone, to meet one of the most profligate and worthless of men; a man who degraded the character of an officer in the navy to become a spy as well as an informer; to betray the very person of whose hospitality he partook, and whom you well knew, at the time you saw him, dared not set his foot within your father's doors, that you went out to meet him, I say."

"But why did I go out to meet him?" demanded Hannah, eagerly; "did they tell you that? No, Everard, because even at that time my father would not hear me; even when I did send him word, he would not believe me till he heard it from the man's own mouth. But the reason I did go was because he wrote to me to say that there was only one means of saving my father from being utterly ruined by what he called extents from the Exchequer, which I had often heard my father too speak of with apprehension. He said that there was only one means to save him, and that if I would come out to meet him at the place he mentioned, he would tell me what that means was. I was foolish to believe him, I acknowledge; but I saw by what had taken place on the very day I got his note, by poor William Hailes, and all the rest, being dragged away to prison, how much power he had to do harm when he liked it;

and I did go to meet him, I acknowledge: but when he told me that the only means to save my father, was to go with him to Guernsey, to be married to him there ——" She looked steadily in the young lawyer's face for a moment, and then added, "when he told me this, I thought of Everard Morrison; and I refused to go, let the consequences to me and mine be what they would. I may have been foolish, Everard, I know I have been silly and weak in many things, but in this, at least, I do not think I was in the wrong."

Morrison threw his arms round her, and kissed her cheek.

"I have done you wrong, Hannah," he said, "I have done you wrong! I want no confirmation of your story but your own word. I believe you fully, and I beg your pardon for ever having doubted you."

"You may have confirmation enough, Master Morrison," said Hailes, "for I heard that young scoundrel acknowledge the whole of the story just before he ——"

Charles Tyrrell held up his finger, quickly exclaiming, "Hush!" and Hailes remembering that neither Hannah herself, nor Lucy, nor the maid, were acquainted with the facts to which he was about to allude, paused abruptly, only adding, "well, I heard him acknowledge it every word, that's enough, and so did Captain Longly."

"And I heard a portion of it, though not the whole," said Charles Tyrrell, "from the officer of the cutter, who told me that if it had not been for his interposition, that young scoundrel would have forced her down to the boat."

"And I," added Hannah, "can produce the letter which he wrote to me, if you are at all incredulous, Everard; a letter that he dare not deny."

"He'll not deny or acknowledge anything more," muttered Hailes to himself; and Everard replied—

"I am not at all incredulous, dear Hannah, I believe every word you speak, and I will try to make amends for ever having doubted you."

There now came a momentary pause. Hailes looked at Charles Tyrrell, saying—

"I think we had better be getting under way, sir. We have lost a good deal of time, and the ship is lying-to for you."

As he spoke, the poor fellow turned his eyes upon his children, the one still sleeping on the bed, the other as much awake as ever; and then, going into the inner room to kiss the infant that was in its cradle, he came out with his eyes somewhat red. He then stooped down and spoke a few words in a low tone to his eldest boy, kissed his forehead, and prayed God to bless him.

The boy, who seemed to understand it all, was drowned in tears; but he spoke calmly to his father, saying—

"I would rather have gone with you, father; but if I can help my mother, of course I will stay."

"Who's to take care of the others, Jem," said his father, "till your mother comes back? Look to them well, Jem, and be a good boy, and I'll very soon come back to you, or you shall come to me. Now stay here every one, while I and Mr.—that is Sir Charles Tyrrell—go and get the boat fully afloat."

Charles accompanied him at once. The moon had gone down when they issued forth upon the beach; the sun had not risen, and though there was some slight gray streaks upon the horizon's edge towards the east, the scene was all in darkness, for a slight haze prevented even the stars from being seen, so that it was in vain that Charles and his companion gazed out on either side along the beach, to ascertain if it were now solitary. They found the boat very nearly afloat, and seeing that a slight effort was all that was required to launch it into the waves, they returned immediately for Lucy and the maid.

The small packages which they had brought with them, with some different articles of dress belonging to Charles Tyrrell, which Everard Morrison had the forethought to prepare and send to the cottage, were first brought down and thrown into the boat, and then pressing Morrison's hand, Charles Tyrrell bade him good-bye, and left him to escort Hannah at once to her own home, without waiting at the cottage, lest the departure of the boat should attract attention, and the cottage be searched.

Lucy had been very much agitated in parting with her mother; but, perhaps, the most agitating moment of all had now arrived, when she had to quit her native land; to bid adieu to every former scene and association, to break the tie between herself and all that she had loved and cherished in the former portion of her existence; to begin a new and unknown state of being, with clouds of the darkest hue and most threatening character in every part of the sky. Though she did not weep, she trembled violently as Charles Tyrrell led her down to the beach.

Her maid was very much agitated too; but the woman was blessed with one of those minds which have a consolation in trifles, and a packet missing, for which she had to run back to the cottage, was an inestimable benefit to her.

When they reached the margin of the sea, Charles took Lucy in his arms like a child, and carried her through the water to the boat. Hailes performed the same office for the maid, and then the good fisherman lingered for a moment, once more to kiss and call a blessing on his boy.

But a sound that he heard upon the beach caused him to cut his farewell short. It was that of a quick step coming

along the shingles, and the form of a man was clearly discerned, running with all speed towards them. The fisherman ran into the water to the boat as fast as possible, and he and Charles Tyrrell using their united strength to push her off, she was afloat in a moment. The boy had run back to the cottage, but the man who had been seen approaching came up at full speed shouting—

"Boat, ahoy! boat, ahoy! I want to go off to the ship."

"Perhaps he really does," said Charles Tyrrell.

"Push off, push off!" said Hailes, in a low voice, and with an agitated manner; but then immediately shouted in a louder tone, "I'll take you when I come back again;" but still, while the boat got rapidly out to sea, he looked towards the shore, and then, much to the surprise of Charles Tyrrell, said, "He's not coming! he's not coming!"

"He's not coming!" echoed Charles Tyrrell. "What do you mean, Hailes; he would be drowned?"

Hailes made no answer, and Charles Tyrrell applied himself to comfort and support his fair Lucy. Agitation, terror, and sorrow, had by this time completely overpowered her, and while Charles supported her with his arm, and held her hand in his, she leaned her head upon his bosom, and for several minutes indulged in silent tears. The sea, however, was by no means rough; the gray of the morning was changed into purple; the haze which had obscured the sky cleared away, and a bright star was seen walking in beauty before the coming sun.

"Look, dear Lucy, look!" said Charles Tyrrell, pointing to the star on which she turned her dewy eyes at his bidding, "surely that is hope!"

CHAPTER XX.

The sun had risen high, the day was bright and beautiful, the green sea was just curled by a light breeze, and the schooner (of which, by the way, Captain Longly was undoubtedly a principal owner) skimmed quickly but easily over the waters. Having no nautical knowledge, we shall leave all the particulars of the sailing of the ship to the imagination of our readers, which in all probability will do much more for it than anything that we could do, and confine our attention solely to the persons in whose fate we have already endeavoured to interest the world.

Charles Tyrrell and Lucy had been received by the master of the schooner with every sort of bluff attention and respect. A high price had been agreed upon for their passage; a strong recommendation had come from the much reverenced Captain Longly, and Lucy and her lover now sat together near the

side of the vessel, while the maid below, with a predetermination of being sick, was indulging her fancy in that respect, and good John Hailes walked up and down the deck as a passenger, and for the first time in his life perhaps, turned his eyes to the receding shores of his native land with grief, regret, and hopelessness.

When they had thus gone on some way, and their escape seemed perfectly certain, Charles Tyrrell beckoned Hailes towards him, and spoke to him for a moment in a low voice. The man replied aloud—

"Oh! yes, yes, sir, certainly. God bless you, sir! we are grateful to you a great deal, for having hidden the matter for such a time, at the risk of your own life, to wish you to hide it any longer. Both I and Captain Longly told Master Morrison to say, you might do just as you pleased, but I'm sure my young lady here ought to know. I wonder you did not tell her before."

"I had taken the resolution," replied Charles Tyrrell, "not to tell any body one word till either I was out of England, or you and Longly were. But, however, I may tell her now without any breach of confidence."

He then resumed his seat by Lucy Effingham, and told her for the first time the history of his adventures on that day, when, after a violent dispute with his father, he left Sir Francis in the library and hurried away into the park, as we have before shown.

The tale is not very long, but it required various other little incidents to be mingled with it, and we shall not relate it, therefore, exactly in Charles Tyrrell's own words, but endeavour to abbreviate it as much as possible.

While lying ill at the cottage of Hailes, the fisherman, Charles Tyrrell had been as kindly tended by Hannah Longly as by any other of the inhabitants of the fisherman's abode, and as he recovered he heard from Hailes himself a considerable part of her history, which he instantly connected in his own mind with what the officer of the revenue cutter had told him concerning Lieutenant Hargrave's attempt to carry her off. He found that she was now an exile from the house of her father, whose indignation at her having listened for a moment to a spy and an informer, as he termed young Hargrave, was so great, that he vowed she should never enter his doors again. Nothing was said respecting Everard Morrison; and Charles Tyrrell, believing that although Hannah might possibly have acted rather imprudently, she was not near so much to blame as to call upon her head so severe a punishment, determined to do what he could to reconcile Longly to his daughter, by telling him what he had heard of her conduct from the officer of the revenue cutter.

As soon as he was well enough to ride out, he visited Longly's house several times, but found his undertaking much more difficult to accomplish than he had anticipated. Sometimes Longly could not be found, and at another time there was somebody else present; and even when Charles, at length, had an opportunity of speaking with him in private, he met with a far greater degree of stern and dogged resistance in the old sailor than he had expected.

From him, however, he learned two things somewhat important in their way; in the first place, that Lieutenant Hargrave had been hovering round that neighbourhood ever since the duel; which fact confirmed his suspicions as to the quarter whence his father, Sir Francis Tyrrell, had derived intelligence of an event which was unknown in Oxford; and in the second place, that on the very day previous to her meeting with young Hargrave, Hannah had received and accepted a proposal from his own friend, Everard Morrison, with which her father had been highly delighted.

Captain Longly, however, now swore that he would not let her marry an honest man like Morrison, even if Everard himself were still inclined to take her; and there were mingled with Longly's speeches, in regard to him he called that Jackanapes Hargrave, dark hints of some purposes of revenge upon him, which somewhat alarmed Charles Tyrrell.

To interfere between Everard and Hannah was a thing that Charles Tyrrell would never have dreamed of attempting, unless fully and entirely convinced that she had not behaved ill. But still he laboured hard to reconcile her to her father, feeling that the harshness of his conduct was likely to drive her to evil by despair.

He seemed to make some impression upon Longly at length, and ere he left him the day before the fatal catastrophe of the death of Sir Francis Tyrrell, the old captain shook him heartily by the hand, and thanked him for what he had done.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Tyrrell," he said, "I am going to send down to John Hailes, at whose house the girl is this afternoon, and I'll hear what Hailes says about the matter; so you see, I'm coming up close to the park to-morrow, about a little business, and if you'll meet me just at the park-stile, at half-past eleven o'clock, exactly, I'll tell you the last word of my mind, as you take an interest in the silly girl. Mind don't be later than half-past eleven, for I've got business to settle in a quarter of an hour or so afterwards, and must be off."

Charles Tyrrell promised; and as it struck him that if Longly and his daughter could only be brought to meet again, they might easily be reconciled, he wrote a note to Hailes immediately, and sent it to his cottage, telling him of his wishes; informing him that Longly had promised to meet him at the

park-stile, and begging him to bring Hannah Longly there, in the hope of reconciling her to her father.

Two things, however, prevented Hailes from following his directions: the first of which was, that Hailes himself could not read a word of the letter, and was obliged to apply to Hannah to read it for him; and she, terrified at her father's anger, refused to go without his knowledge. The second was, that Hailes, that night, had a conversation with Longly himself, which precluded the possibility of his obeying. That conversation, though we certainly cannot do full justice to it, we shall attempt to give, at least in part, as it was somewhat curious and characteristic.

"Well, old John Hailes," said Longly, as soon as the other entered his abode, "I want you to lend a hand in a matter to-morrow, that, mayhap, you never meddled with before in your life."

"What is it, captain?" demanded Hailes. "Anything that I can do to serve you, I'm sure I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Why, the matter is this, Hailes," said Longly, "I'll not live a minute longer than I can help without having my revenge on that fellow Hargrave; and I'm resolved to have satisfaction, like a gentleman. Why shouldn't I, as well as another, though I fought my own ship and he fought the king's, and d—d badly too, if all stories were true. However, I know well enough that if I were to sit down like another and write him a note, saying, 'Mr. Longly's compliments to Lieutenant Hargrave, looks upon him as a scoundrel, and will be obliged to him to give him satisfaction,' he'd shirk the business, and talk about his being a king's officer; so I just copied out what I saw in a newspaper, and sent him, saying, 'If Lieutenant Hargrave will be under the park-wall of Sir Francis Tyrrell's park, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, precisely, he will hear of something to his advantage;' and I wrote down below, 'If he doesn't like coming alone he can bring a friend with him.' I gave it to a shrewd boy to carry, and told him not to tell him who it came from; and the little rascal made up a story for himself, and told him it was a lady had given it to him. So he'll come, you may be sure, Hailes, and if once I get him under the park-wall, he shall have his choice of the pistols, and stand a long-shot, or I'll know the reason why. So I want you, John, to come and be a witness, and see that I do everything fair, and let him have his shot before I take mine."

Hailes agreed, very willingly, to go; for without attempting to define the idea in his own mind, of absolutely killing Lieutenant Hargrave, the good fisherman could not have conceived a more pleasurable excursion than one, the object of which

was to punish a person whom he considered as a most odious villain.

The matter was all arranged, and Longly set out, to be at the park-stile, which was at some distance from the spot he had appointed for the meeting with Hargrave, in time to hold the conference he proposed with Charles Tyrrell.

That gentleman, as we have seen, was delayed some time by the dispute with his father, and some time longer by finding the door of the garden, through which he had intended to take his way, locked, and the key taken out, instead of being, as usual, wide open. When he arrived at the park-stile, then, he found nobody on the spot; but he heard some voices talking loudly, at some distance, and fearing that Hannah and her father had met, without any person present who might have sufficient influence to bring about a reconciliation between them, he hastened on, as fast as possible, towards the spot from which the sounds appeared to come.

What was his surprise, when, on arriving at the ground, he found Longly, with a pistol in one hand, insisting upon Lieutenant Hargrave taking the other, which he held out to him, and John Hailes, standing by, with the pistol-case, an extraordinary and not very expert second. Hargrave was as pale as death, and as Charles came up, he heard him say—

"Sir, your design is to murder me, I see it clearly; to murder me for doing my duty as a British officer, and giving information of a gang of smugglers, of which you are the head. You may commit the murder, if you will; but it shall be all upon your head; for I will not countenance it by taking the pistol. I have done my duty, and that is enough; and I must take the consequences."

"Come, come, Master Lieutenant, that won't do!" replied Captain Longly. "What I demand satisfaction for is for nothing to do with the smuggling, but for coming to my house and trying to seduce my daughter, and making her go away to meet you in the wood."

"I declare to heaven!" cried young Hargrave, "she's as innocent as you are."

"Ay, ay, innocent enough, I dare say," replied Longly; "if I thought she wasn't I'd pitch her into the sea. But it's not for want of your trying to make her otherwise, and that's what I demand satisfaction for."

"You demand satisfaction!" cried Hargrave, his blood beginning to get up; "what right have you to ask for satisfaction of a king's officer? Oh! here is Mr. Tyrrell, come, I suppose, to aid and abet in this business."

But Longly replied at once, without taking any notice of Charles Tyrrell for the moment—

"What right have I to demand satisfaction!" he said, look-

ing for the time really dignified, "I'll tell you what right I have, Mr. Hargrave; first, I have fought the enemies of my country oftener and better than yourself; next, you have come, of your own good-will, to dine at my table; you have borrowed money out of my purse; you have shaken my hand, and owned that I was a good friend to you; and if I was good enough to be your friend when you behaved well, I am quite good enough to be your adversary now that you have behaved ill; so you shan't slink off under your quality, like a lousy Dutch lugger under British colours. Mr. Tyrrell, you didn't come to your time; but I'll talk to you in a minute, after I've settled with this fellow."

"Longly, Longly! think what you are doing," said Charles Tyrrell, coming up closer, "you are very much in the wrong, depend upon it."

"Why do you, too, mean to say that I am not as much entitled to satisfaction as any gentleman amongst you all?" demanded Longly. "I'll tell you what, Mr. Tyrrell ——"

But Charles Tyrrell interrupted him.

"I do not mean to say that you have no right. If we have a title to make fools of ourselves at all, I'm sure I do not see why one person should not do it as well as another; but the matter is this, Longly; here, in the case of Mr. Hargrave you have two offences mingled up together, and you never can separate them, either in your mind or in the eye of the law. He, I understand, informed against you in regard to some matter of smuggling, which has not been proved; and though he may have behaved very ill in other respects, yet, depend upon it, it will always be considered that you sought revenge for that offence, and if you shoot him, you'll be hung, to a certainty."

"I don't care a ——," replied Longly; "I say it's about his conduct to my daughter that I've brought him here, and he shall fight me, or I and John Hailes here will turn him round, and kick him from this spot to the town, and all down High Street, which will be a pleasant thing, won't it, for one of the king's officers, as he calls himself? So you may stay, and see it if you like, for what I've said I'll do."

"Oh, I shall certainly not stay a moment longer!" replied Charles Tyrrell. "I cannot prevent you; but I have warned you how wrong you are; and turning on his heel he walked back towards the stile over which he had come, just as Lieutenant Hargrave, who was growing angry, was chiming in with a reply not at all likely to soothe the indignation of the other.

Before Charles Tyrrell had gone a hundred yards, however, he heard some one exclaim, "Make ready! present! fire!" which was instantly followed by the discharge of a pistol. He could not resist the temptation to turn round and look, and he

beheld Longly and his adversary standing at the distance of about twelve yards from each other. A pistol was in Lieutenant Hargrave's hand, and his arm dropped by his side, as if he had just discharged it. At the same time Longly's arm was extended, and at the very moment that Charles Tyrrell turned round, there came a flash from the pistol, a quick report, and Lieutenant Hargrave staggered, fell upon his knee, struggled up again, and then fell back at full length upon the ground.

Charles immediately ran up, and joined Longly and Hailes, who had gathered round the body. The unfortunate young man drew one or two convulsive gasps after Charles Tyrrell arrived, but he uttered not a word; and though he once or twice opened his eyes, it was evidently with no consciousness of anything that surrounded him. In a moment after he gave a sharp shudder, the small remains of colour in his once florid countenance was succeeded by an awful ashy paleness; and though it was afterwards found, as we have seen from Hailes's account, that he revived twice before the spirit finally departed, Charles Tyrrell and his companions were fully convinced that he was dead at that very time.

They all gazed on him for a moment as he lay stretched upon the grass, and then Longly turned to the young gentleman, saying—

"Now, Mr. Tyrrell, if you think as you did just now, you have nothing to do but to go and send down people to take us up. As for any wrong I've done, my heart's at rest; I've given him the first shot at myself, and if he was such a fool and such a coward as not to be able to hit such a great grampus as I am, that's not my fault. But he's had fair play and a good distance; and so help me God! when I come to lie like him, as I have thought of nothing throughout this morning but his shameful conduct to my poor motherless girl; so now, go if you will, and send down constables for us; for if I'm to be hanged, I've had something for it at least."

"No, no, Longly," replied Charles Tyrrell, holding out his hand to him; "I will betray no man, and give you my honour, unless I am put upon my oath against you, will never say one word of what I have seen this day. I am sorry for you, Longly, for I fear the time will come that you will bitterly repent what you have done."

"Not I, not I!" replied Longly; "I have done nothing but what's right, and what he well deserved; but I always knew you were a gentleman and a man of honour, Mr. Tyrrell, and I'm very much obliged to you, for you see, if you hold your tongue, nobody need know anything about this business. There's a man here, living not many hundred yards off, in whom I can trust; and if we can but get the body there with-

out being caught, we can stow it away, and nothing more be said about it."

A slight shudder came over Charles Tyrrell's frame, and he replied—

"With that, of course, I can have nothing to do, Longly, but in everything else you may depend upon me. I will in no degree betray you, for I feel for you, even though I think you are wrong."

"No, no," replied Longly; "of course you can have nothing to do with the business, so the sooner you are gone the better. God bless you, sir, and make you happy!"

And without reply Charles Tyrrell turned once more, and hurrying along under the park wall, re-entered the domain, not by the stile at which he was to have met Longly, but by that which led to the end of the Lady-walk. With his mind filled with painful images from what he had seen, he returned to the house and traversed the library, as we have before seen, without speaking to Mr. Driesen, or indeed holding communication with any one, till he had entered his own room and locked the door, that he might have a few minutes to calm his mind, and think without interruption over what had occurred.

He had remained there for some time before he perceived that in raising up the head and shoulders of the unhappy young man, whom he had just seen slain, both his hands and shooting-jacket had been stained with blood; and though he did not think it necessary to take any means of removing the spots from the shooting-jacket, he washed his hands with a feeling of horror and disgust at finding them dabbled all over with human gore.

He had scarcely finished when Mr. Driesen knocked at the door, and feeling himself perfectly innocent, he opened it without hesitation. Of the affair between Longly and young Hargrave he heard no more, till he himself became the tenant of a prison. But the news of what had occurred at Harbury Park spread through the country, and was bruited in all the newspapers. Before two days were over Longly found that Charles had suffered a verdict of "wilful murder" to be returned against him; and had allowed himself to be carried to prison, rather than declare where he had spent that time which he, Longly, himself could but too well account for; and moreover, that his hands and coat had appeared stained with blood, which he, Longly, himself had shed.

As soon as this was known to him, he sent off for young Morrison, and the result we have already seen.

Such was the tale that Charles Tyrrell had to tell to Lucy Effingham, as she sat beside him on the deck of the vessel; and in telling it, though he softened some of the circumstances

as far as possible, and entered into none of the minute details which had pained and horrified himself, he told her enough to agitate her by very different emotions; by joy and satisfaction to find that there existed a power of proving his innocence beyond all doubt, yet mingled with horror and dismay by his account of scenes, into the passions producing which, a gentle woman's heart could but feebly enter.

CHAPTER XXI.

The morning passed over brightly and tranquilly; the sea was calm, the sky, with the exception of a few faint gray streaks scattered about it in different directions, was quite clear, the wind favourable, though not full, and nothing was seen over the face of the ocean but a few scattered fishing-boats, and the distant gleam of white sails making their way to various points upon the horizon. There was a quietness in the scene, a peaceful mildness in the aspect of the treacherous sea, which brought a calm to the bosom of Lucy Effingham and Charles Tyrrell. They felt as if the time which had passed before, had been a period of turmoil and vexation, of grief, care, and anguish, and as if now had begun another state: as if this was the first day of a tranquil existence.

Towards three o'clock, however, not exactly to windward, but somewhat more to the south-east, the blue of the sky, which had extended at first clear and distinct from the zenith to the horizon, began to change to a sort of lead colour, as it approached the verge of the sea. As the time went on, it grew deeper and deeper in hue, not separate and defined from the rest of the sky, but blending into the blue as it approached the zenith, yet at the height of a few degrees above the waves presenting the colour of a dark cloud. Across this, too, there began to appear small detached masses of a cloud of a different colour, a whitish or silvery gray; and Hailes and the captain, who had passed the greater part of the day in walking up and down the deck, side by side, paused and looked out in that direction several times, commenting on what they saw with laconic briefness.

Another object, however, soon after attracted their attention, which was a vessel right to windward, with all sails set, and coming up apparently with a much stronger breeze than they themselves possessed. The captain of the ship watched the coming vessel for a minute or two through his telescope, and then handed it to Hailes, who watched her accurately also for some time, and then replied to something that the master had said to him, "Yes, she is," and added a very unnecessary oath.

The captain again took the glass, and after having resumed

his examination for some time, he turned round and gave orders for making more sail. These orders were promptly obeyed, and ere they had been executed long, the wind began to freshen. The sea at the same time became somewhat rougher, and the schooner cut through the water with far greater rapidity.

Charles Tyrrell began to be a little apprehensive, judging from what he remarked, that the captain found greater reason to hurry his voyage, than he had at first anticipated. Leaving Lucy for a moment, he approached Hailes, and asked him, in a low tone, what vessel that was they had been looking at.

"She is the revenue cutter," said Hailes; "at least I think so, by the cut of her sails."

"Is there any chance of her coming up with us?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh! bless you, no, sir;" replied he. "As for sailing, we'll out-sail any cutter in the service; but I've heard say, that she'll go nearer to the wind than any vessel that ever was seen, and you see it's looking a little dirty to the south-east."

Charles returned to Lucy, not more at ease than before; but she seemed to have no idea of danger, and feeling no sickness, enjoyed the sight of the waves dashing past the schooner's sides, as she cut her way straight through the midst of them. Charles Tyrrell, of course, said nothing to rouse her apprehensions; but he could not refrain, from time to time, from turning his eyes to the vessel that was following, and which he felt sure was gaining upon them in some degree. As the wind freshened every moment, however, and more sail was set, the schooner made greater and greater way through the water; but the motion of the vessel was greatly increased, and the captain advised the young lady to go below. Lucy assured him that she was very well; but he replied—

"You'll soon have to go down, ma'am however; for I think it'll rain before night; ay, and very soon too."

The captain's words were prophetic, for ere half an hour more was over it did begin to rain, blowing at the same time very hard, so that the spray was dashed over the whole deck, and rendered it no longer a pleasant station for a lady.

As it now wanted not long to night, Lucy agreed to go down into the cabin, though the heat below was oppressive, and she felt a greater degree of confidence and security when she saw what was passing around her. She gave way to no weak fears, however, though the novelty of her situation, the extreme motion of the vessel, the gale that was beginning to blow hard upon shore, and various other circumstances which she might have remarked, might well have afforded cause for apprehension to a person by nature less timid than herself. But Lucy had, as we have said, much command over her own mind; and

though her imagination was quick, she would not suffer it to dwell upon any circumstances that might unnerve her; but, both for the sake of Charles Tyrrell and herself, would give way to nothing but hope, unless it were that more confident trust in Providence which never abandoned her.

After remaining with her some time in the cabin, which was rendered less pleasant, or rather more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been, by the piteous sighings and groanings of the maid, Charles Tyrrell went again upon deck, to see how everything was going on. He found both Hailes and the master looking somewhat anxious, and on questioning the former more closely, he found that the vessel, which was still distinctly to be seen following, was ascertained to be the revenue cutter, and that she was decidedly in chase of them. The wind had shifted a little, and blew stronger than ever, and though we cannot describe the manœuvre which the king's ship was performing in the proper nautical language, yet we can tell the impression which Hailes's account produced upon the mind of Charles Tyrrell, and which was, that the cutter, by some peculiar quality in her sailing, was trying to get out farther to sea than the schooner, and to keep her nearer the land with a lee shore and a strong wind.

Hailes, however, rubbed his hands when he concluded his account, saying—

"We'll beat them yet; for you can see this schooner will go through what they can't go through, for the life of them."

Charles Tyrrell, however, went down to Lucy with a heavy heart. He saw evidently that greater danger and discomforts were awaiting his course than he had anticipated, and he blamed himself severely for having persuaded Lucy to take a share in the fate likely to befall him.

It was now beginning to turn dark, the ship was heeling fearfully with the press of canvass and the strength of the wind, and it was impossible for Lucy to conceal from herself that it was blowing a gale, that they were going with the most tremendous rapidity, and that there was a terrible sea running.

Charles endeavoured to amuse her as much as he could, and talked upon every subject that he thought would interest her, speaking with hope and expectation of the morrow, and pointing tenderly, and yet ardently, to the time when she should become his own, and the happiness of each be linked for ever with that of the other. Of course this was the subject of all others the most likely to interest them both; but still he could not help seeing that sometimes, when a sharp sea struck the ship, and made every timber in the whole frame thereof quiver, Lucy fixed an anxious gaze upon his face, as if she would fain have inquired, 'Is there any danger?'

At length, towards nine o'clock, he said—

"Well, dear Lucy! I will go up and see how we are going on. It is a very rough night for so young a sailor as you are; but do not be alarmed, my beloved; I feel confident that we shall get through it all."

On arriving upon the deck, Charles found the night indeed tremendous. It was raining hard, the wind was coming in sharp, heavy gusts, the shore was seen distinctly within no very great distance of the ship, and the schooner itself was bounding on through the waters like some terrified bird cutting through the air in full flight. The night was not so dark as might have been expected, however; for the full moon, though hidden by the clouds, still gave some degree of light, and Charles Tyrrell, looking out for the vessel which he had seen in chase of them, thought he could distinguish it farther out to sea than that which bore him; but much nearer than it had appeared before.

He had scarcely been five minutes upon the deck, however, when he was confirmed in the supposition, by a bright flash seen in that direction, followed by the heavy roar of a cannon, mingling with the sobbing of the wind.

"Ay, fire away," said Hailes, "fire away! We'll see you at the bottom first. This is an awkward job, Mr. Tyrrell," he said; "a devilish awkward job!"

"It's a terrible night, indeed," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but do you think there is any immediate danger of the ship?"

"Oh! it's not the night at all," replied Hailes. "It's bad enough, to be sure; but I've gone through twenty worse nights than this; but it is that cursed cutter. You see, all we could do, she's got the better of us. If we can get round the Nose, you see, and across the bay, without getting aground on the spit, we shall do well enough, and send her to the devil. But the wind's blowing dead ashore. She can go far nearer to the wind than we can, and I doubt very much whether she won't drive us into the bay; and there, you know, she has us safe."

"And what is to be done, then?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Why, that is what I don't know, sir," replied Hailes; "but I think you had better come and speak to the captain, and ask him. He's at the wheel."

Charles Tyrrell accordingly walked up with Hailes, and put his question as briefly as possible; for he saw that all the master's energies were at work, and required also, in the steering of the ship.

"What is to be done, captain?" he said.

"Why, upon my soul, sir!" replied the captain, "I don't know. I've done my best for you, and no man can do more.

I've risked the ship in a way she was never risked before. If we get round the Nose, I am afraid it's all that we can possibly do. Unless the wind changes within ten minutes, I see no chance whatever of getting across the bay. Give me two points to the eastward, and I will do it, if all the cutters in the world were to try to stop me; but with the wind where it now is, the thing's next to impossible."

"But if you are driven into the bay," said Charles Tyrrell, "let me know what ——?"

"The only thing for you to do, sir," said the captain, "will be, to get into the boat with the lady and Hailes, land as fast as possible, and get across the headland to the little town of Wrexton, as early as possible to-morrow morning. I will lie to in the bay all night. The next morning the cutter'll send her boats aboard, and make a search, but your being out of the ship, I don't care, for I've got no cargo; and then, as soon as that is over, and she's sailed, I'll come round, and lay to off Wrexton for you."

"Then do you think," said Charles Tyrrell, "that the ship is in pursuit of me?"

"To be sure, sir; to be sure!" replied the captain. "The smuggling is the thing they'll talk about, but it's you they're after, for they know very well I've no cargo. Mayhap, indeed, they think Captain Longly's on board, knowing that he's a part owner, and looking after him very sharp, I understand just now."

"Breakers a-head! breakers a-head!" cried a loud voice from the bow of the vessel, and the captain slightly depressed the wheel.

"I'll talk to you in a minute, sir," he said, and Charles Tyrrell, looking forward, saw that indeed it was a moment when the whole attention of the man at the helm was required to steer the vessel in safety. Right before the ship was a long ridge of white foam, stretching out far into the sea, while on the leeward bow there was, indeed, a space where no such formidable appearance presented itself; but then, at a distance, so short that it appeared scarcely a hundred yards from the schooner, rose, in the shape of a promontory, a pile of gigantic black cliffs to the north-west, against which the waves were dashing with fearful violence, and sending up the foam in white flashes over the dark, awful face of the rock. The wind was still blowing a gale from the south, and the ship heeling so, that even the sailors could not keep their feet without holding; the deck of the vessel was literally under water, as she cut through, rather than rose over, the waves, and straight on upon the breakers the captain seemed to be directing their course.

Not a word was now spoken by any one, and it was an awful

moment, till at length the loud voice of the captain shouted forth: "Now stand to your tackle!"

The roaring of the breakers a-head, and the dashing of the waves upon the cliffs to the south, was distinctly heard above the howling of the wind; but as the captain spoke, by a rapid movement of his hands upon the wheel the course of the vessel was altered, her head brought round more to the rock, and, shooting through the deep water like an arrow from a bow, she left the breakers to windward, and neared the point of the promontory.

There was another anxious pause, as she cut her way, on coming nearer and nearer to the rock; but the captain's eye was fixed upon it, and rushing on with awful rapidity, she passed at what seemed less than half a cable's length; and to the relief of all who watched, the line of coast on the other side of the promontory was seen running off to the north-east, in the form of a deep and sheltered bay.

"There!" said the captain, when the point was rounded: "there! There is not a vessel on this coast would have done that but the Hannah. Here, Tom, take the helm!" and without resuming his conversation with Charles Tyrrell, he took a night glass, and looked out to windward after the cutter.

"Well, it is wonderful!" he said, at length; "I can't think it natural to see anything going almost right in the teeth of the wind. But I can tell that fellow what, if he have not got the devil on board, he'll be upon the Hog's Back before an hour's over. Howsoever, sir," he continued, turning to his passenger, "there is no time to be lost for you. As soon as we get a little under the lee of the land, I'll have the boat out, to take you, and Hailes, and the lady, ashore. Get away across the country, as quickly as you can, to Wrexton. There you'll find a little bit of an inn, where you can stay till I send the boat for you again. Better go down and tell her, for five minutes will bring us into smooth water; and if that fellow clears the Hog's Back, which I don't think he will, he'll be overhauling us as soon as he gets into the bay."

Charles Tyrrell needed no second bidding, but hurried down to prepare Lucy for this new change. He found her pale and agitated, but still firm, and ready to follow at once any wish that he might express. While left alone in solitude to her own thoughts, everything around her had, indeed, appeared terrific; the rushing and dashing of the waves against the side of the ship, the excessive heeling of the vessel, the frequent strokes of the waves, which seemed as if they would have rent her from stem to stern, the howling of the wind, the rattling of the cordage, had all been heard, as she sat and listened, and had filled her mind with apprehensions of the darkest character.

All this reconciled her, however, wonderfully to the idea of landing again so speedily. Already the water was smoother and the wind less felt, and she hurried the few preparations that were necessary, desiring the maid to rise and accompany her, which she doubted not that she would do with the greatest alacrity and willingness. The woman, however, showed not the slightest inclination to stir. Overpowered with sea-sickness, the most selfish of all maladies, she said she could not rise, and she would not; and if she were to die, that she would rather lie and die where she was than go in a little boat at that time of night and be drowned.

There was no time to argue with her, for the sound of lowering the boat was already heard, and Charles supported Lucy up to the deck, while Hailes loaded himself with those things which were absolutely necessary to her comfort.

When they arrived upon the deck of the ship, the whole scene was comparatively tranquil: sheltered from the force of the winds by the high lands, forming one side of the bay which we have before mentioned, the schooner was running along rapidly indeed, but easily; the sea was much calmer, and the rain had ceased. It was oppressively warm, and the clouds, rolling together in large masses, seemed to portend a thunder-storm, but still they occasionally broke away, and afforded, from time to time, a glimpse of the moon, setting large and dark-coloured, on the western verge of the horizon.

Few words were spoken by any party, and as the boat was by this time alongside, Charles Tyrrell led Lucy towards it, and with the aid of Hailes and the captain, placed her safely in it without much difficulty; though the sea would have looked terrific to any eyes which had not immediately before contemplated that which was running on the outside of the bay.

She was scarcely seated, and agitated a good deal by the darkness, the pitching of the boat, and all the appalling circumstances around her, when the sudden sound of a cannon came booming over the water. Lucy started, and turned to Charles Tyrrell, as if for explanation.

"We are just in time, my beloved," he said; "that is I suppose a shot to bring the schooner to;" but ere the men in the boat had rowed a hundred yards, a second gun was heard, and then another shortly after, and Hailes was heard to mutter to himself—

"That's the cutter upon the Hog's Back, or I never heard minute guns before! Serves them right; serves them right! They wanted to run us ashore, and now they've got ashore themselves."

Charles Tyrrell made no observation, for he could not but feel pain and anxiety at the thought of the king's vessel, and

all that it contained, having struck upon the awful reef which they had passed so closely. He knew, too, that Lucy would feel the same, and he therefore refrained from explaining the probable cause of the sounds that they heard, which were repeated from minute to minute, as the boat rowed on towards the shore.

Every stroke of the oars, however, as the boat entered a little bay within the larger one, brought them into smoother water, and at length, when they were a few oars' length off the shore, no one would have known that a storm was raging over the open sea. had it not been for the rapid moving of the clouds, chequered dimly with light and darkness in the sky overhead, and the sharp whistling of the wind, which made itself heard above the cliffs.

Their landing was therefore effected with ease and safety, and Lucy could not help acknowledging to her own heart that she was relieved and rejoiced, even more than she had expected, on finding her foot once more upon the firm land.

"Now, you know your way to Alcombe, Master Hailes," said one of the men in the boat; "you can't well miss it."

Hailes only replied by an "Ay, ay!" and the boat pushed off again as fast as possible towards the ship.

CHAPTER XXII.

True love is an unselfish passion; or, at all events—if the painful doctrine of some philosophers be correct, and there be no affection of the human mind without its share of selfishness—true love partakes thereof as little or less than any other passion, and that share of selfishness which it does admit is of the noblest and most refined kind. Yet we are inclined to believe that it is without selfishness; for we cannot understand such a thing as being selfish by proxy. It is, in fact, a contradiction in terms; and when we love another so well as to be willing, ready, desirous of sacrificing our convenience, our comfort, our safety, our happiness, ourselves for them, we may admit the doctrine, that it gives us greater satisfaction to do so than not, without admitting that we are selfish in so feeling.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, and Charles Tyrrell sat with Lucy under the shelter of a projecting piece of rock, half-way up the face of one of those cliffs which are common upon that coast, not very difficult of ascent or descent, though enormously high, and presenting perpendicular faces of rock in many parts. They are broken, at various parts, by green flat slopes, by occasional trees and bushes, and by steps or paths of sufficient breadth to enable two, if not three people, to walk abreast.

The road which Hailes was to have taken towards the little village called Alcombe, passed up one of these paths, along the face of the cliff. He had followed it more than once in former years, and had imagined that he remembered it still; but such had not been the case; and after going on for some time, the whole party found that they were decidedly astray. Lucy, by this time, was exhausted and fatigued; and it was at length determined that, while she sat and rested herself, Hailes should go on and endeavour to discover the right path. This was rendered the more necessary by the coming on of the thunder-storm, which had been threatening all night. The rain had only ceased for a time to come down in greater torrents, and was now mingled with vivid flashes of lightning, illuminating the whole bay. The thunder, probably, would not have been very loud, but it was echoed, and re-echoed, by the cliffs and rocks around. While Charles Tyrrell, after having found a place in which some projecting shelves of rock afforded Lucy a shelter from the rain, sat beside her, and held her to his heart, striving to cheer her with all that hope or fancy could suggest to brighten the future, he thought not of himself, he thought not of the dangers of his own situation, he thought of her alone; of all the perils, and fatigues, and anxieties, to which she had exposed herself for his sake; for her he looked forward to the future with apprehension and anguish, and a thousand and a thousand times he cursed himself for having given way to the spirit which tempted him to ask her to accompany him.

Lucy spoke little, for her heart was really very much depressed. She felt as if the cup were not yet fully drained, as if there were more bitter yet to be tasted; and her apprehensions for him she loved trebled her apprehensions for herself. She would not express any such feelings to him, but she could not expel them from her own bosom, and they spread out a cloud of sadness over her, that the moment, the scene, and the circumstances in which they were placed, were not calculated at all to dispel.

Nearly an hour and a half passed without the return of Hailes, and the day began to break dull and heavy, with the rain still pouring down in torrents, and the lightning, from time to time, flashing across the sky. Both Lucy and Charles were beginning to wonder at the fisherman's absence, and to calculate what they should do if he did not return soon, when, at length, his foot was heard coming down towards them; but he unfortunately brought them no good news.

"It is the oddest thing in the world," he said; "I can neither find Alcombe, nor any one to tell me the way, and I think I must go back to the place where we landed in order to find my road rightly. I saw a little church on the top of the hill,

some way off, but that is not it, for it lies down in the bottom of the Punch-bowl, like."

"But if there is a church," said Charles Tyrrell, "there must be houses near it, and we had better go on there, at all events, for Miss Effingham is in absolute need of some repose. After she has rested herself there for two or three hours, we can go on to the other place, Wrexton, which the captain mentioned, and perhaps can find some conveyance."

This was accordingly agreed upon; and after waiting a little, to suffer the rain to decrease, which Hailes predicted it would do before long, they took their way up to the top of the cliffs, and crossed the downs by which those cliffs were surmounted, towards a small church, which was now clearly to be seen at a little distance before them.

When they were not half a mile from it, their satisfaction was greatly increased, by seeing a group of people near the church door, and several coming in and going out; but before they reached it the whole had disappeared, taking their way apparently down the cliffs towards the sea-side. It was still raining, though not so hard as before; the ground was wet and soft, and Lucy appeared chilly and unwell, although the atmosphere was still warm and sultry; but, alas! no houses were to be seen near the church, which was one of those buildings not uncommon on the coast of England, that served both as a landmark to those at sea, and a place of worship to those on land.

"Let us go into the church, at all events, Lucy, if we find it open," said Charles. "You can rest yourself there in safety, while I and Hailes seek for some better place of shelter for you."

Lucy consented, for, to say the truth, she was too much fatigued to proceed any farther; and on approaching the church, they saw that the door was half open. Charles unclosed it entirely, and led her in.

But the first sight that presented itself made them both draw back. In the middle of the aisle two or three low benches had been put, side to side, so as to form a little sort of platform, over which was thrown a large table-cloth, brought from the vestry; but underneath that cloth was something stretched upon the benches, the outline of which was seen through the table-cloth, leaving no earthly doubt that it covered a dead body. Charles and Lucy, as we have said, both paused; but Hailes walked on, saying merely as he passed them, "It's some poor fellow who has been drowned last night in the storm. They always bring 'em to the churches in this country, and put them down just so. I should not wonder if it were one of the men out of that cursed cutter, for she's struck on the reef, I'm very sure."

So saying, he walked to the benches and pulled back the table-cloth from the dead man's face. Lucy turned away her head with a shudder, but she was suddenly startled by hearing a loud exclamation, almost amounting to a shout, from the fisherman, and by feeling Charles Tyrrell suddenly dart forward from her side, as if something very extraordinary had occurred. She, too, raised her eyes, and saw her lover standing beside the little platform, with Hailes grasping him tight by the arm, and pointing with a face as pale as death to the countenance of the dead man before them. Charles Tyrrell, too, was very pale; and notwithstanding the horror of the sight they were looking upon, she ran to his side, exclaiming—

"What is the matter, Charles? For heaven's sake! what is the matter?" but as her eyes also fell upon the face of the corpse, the words died away upon her lips, and she clung trembling to the arm of her lover; for there before them, stretched out in death, lay the form of one they had supposed to be dead many days before. It was that of Lieutenant Hargrave, calm, still, and ashy. The part of the body which Hailes had uncovered, displayed no clothing but a sailor's check shirt; but the countenance was not to be mistaken, and not little was the agitation of the poor fisherman as he gazed upon the corpse, scarcely able to persuade himself that what he beheld was real.

No one spoke for several minutes, till at length Hailes put forth his hand and touched the body with his finger; and then, as if Sir Charles Tyrrell had been affected by the same fancies as himself, he turned round, and said in a low voice—

"It is flesh and blood, nevertheless!"

"Certainly," replied Charles Tyrrell; "it is very extraordinary: there can be no doubt."

"Well, hang me!" replied Hailes, "if I did not think it was his ghost when he came after us to the boat that night."

"Was it he who came down to the boat?" demanded Charles Tyrrell; "would to God I had known that!"

"He!" exclaimed Hailes, "to be sure it was he. Who else should it be? I thought it was his ghost, and expected to see it coming along the water after us."

"This is a horrible sight for you, dear Lucy," said Charles, turning towards her; "but at all events, we draw comfort from this sad sight. My innocence of anything that has been laid to my charge may now be easily proved, at least so far as an explanation of where I was during the whole period of my absence from home, and how the blood came upon my hands and coat, was wanting to the establishment of my innocence before.* But come, dear Lucy," he continued, "this

* This was probably before the famous act of Lord Ellenborough was passed.

is not a place in which you can remain; there must be some cottage in the neighbourhood where you can rest for a time."

"I should think, sir," said Hailes, "that there must be fishermen's houses hereabout; for this church, you see, tops the cliff, and when one gets it in a line with the point of the Hose, one knows that the Hog's Back reef lies south-and-by-east."

Without waiting to hear any further account of the bearings of the coast, Charles Tyrrell led Lucy out of the church; but almost at the moment that they passed the door, they perceived a group of people approaching from the side of the cliff, bearing up apparently another dead body from below. At the head of them was an old gentleman dressed in black, with white hair, and a mild and amiable expression of countenance, about whose whole appearance there was something that indicated strongly the pastor of the parish. His face at the moment was full of solemn feeling, and from time to time he turned round to address a word or two to the sailors and fishermen who were carrying the body.

Behind that group, at a little distance, came a young gentleman in the undress of the naval service; but the moment his eyes fell upon Charles Tyrrell, he hastened up to the group which had gone on before him, and had passed it by a step or two before they reached the church. The young baronet instantly recognised him as the lieutenant commanding the cutter, with whom he had been brought in contact several times before. From what had passed between himself and the master of the schooner on the preceding night, he felt sure that the meeting between them was likely to produce painful results, and he nerved his mind for the worst.

"Dear Lucy," he said, rapidly, and in a low voice, "I am afraid we must not attempt to pursue our flight farther; but do not be alarmed, dear girl; remember I have it now, I trust, in my power to prove myself innocent beyond all doubt."

Before she could answer him, the young officer had approached, and walking straight up to Charles Tyrrell, he bowed with a courteous and gentlemanly air, saying—

"I must not say that I am glad to see you, Sir Charles Tyrrell, for I am afraid that a very painful duty must devolve upon me in consequence."

Charles returned his bow, and replied gravely—

"Not so painful to me, sir, perhaps, as you imagine; for a very extraordinary circumstance has just taken place, which greatly alters the complexion of my affairs."

"Anything which renders them better, sir," replied the officer, "of course must be satisfactory to me. I need not tell you, Sir Charles, that, from all I know of you, I feel perfectly certain that you are innocent of that which is laid to

your charge; but, at the same time, it becomes my duty, on recognizing you, to carry you back to the place from which you have made your escape."

Lucy looked up with anguish in Charles Tyrrell's countenance, saying—

"Oh! Charles, Charles, is it to end in this?"

"Do not be alarmed, dear Lucy," he said; "remember in how much better a situation I am now placed than when we came away; but I must endeavour, as far as possible, to obtain for you protection, comfort, and assistance, till we meet again."

"Oh! let me go with you," exclaimed Lucy; "do not, do not part with me, Charles; I must not, I cannot be separated from you now!"

"Dearest Lucy," he said, "it will be but for a short time. You are already too much fatigued; you are wet, you are ill, you are unable to bear a long journey under such circumstances."

By this time the clergyman had paused, and was looking on at what took place with some degree of interest, and two or three of the sailors and fishermen had gathered round, while the rest carried the body into the church.

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, sir?" said Charles, turning to the officer. "Am I or am I not right in supposing that I have just now seen in that church the body of Lieutenant Hargrave?"

"It is but too true, sir," replied the officer. "He would come off in the boat last night, when we were unfortunate enough to get upon the reef; and, as I told him would be the case, he was drowned; the only chance was staying by the ship till the wind went down. The first thing we saw this morning, when we got off ourselves, was his body lying amongst the rocks, with that of one of the poor fellows who went with him. The other we have not found yet."

"Then I am to understand you," said Charles Tyrrell, "that he was safe and well on board your ship last night?"

"Quite so," replied the lieutenant, with some expression of surprise at questions the tendency of which he did not understand.

"But had he not been ill?" demanded Charles Tyrrell.

"Oh, yes!" replied the lieutenant; "three or four days before he had been very ill up at a cottage close by your park; and he had a spitting of blood, for which he thought the sea would do him good. So when he gave us information of the sailing of the schooner, he insisted upon coming with me; though, to say the truth, I wished him not."

"I will show you in a moment why I ask," continued Charles Tyrrell. "But, in the mean time, I should wish to speak for an instant to this reverend gentleman here present;

and I should think that you know sufficient of me to trust to my word, when I assure you that I will make not the slightest attempt to escape. As soon as I have made arrangements for the comfort and protection of this young lady, I will return, and go with you wherever you please. Do you trust me?"

"Most implicitly," replied the young officer, bowing. "You are not a man, sir, I know, to break your word;" and calling the sailors away, he turned towards the church, and left Charles and Lucy standing with the clergyman only.

"What can I do for you, my good sir?" said the clergyman, mildly; "from what I have heard, I am led to suppose that I speak to Sir Charles Tyrrell, whose name has, unfortunately, become too familiar to us lately."

"Unfortunately, indeed, sir," replied Charles Tyrrell. "But luckily a turn has taken place in those affairs which will soon clear that name from every imputation. The simple facts are these, sir: I was accused, under circumstances of strong suspicion, of an awful and horrible crime, of which I was perfectly innocent. There were two circumstances which seemed perfectly confirmatory of the accusation, and in regard to which I was prevented from giving any explanation by the fear of involving others in still more dangerous affairs than that in which I was myself placed. The sight, however, which I have had in this church, of the dead body of Lieutenant Hargrave, altogether removes the obstacles which prevented me from proving my innocence, and I willingly go back to take my trial. In the mean time, however, this young lady requires protection, repose, and consolation."

"Who is the young lady, sir?" demanded the clergyman. "I hope, nay, I am sure you would not——"

"Hush, sir!" said Charles. "Pray utter not a word that can even imply a doubt or a suspicion. This young lady, before my father's death, was engaged to me by the consent of all parties; and when, seeing no prospect of clearing myself of a crime which had never entered my thoughts, I made my escape from prison, she nobly and generously agreed to accompany me in my flight. Our marriage was to take place as soon as we reached a place of safety; and to facilitate our union as far as possible, her mother, ere she went, gave her full consent, in writing, to our immediate marriage. Is it not so, my Lucy?"

Lucy had clung to him with her heart sinking with apprehension and anxiety, and her face covered with blushes; and the old clergyman, without increasing her emotion by gazing upon, had marked her changing countenance, and its pure, high expression, from time to time, while her lover spoke, explaining all the circumstances of their situation.

"I need no further confirmation," said the good old man, at

length; "I need no further confirmation than the lady's face. Come, my child," he added, putting his hand gently on her arm, "be comforted! I trust that all will yet go right, and you see that this gentleman himself now thinks that he can easily clear himself. Be comforted; be comforted!" he continued, seeing that his kind tone had moved her to tears; "all will go right, depend upon it; and now tell me what I can do for you?"

"You are very kind, sir," replied Lucy, "but if it were possible, I would much rather go back with him at once."

"Indeed, dear Lucy, you are not fit," said Charles; "you are worn out, exhausted, chilled, and it would kill you. What I seek for her, sir, is a place of repose, quiet, and protection, till she is able to return to her mother, Mrs. Effingham."

"Indeed, young lady, Sir Charles is right," said the clergyman; "the urgency of the case, and circumstances of which I am not aware, may have rendered it quite right for your mother to consent to your accompanying him without servant or companion——"

"Pardon me," said Charles; "Miss Effingham's maid is now in the schooner, from which we landed last night; but she was too ill to land at that time; and as our object was only to escape the search which was likely to be made, we left her willingly enough on board; as indeed, she has been of no service, but only an encumbrance to us."

"I am glad, however," said the old man, "that she is there. It will be much better, my poor young friend, that Miss Effingham should remain here for a day or two, than accompany you back; going, as you must do, I fear, a prisoner. I have a sister living with me, who has suffered some sorrows herself, and can feel for others. I may promise for her that she will be as a mother to this young lady, till we give her back into the care of her own mother; or perhaps," he added with a faint smile, "to her husband. However, it will be much better for her to remain; and what we can do to comfort her we will."

"I am sure of it," said Charles, "I am sure of it! Can we not conduct her to some place of repose at once?"

"My poor vicarage is not far off," replied the clergyman; "but I think you said to the officer of the cutter, that you would join him in the church. Let me guide the young lady down to my house, and provide for her comfort, while you go and speak to him."

"But you will not leave me, Charles?" said Lucy, clinging to him. "You will not let them take you away without seeing me again?"

"Certainly not, dear Lucy!" he replied; "do not be alarmed, dearest; I will see you again immediately; and remember, my beloved, when I do go, I go but to establish my innocence,

and to come back, free and happy, to claim my Lucy as my own."

"I believe I am very foolish," replied Lucy, taking the arm the old clergyman offered her, "but all that I have gone through seems to have weakened my mind as well as my body. I trust to your promise, however, Charles; I know you would not deceive me."

"Not by a thought, dear Lucy," he replied; and bidding her a temporary adieu, he turned to the church, where he found the lieutenant standing, with the sailors and fishermen at the end of the aisle near the door.

"You mentioned, Sir Charles," said the young officer, as soon as he saw him, "that there was something which you wished to point out to me in regard to poor Hargrave; and I have, therefore, not suffered the body to be touched till you arrived."

"I will show you in a moment," replied Charles Tyrrell, advancing to the place where the body lay; "but I wish every one to witness, and to take note, exactly, of what they see, as the state of this body may be of much importance hereafter." The lieutenant beckoned up the men, and Charles Tyrrell untied the black silk handkerchief that was round the dead man's neck, and unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, throwing it far back. The moment that he did so a small wound was perceived, just above the collar-bone. It could scarcely be said to be in the neck, and lay not half a finger's breadth from the windpipe. The whole flesh and skin around was discoloured, as if from a severe bruise, and there were marks of dressings and surgical applications, which had, probably, been washed away by the sea-water. But little, if any, inflammation appeared to have followed the wound, and in every other respect the dead man had apparently been healthy and vigorous.

"That is very odd, indeed!" said the lieutenant, after having gazed for a minute. "He never said anything to me upon the subject; but he seems to have had a gun-shot in the throat, which must have gone very near to kill him."

"A pistol-shot, not a gun-shot," replied Charles Tyrrell; "and every one who was present thought that it had killed him; for he lay before my eyes as like a dead man as he now lies there."

"It is very odd, indeed!" said the young officer; "but yet I don't quite understand how this should have prevented you, Sir Charles, from explaining where you were, and what you were doing, which I saw, by the newspapers, you would not do. I could have proved that he gave you provocation enough if you had shot him twenty times over."

"I had no hand in shooting him," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but I happened to be accidentally present when it was done,

and I would not mention the fact, because I was afraid that it might draw down destruction upon the heads of several persons who were engaged in the business; and nothing should have induced me to say one word upon the subject, if we had not now proof positive that he was alive and well long after the event."

"Was it done fairly?" asked the lieutenant, laconically.

"As fairly as such a thing can be done," replied Charles Tyrrell. "He had the first shot, and he was at a considerable distance from his antagonist. How far, exactly, I cannot say; for I did not choose to be present, and was going off the ground as fast as possible, when the shots were fired."

"This is all very strange!" continued the lieutenant; "if it were all fair, why should you mind?"

"I will tell you why, in a moment," replied Charles; "because, in regard to that practice of duelling, our English law is either iniquitous itself, or iniquitous in its administration: perhaps both. But at all events, put it to yourself. Suppose a man, considered by the forms of society in an inferior station, were to receive from an officer in the service of the king, either in his own person or in the person of his child, a gross insult and a bitter injury, and were to call that man to account, as you or I should do——"

"Why, a thousand chances to one," said the officer, "the man who had been blackguard enough to give the offence would be blackguard enough to refuse satisfaction."

"True," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but suppose that they met in such a situation that the satisfaction could not be well refused; that the person considered as the inferior were to put pistols into the hands of the superior, and insist upon that atonement which could not be denied if they had been considered as equals: supposing that, under these circumstances, they fought what is termed a duel, and the officer in the king's service was killed, only one witness being present, and that a person coming willingly with the inferior, what would be the result then?"

"Why, I am very much afraid," said the young officer, "that the poor fellow would be hanged."

"But, if we add to all this," said Charles Tyrrell, "that besides the insult and the injury which I have before spoken of, the king's officer was supposed to have laid an information against the man who shot him and the witness brought to the ground, for any offence you like to imagine, so that revenge might be attributed to the inferior as the cause of his conduct; suppose that a fourth person had accidentally been present; and although fully convinced that the inferior had but one motive, namely, to punish an aggravated and shameful insult, had warned him that he was committing an illegal act, which

would be construed into murder, what would be the consequence to the inferior, if the facts were discovered? What ought to be the conduct of the witness, accidentally present, if fully convinced of the honesty, uprightness, and high motives of the survivor?"

"I take you, sir; I take you!" replied the young officer. "I understand it all; I see how it is; but for that matter, Hargrave had no right to refuse to fight Captain Longly. A man who stands upon such nice distinctions is either a coward or no gentleman. I should not mind fighting Captain Longly myself, for that matter; and Hargrave certainly did behave very badly to Miss Longly, even from his own account."

"Remember," said Charles Tyrrell, "remember, I have named no names. The case, as I have put it, regarding the unwilling witness, is entirely my own; but before I even now mention the names of the other persons, I must speak with my lawyer, and ascertain that there is no danger to them. In the mean time, however, I wish most earnestly, that if you have time you would take measures to put precisely upon record the state in which this body has been found, and all the facts concerning the last days of this unhappy young man."

"That I will, that I will!" replied the lieutenant; "I shall have plenty of time, unfortunately, for you see I must stay to see if anything can be saved from the vessel when the tide goes down. Then, of course, I must go to town, to demand a court-martial, though I don't think they can say I did wrong. She was carrying on as gallantly as possible, and I had plenty of room, when, you see, the mast came by the board, and before anything could be done we were on the reef. The best thing to be done in this business is to send for a surgeon, and have the body properly examined. But, on my soul, I do not know what to do with you, Sir Charles! I think you have acted a most honourable and upright part, and yet, I suppose what I ought to do is to send for an officer to go back with you to prison. I cannot, and I ought not to let you get off, you know."

Charles Tyrrell smiled at the young officer's embarrassment, but he hastened to relieve him, by saying—

"Make not yourself the least uneasy on that account. I have not the slightest desire to get off, I can assure you. My only view and object is, at present, to go back as fast as possible myself, and to get the trial over and my own character cleared, as I now can do, without a moment's delay. As long as I believed that this young man had been killed, and that my only means of exculpation, if I used it, would be employed to the destruction of others, I was anxious, as you may easily suppose, to escape to another country, till such time as it was possible for me to prove my own innocence without the de-

struction of two honest men. Now, however, the establishment of my own character is my first object; and I give you my word, that if you were not here, or had not recognised me, I would go back, and surrender myself at once."

"Well, then," replied the lieutenant, "I think that is the best thing that you can do now. Of course it will be much more pleasant for you to go back alone than in custody. The assizes have begun, I believe; and if you'll pledge me your word of honour that you will surrender to take your trial, as people do in duels, and things of that kind, I shan't say anything more of the matter, unless you call me as a witness."

"Which, of course, I shall do," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but most willingly and most thankfully do I pledge you my word of honour; for you may easily conceive that the custody of a constable, or the confinement of a prison, can afford but too little consolation under circumstances already too painful."

CHAPTER XXIII.

We must now return, with the reader's good leave, to the spot from which we first set out, and to an individual whom we have not spoken of for some time: the desolate mansion of Harbury Park, and the unprincipled, but not altogether heartless, friend of its last proprietor.

The sad and awful funeral of Sir Francis Tyrrell took place while his son was still a prisoner within the walls of the county jail, accused upon strong presumptive evidence of the murder of his own father. As Sir Francis had left no near relation living but his son, Mr. Driesen acted the part of chief mourner. An immense number of the country gentlemen from the neighbouring parts of the different counties, however, attended; and as was very customary in those times, a large body of the tenantry of the deceased.

A peculiar and a painful feeling, totally independent and distinct from the general sensation of awe which is experienced by all men of feeling, in committing to the dust the remains of one of our frail brethren of earth, pervaded the whole assembly. It approached the bounds of superstition, and derived intensity and solemnity from the very indistinctness which no one present would suffer his thoughts or his reason to fathom and remove. There seemed to be a fate about the family to which the dead man belonged: a sort of dark and painful destiny, which produced in all minds a gloomy, and, if we may so term it, an anxious feeling. That feeling was expressed in a few words by an old and wealthy farmer, who could well-nigh remember three generations in that house, when, on arriving to attend the funeral, he met a neighbour of nearly the same age as himself.

"Ay," he said, "ay, another of these Tyrrells gone down to a bloody grave!"

Such was the feeling of every one there present. It was that the fate which dogged the family had taken another victim; that it was only the working out of some dark, unseen combination of causes, which ever had produced, and ever would produce, horrible catastrophes to the devoted race.

When the funeral was over, and the coffin deposited in the vault, the principal gentry returned to the house to be present at the opening of the will. The farmers in general separated at the door of the church-yard; but the two old yeomen whom we have mentioned remained conversing over the event, while an aged man, named Smithson, whom we have once before brought to the notice of the reader, sat on a tombstone hard by, listening to their discourse.

"Ay," said one of the farmers, "there is but one of them left now. They seldom go beyond one."

"There won't be one long either, I think," replied the other farmer. "The father is gone, and the son won't be long before he follows, and then none will be left."

"He's a promising lad too," said the other farmer, "and seems as if he had got some fresh blood in his veins; for he's frank and free, and though somewhat quick, is good-humoured too. It's a pity he should be lost; he might have mended the matter. But do you think they'll really hang him, Master Jobson?"

"As sure as I'm alive," replied the other farmer; "there is no hope else."

"They shan't!" muttered a voice close by them; but the farmers, without noticing, went on.

"There can be no doubt, you see, that he killed him," continued the yeoman who had last spoken.

"That he didn't," said the same voice.

"What are you sitting cockering there about, old Smithson?" said the other farmer, attracted by the noise, though, to say the truth, he was himself full ten years older than the fisherman whom he addressed. "Come away, Master Jobson; the old fool's half crazy, I believe;" and so saying, they walked away to their horses, which were tied at the church-yard gate, and proceeded on their road homeward.

We shall not follow them, but turn at once to the library at Harbury Park, where some forty people were assembled, comprising the lawyers of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell, who had come down from London for the purpose of aiding in the examination of the deceased gentleman's papers. Lady Tyrrell had declined to be present, but had deputed upon her part the young lawyer, Everard Morrison, to witness the opening of the will: a proceeding which was declared very extraordinary

by several persons, as it was well known that she had not seen the young lawyer for years, and had only known him as a schoolboy companion of her son.

The first place that was opened was a strong iron chest, which stood under one of the book-cases in the library. Nothing, however, was found in it but a considerable sum of money, some keys, some cases, and the title-deeds of a small farm which Sir Francis had lately bought.

"As far as I remember," said the eldest of the two lawyers, "when I drew the will of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ——, he put it, with a number of other valuable papers, into one of the drawers of this library table. Butler, where is the key, do you know?"

"He generally put the key in the strong box, sir," replied the butler. "It's a patent key, and I think this is it; but I am not quite sure."

"If it be in the strong box, and be a patent key," said the lawyer, "that must be the key; for in the box there is no other patent key."

With this sage and logical exposition the lawyer took forth the key, and tried it in the drawers of the library table. It fitted exactly. But as nothing which one seeks was ever yet found in the first drawer one opens, the drawer which the lawyer tried was found empty. The second, however, afforded a rich harvest; for in it were found more than a dozen papers, of different kinds; the one at the top was endorsed in the hand of Sir Francis Tyrrell himself, "Codicil to my last will and testament." Two or three of minor interest intervened, and then came another "Codicil to my last will and testament;" and immediately beneath that, the last will and testament itself.

As few of those persons present expected to derive any benefit from the will of Sir Francis Tyrrell, the passion which was principally stirred amongst them was curiosity. Mr. Driesen, however, felt a little anxious, as we may well believe, when he found that there were two codicils to the will, when he had imagined that there was only one. His anxiety was soon relieved, however; for though the lawyer spent as much time as possible in reading the first will and the first codicil, yet as the will only went to bequeath a few legacies, leaving the whole bulk of his property to go to the natural heirs, and the first codicil merely referred to the disposal of a sum amounting to one hundred and ten pounds thirteen shillings, they were neither of them very lengthy.

When the second codicil was read, it was found to be dated a few days before the death of the deceased, and conveyed to Mr. Driesen everything, of every description, which could be separated from the entailed estates.

The reading of this codicil produced upon the minds of the great bulk of the hearers a twofold effect: the first was wonderful, the second miraculous. In the first place, there was not a single individual in the room who did not feel perfectly convinced that he had divined, years before, that Mr. Driesen would ultimately be the heir of all that Sir Francis could leave him. They had seen it, they had known it, they had been sure of it. The second effect was, that in the estimation of forty honest and independent men, by the reading of less than forty cabalistic lines, written on a sheet of Bath paper, and called a codicil, Mr. Driesen was in one moment transformed, transmuted, and metamorphosed, from an unprincipled vagabond and a sneering infidel into a highly respectable, worthy, and well-meaning man.

In the mean time, however, the subject of this wonderful transformation, though not thinking at all of those who surrounded him, was conscious of a sudden and extraordinary change in himself, but of a very different kind from that which was going on in his favour in the estimation of others. He, who through life had scoffed at everything like the display of feeling or sentiment; he, who had considered a tear as a proof of weakness and agitation—under any circumstances, as a minor kind of idiotcy—was now moved to the very heart, and agitated beyond all restraint. He trembled while the codicil was reading; his countenance became pale, and when one of the persons present, who was slightly acquainted with him, came up to shake hands with him, and congratulate him on the vast accession of fortune which had fallen to him, he struggled in vain for a reply, and ended by bursting into tears.

"It is too much," he said, "it is too much!" and without waiting for any more, he turned away abruptly, sought his own room, and shut himself up there for several hours.

When he came forth he had recovered his composure. He conferred with the lawyers, and sent them off to London charged with his especial business. He wrote several letters in great haste, and he then sent to request permission to wait upon Lady Tyrrell. This, however, she declined, saying she was unfit to receive anybody, but begging that he would make any communication which he thought of importance by letter. He immediately sat down and wrote to her the following note, which must not be omitted in tracing the character of one of whom we have had to speak somewhat unfavourably. It was to the following effect:—

Dear Madam—Mr. Morrison has doubtless communicated to you the nature of the will and codicils thereunto attached, which have been read this day; and I cannot help concluding that that communication must have been extremely disagreeable and painful to you, well knowing both that I do not stand so high in your esteem as I

did in that of your late husband, and that I had no title whatsoever to expect the generosity which he has displayed towards me.

To alleviate, as far as possible, the pain which you may feel on account of the loss sustained by your son in consequence of this will, I beg to inform you that I have immediately made my own will, leaving to Charles, who, I trust and feel sure, will be able to clear himself before many days are over, the whole of the property left to me by his father, together with the little patrimony which I myself possess.—I have only further to add, that I am, dear madam, your faithful servant,

H. DRIESEN.

Lady Tyrrell returned a polite but brief answer, written in a hand which betrayed, in every line, the deep and terrible emotions under which she had been lately suffering. Mr. Driesen deciphered it with difficulty, but he found that it contained a request that he would remain at Harbury Park till the fate of its heir was decided, and take charge and cognisance of everything, as it was Lady Tyrrell's intention, as soon as she could quit her room, to go to stay with Mrs. Effingham, at the Manor-house.

Mr. Driesen agreed to remain, though he had notified his intention of leaving the park on the following day; and, left alone and in comparative idleness, he bestirred himself, with active zeal, to discover any circumstances which might tend to throw a favourable light upon the case of Charles Tyrrell. His conduct in this respect, and indeed his demeanour altogether, since the death of Sir Francis Tyrrell, had an extraordinary effect in his favour with the old servants of the house, who had previously looked upon him with a degree of dislike bordering on contempt. They had regarded him indeed as a sort of intrusive hanger-on, who came only for what he could get; who looked upon Sir Francis Tyrrell's house as a very convenient abode, and who cared for none of the family in reality, but only regarded his own person. Little acts of what they called *shabbiness* were frequently told of him amongst themselves; and not many days before the event occurred which changed the whole face of affairs at Harbury Park, one of the footmen, having used a letter which came by the post as a sort of telescope, before he delivered it to Mr. Driesen, declared, while he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, that they should soon be delivered from the old snarler, as there was a man in London threatening to arrest him.

Now, however, all feelings were changed, for servants are much more acute observers than those who are acting before their eyes know. They now saw the active energy with which Mr. Driesen was labouring to collect evidence in favour of Charles Tyrrell; they saw that his whole mind was bent upon that object during the day, and they judged, and judged rightly, that he had no small regard for Charles, and no slight anxiety for the result of the trial. At night, too, they

remarked, when he sat down to dinner, or rang for his solitary coffee, that there was a deep gloom and sadness upon a countenance which had never before changed from its usual calm self-satisfaction, except to assume a smile more or less blended with sarcasm. They saw him stand long before the full-length picture of Sir Francis Tyrrell over the drawing-room mantelpiece, and gaze upon it earnestly; and they once more judged, and judged rightly, that however strangely he might occasionally show his feelings, and however much he might school them all away, he was naturally a man of some strong affections.

Mr. Driesen, therefore, suddenly found himself served with respect and zeal; the servants came for his orders, and ventured to talk to him of "poor Master Charles," and of what could be done for him; but Mr. Driesen mistook the motive, and thought that it was the change of circumstances which produced this alteration, not a change in the estimation of his own character.

On the evening of the funeral Mr. Driesen endeavoured to read as he was wont to do. No ordinary book would suit him, however; Machiavel had no charms; Voltaire could not engage his attention; in forcing himself to read a few pages of the Philosophical Dictionary, he felt like an eagle chasing a butterfly: he felt how vain it all is; he felt, in short, how empty and insufficient are the subtlest reasonings of the human mind, when brought in opposition with the mighty feelings of the human heart; he felt that there is a deeper, a stronger, a more majestic philosophy planted ineradicably in our bosoms by the hand of God, on which the philosophy that can clothe itself in words acts as iron on the diamond. He then tried Bayle and Hobbes, but the one was dust and the other was ashes.

His last attempt was upon a manuscript book, in which he had collected passages from Plato, and scraps attributed to Epicurus, and many another choice extract, comprising all the most questionable doctrines of pagan speculators. Neither would that suit him at the present moment. He felt that his mental stomach was not of its usual ostrich tone, and that he could not bolt cast-iron.

As the last resource, he took up his hat and walked out into the park, sauntering in the moonlight over the open lawns, but avoiding the deeper walks in the woods, which in their gloomy shade assimilated more than he desired with the tone of his feelings at that time. The following night the same mood continued, only he maintained the struggle with his books a shorter time, and going out between nine and ten, walked for more than an hour and a half up and down the Lady-walk, with his thoughts indeed not in the same state of

turmoil and confusion, with all that had occurred during the last week, as they had been on the preceding night, but still sad, gloomy, and disturbed. Many was the sigh to which he gave way; many was the little gesture of despondency, or impatience of God's will, which he suffered to appear, little knowing that, during a part of the time at least, another eye was upon him, as we have shown before.

It was late when he returned to the house, and the servant who came to give him admittance exclaimed, with a joyful look as he entered, "Oh! sir, do you know what has happened? Master Charles has escaped from prison!"

Mr. Driesen started and gazed in the man's countenance, demanding, in a low tone, "Is he here?"

"Oh! no, sir," answered the servant, "but a constable has been up from the governor of the prison, who is searching Mrs. Effingham's house. He said the governor would not come up himself, for he did not think my young master would come here; and the man saw clearly enough, by our faces, that we had not seen him. He said, however, he had orders to hang about the park, and see whether he came there."

"Send one of the gamekeepers to take him as a poacher directly," said Mr. Driesen. "Bid Wise go: he is deaf, and will not attend to what the man says. The object is to get him out of the way for two or three hours."

The servant seemed to understand in a moment: the gamekeepers were sent out, the unfortunate constable was seized, on the pretence that he was poaching, and spent several hours in durance, till Mr. Driesen thought that he might in safety be set at liberty.

We are already aware, however, that Charles Tyrrell met with no interruption in effecting his flight, and we shall therefore pause no longer upon the indignation of the constable, or upon the anger of the governor of the prison. Mr. Driesen, for his part, appeared highly delighted that the escape had taken place, and walked up and down the room the greater part of the night in a state of agitation unusual with him.

On the following morning, however, he relapsed into gloom and sadness; and so strange was the effect produced upon him by the agitation of mind to which he was so little accustomed, that his corporeal health seemed to suffer. It was in vain that the cook employed her utmost skill: he seemed to loathe his food, and could scarcely prevail upon himself to eat above two or three mouthfuls at a time. His taste indeed for wine was not gone, and he drank willingly and much of the choicest produce of Sir Francis Tyrrell's cellar. It seemed, however, to heat without exhilarating him. He had always been meagre, but he now became thinner than ever. He began to stoop a good deal, and his footsteps were remarked to be wavering

and uneven. The mourning suit, too, which he wore, ill-made in the haste of the moment, made him look thinner and worse in health than might otherwise have been the case; and many who saw him took the opportunity of moralising, and making themselves wise in their own conceit, by showing the unfruitfulness of wealth as displayed in the case of Mr. Driesen, who had scarcely become possessed of riches when health, the more enviable blessing, was denied him.

At length, however, one night as he was sitting down about to take his coffee, a note was put into his hand, the contents of which made him start and turn pale. He read it over twice, however, and it may be as well to give here the few words which produced that effect. It began:—

My dear Mr. Driesen—I wish to see you immediately, as I have come back, on various accounts, to stand my trial, but do not intend to surrender myself till the day on which it is to take place. If you will come down, then, to the little public-house called the Falcon, in the village of Motstone, any time to-night or to-morrow morning, you will find yours, Charles Tyrrell.

"Have a horse saddled directly," said Mr. Driesen, turning to the servant who waited, with looks of some surprise. "Have a horse saddled immediately, and brought round to the door."

The servant hastened to obey, and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Driesen walked up and down the room for several minutes in a state of great agitation.

"Come back to stand his trial!" he exclaimed. "He is mad! He will be hanged to a certainty! What in the name of heaven can be done? Nothing, I am afraid; yet I must do my best, for this is terrible."

Then, as he revolved all the circumstances of Charles Tyrrell's case, ignorant as he was of what had been discovered since the young baronet had made his escape in the schooner, he became more and more convinced that, if he executed his purpose and really stood his trial, he would but seal his own destruction.

"It is ruin, it is ruin!" he continued, walking up and down the room in great agitation. "He must be persuaded to return, to go back again before his coming is known; and yet after all," he continued, pausing and fixing his eyes upon a spot on the floor, "what signifies it? death is but a little thing; the extinction of a state of being containing in itself more pangs than enjoyment: the only real pain of death is to the coward! Long sickness, indeed, may make it horrible. It is in the preceding things that death is painful: the act itself can be nothing; a mere bugbear of the imagination; and then how pleasant to lie down for a long sleep; to lie down as we do at night after a weary day, filled with cares, and anxieties,

and pangs; to lie down with the blessing of knowing that we shall never wake again to go through the same cares, and griefs, and sorrows; to endure the same pangs, and labours, and fatigues! Those must have been cunning fellows who invented the bugbear of a future state, otherwise one-half of the world would not go on till fifty. I wonder I have not cut my throat years ago. I suppose it is because I've had such good health, and no pain in life. I wonder if hanging is an easy death: laudanum they say is painful. Charcoal? the French are fond of charcoal. To think that a little carbon should be a remedy for all diseases!"

"The horse, sir," said a servant, opening the door, and Mr. Driesen walking out took his hat and gloves, flung himself on the horse's back, and cantered quickly through the park.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the neat little parlour of the Falcon, with its well-sanded floor, its polished, black mahogany table, its corner cupboard with a glass door, displaying sundry objects of interest and curiosity, from odd-shaped tea-pots of rich old china, to apostle-spoons and sugar-basins of the reign of Anne, whose pert and foolish motto of "Semper eadem," adopted because she was the weakest and most vacillating of women, still ornamented the silver: in this neat parlour of a neat little country inn sat Charles Tyrrell, waiting, perhaps with some impatience, for the coming of Mr. Driesen. There were traces upon his face of the sorrows through which he had passed. He was paler, thinner, sterner, we may say more manly, than he had appeared a month before; but yet within the last few days his countenance had undergone another and a better change; a cloud had been blown from off the sky: his face was clear of some part of its anxiety. He was grave, perhaps sad; for the fire which he had undergone tempers the iron into steel, and makes it harder for ever.

But at the same time there was the aspect of hope renewed in his countenance; there was an expression of expectation and confidence; and though he had been made aware of the nature of his father's will, he looked up with a smile on seeing the door open, thinking to take Mr. Driesen by the hand with pleasure.

It was not that gentleman, however, who entered, but the landlord of the Falcon himself, who closed the door carefully behind him, and advanced with a low bow and respectful air.

"I have had both your notes taken, sir," he said; "one to the governor of the prison, and the other to Harbury Park, by two boys that nobody would know as coming from here; but as you were good enough to tell me, Sir Charles, your in-

tention of remaining here until you give yourself up again at the trial, I cannot help letting you know directly, for fear of anything going amiss, something that came to my hearing, and which may be of very great importance to you, if you can but get at the truth of it."

"What is it, landlord?" said Charles Tyrrell; "I shall be very much obliged to you for any information; for although I trust I can, without doubt, now prove both how the blood came upon my coat and where I was during the whole period of my absence from the house, so that of my acquittal there cannot be the slightest doubt, yet I shall never rest satisfied, I shall never know a moment's real and complete peace, till I have discovered and shown forth in the eyes of the whole world whose was the hand that really killed my unfortunate father."

"Why, the matter is this, Sir Charles," said the landlord of the Falcon: "there's old John Smithson, who lives about a mile and a half off, between this and the sea, and whose son is now in jail about that smuggling business, always shakes his head when the people talk about you and the murder of Sir Francis, and has been heard to say, more than once, that the judges should not condemn you for it; that he'd rather die himself. I heard about this yesterday, and I don't know how it was, but as if I had known that you would be coming here to-night, though heaven knows I knew nothing about it, I couldn't help going down to the old man's cottage, just quietly, not as if I came to inquire, and talking to him about it. I couldn't get him to say much upon the subject, for he had heard that you had got out of prison, and he said, that being the case, it was no matter to anybody. I asked him, however, what he would do if you should be caught and brought back again? He said that he would not tell me what he would do; but that they should not hang you, for he would prevent that. I tried as much as I could to get something more out of him, but it was all no use. He would not say a word more, and I believe the only way to do with him would be to call him up upon the trial, and make him give evidence."

"Did he know my father at all?" demanded Charles.

"Oh! he knew him well enough by sight, sir," replied the man; "for when he was a fisherman, I've heard he used to supply the family, and was up almost every day at the house; and about three weeks ago he stopped here one afternoon to take a glass of grog, and he had seen your father that day about his son; and the old man was in a towering passion, and vowed that Sir Francis had treated him no better than a dog."

"Indeed!" said Charles Tyrrell; "you don't suppose he could have done it himself?"

"Why, no, sir; I don't mean to say that," replied the landlord. "He's a stout old fellow, too; as young as if there were twenty years off his age, and he has a devil of a spirit of his own. He always had; but then he was always a very honest, upright man; no one ever heard of his doing anything that was wrong. Some twenty years ago, indeed, he was taken up upon some smuggling business, and was in prison one day; but he proved that it was all false together, and he caught the custom-house officer some time after, and gave him such a licking that he never went near him again. No, I don't think he did it; but it is clear enough that he knows something about it, and will come forward and say what he does know, if he thinks there's any chance of your being condemned."

"Perhaps," said Charles Tyrrell, "it may be better for me to send for him, and speak with him on the matter."

"I should think not, Sir Charles," replied the landlord. "The trial, you see, is likely to come on in two or three days, and your best plan, I should think, would be to lie quiet, and have old Smithson brought up as a witness. You say that you are sure you can prove where you were, and what you were doing at the time; but when he's brought up he'll know nothing of that, and will tell all that he knows. But I would keep the whole matter quiet and calm till then, for fear of scaring other people, who may be brought into trouble by it."

The advice of the landlord seemed to Charles Tyrrell so judicious, that he determined to follow it, if he found that Morrison, whom he hoped to see early on the following morning, coincided with him in opinion.

As he was about to reply, however, the quick sound of a horse's feet was heard before the house, and Mr. Driesen entered the room in a minute after.

"My dear Charles," he said, grasping both the young baronet's hands, as soon as the door was shut and they were alone, "you cannot think how anxious I am about you. In the name of heaven! what has made you come back again, when you were once safe off?"

"First, let me thank you, my dear sir," said Charles, with true feelings of gratitude for all the emotions of apprehension and anxiety which Mr. Driesen's agitation evidently betrayed; "first, let me thank you for all your exertions in my favour, and for all the really fatherly interest that you have taken in me. Believe me, I am sincerely grateful."

"Oh! nonsense, nonsense, my dear Charles!" cried Mr. Driesen, grasping his hands, while his eyes filled with unwonted moisture. "Don't talk about gratitude and such stuff. If I could but know that you were in safety, that would be enough. I should then be comparatively at ease; though who knows——?" and he drew a deep sigh. "But tell me, Charles,

tell me, what has made you mad enough to come back here, at the imminent risk that you run?"

"In the first place, because I could not well help myself," replied Charles Tyrrell; "but in the next, because I am now at liberty to show both where I was during that whole morning, and how the stains of blood came upon my jacket."

Mr. Driesen seemed somewhat surprised, but he replied, almost immediately—

"But can you account for the time, Charles, before you saw the gardener? can you account for the gun? I see by your face you cannot; and it is upon that the whole business will turn. I have spoken with the lawyers myself, and they all agree that it will be held by the judge and the jury that, if you committed the act at all, it was before you passed through the garden. Indeed, indeed, Charles, you are putting your head into the lion's mouth."

"And do you, then, believe me guilty?" demanded Charles Tyrrell, in a sad tone.

Mr. Driesen instantly replied, vehemently, "No, Charles! no, Charles, no! I do not believe you guilty, but I do believe that you may be held so; unless, indeed, you could prove who it was that committed the act."

"That may not be impossible either," replied Charles Tyrrell. "Indeed I have good hope that such may be the case, though I cannot explain myself further, at present, upon the subject."

Mr. Driesen mused for several minutes, and then replied—

"Charles, you are deceiving yourself. You will sacrifice your own life; you will break the heart of Lucy Effingham; you will render all those who love you miserable. I see it plainly; I see it evidently. You are running headlong to destruction. Let me entreat you, let me conjure you, while there is yet time, to secure yourself, by flying once more. Here is a fresh, strong horse at the door; he will carry you easily forty miles this night. You can be at a seaport before to-morrow. You can hire a ship, and ere to-morrow night be safe in France. If you want money, draw upon me for what you like; draw upon me for all your father left me. Here, I will sign a bond for it this moment. I will sign an acknowledgment that I owe it to you; anything, anything, Charles, but save yourself directly;" and in his eagerness and anxiety he grasped Charles Tyrrell's hands convulsively in his, gazing in his face with an earnest look of entreaty.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear sir!" replied Charles, very much affected; "a thousand and a thousand thanks for all your kindness!"

"Then do, Charles, do!" cried Mr. Driesen, thinking that he had prevailed. "Make haste; get some refreshment, and

put your foot in the stirrup. You are a bold horseman; you ride fast; you will soon ——" But Charles stopped him.

"I am sorry," he said, "my dear sir, that I cannot do what you wish me. I was stopped on my journey by the commander of the revenue cutter, and I pledged my honour to him that I would return and surrender myself to trial. I have already, too, given notice to the governor of the jail that such will be the case."

Mr. Driesen struck his hand against his forehead and exclaimed, "By ——, you are mad! and I shall be called up to give evidence against you; to prove how you had been quarrelling with your father; to show that he was as mad as you are, and that you had scarcely any resource but to put him out of the world. This is too much; this is too much!" and he walked up and down the room in a terrible state of agitation.

Charles was a good deal agitated, also; for Mr. Driesen certainly put the matter in a new point of view to him. He had conceived that the whole strength of the evidence against him lay in his refusing to account for the time he had been absent after the gardener had seen him, and to explain the marks of blood upon his shooting-jacket. He now, however, saw that there were several other suspicious circumstances against him, which he had no means of doing away. He knew how slight a thing will turn the scale in criminal trials; how uncertain, we may say how capricious, are the decisions of juries! But still there was no course before him but to do as he had proposed to do; and consequently, ceasing to argue the matter at all with Mr. Driesen, he only endeavoured to soothe the agitation which his friend was suffering, and to express the gratitude that he felt for the interest which he took in his welfare.

He found it all in vain, however. Mr. Driesen would but listen to one subject, and he again and again returned to his suggestion of flight; endeavouring, by all the sophistries of which he was so complete a master, and by which he so continually deceived himself, to prove that there were particular circumstances in which a man was justified in doing anything for his own preservation; that there was no such thing as abstract right and wrong; that everything was relative, and depended entirely on the circumstances. His reasoning, however, did not convince Charles Tyrrell, in his own case, more than it would have done in that of others, and he remained unshaken, even in the slightest degree.

Mr. Driesen at length perceived that it was so, after spending nearly an hour in vain arguments; and finding that any further reasoning would be vain, he suddenly ceased, and became quiet.

"What is it, then, you wish me to do for you?" he said. "Why was it that you sent for me? Though you will not be

advised, though you will not be warned, I am ready to do anything for you that you may desire."

Charles again thanked him, and then replied—

"What I wish you to do is no very difficult task: I merely wish you to communicate to my mother and to Mrs. Effingham what has taken place. Doubtless the latter has already heard from Lucy by this night's post; but at all events, tell her that I left her daughter safe and well, under the charge of a clergyman and his sister, at ——, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she was so dreadfully fatigued that I feared her health would suffer; and as no restraint was put upon me, I remained a whole day to be sure that such was not the case. After a night's good repose, however, she rose much better, and I think that the hope of my soon being able to establish my innocence had no small share in making her so well get over all the dangers and discomforts which she has suffered."

"The hope of your proving your innocence!" said Mr. Driesen, with melancholy bitterness. "She will be soon cured of that hope, I fear, Charles Tyrrell. However, as you are determined, there is no use in saying any more, and I shall now leave you. If I can do anything to serve you, let me know it. If you wish to see me again, I will come; otherwise, Charles, I shall not see you again till I see you at the trial; for I am not the man I was, Charles. All this has shaken me: my corporeal frame is injured. I do not know that even my intellect is what it was. Good-bye, good-bye! I could be a boy, or a woman, and cry for very spite, to think of your casting away your only chance of life and happiness. If you had worn out existence, I could understand it; if you were, as I am, at the end of that part of life which comprises all that is bright and happy, and at the beginning of that part which is made up altogether of desolation and decay, I could understand it; for death is nothing but one jump into forgetfulness. But with youth, and hope, and happiness before you, I cannot make out your motives. However, fare you well, fare you well! and all I trust is, that chance may take better care of you than you take of yourself."

Charles Tyrrell bade him adieu, well knowing that, as all their views and principles were different, there was not the slightest use of entering into any argument upon the subject. He could not, indeed, help feeling a regard for Mr. Driesen, who had of late shown him much real kindness. He could not help acknowledging to himself that he had a warm, kind heart; and when, therefore, he left him, he felt some pain and grief, from which he could only free himself by sitting down to make notes of all the matters of which he had to speak with Everard Morrison on the following morning.

Mr. Driesen, in the mean time, turned his steps back towards

Harbury Park. He went slowly and sadly indeed. Three or four times he dismounted from his horse, and walked on, holding the bridle over his arm; and when he had returned, and sought his own chamber, his foot might be heard pacing it to and fro, during the greater part of the night. He had usually breakfasted in the library, and he had not yet finished on the morning following his interview with Charles Tyrrell, when the butler came in and told him that there was an old man without who desired to speak with him. Mr. Driesen asked who it was, and the butler replied—

"Why, it is one Smithson, sir, who used to be a good deal about the house, selling fish, some twenty years ago."

"Show him in," said Mr. Driesen; and the butler having done so, shut the door.

The old man remained in conversation with Mr. Driesen for some time. After he was gone the butler opened the door, to see whether he should take away the breakfast things; but Mr. Driesen was still leaning with his arm upon the table, staring into the cups. In half an hour after, he rang the bell, and all the servants remarked, with surprise, that from that moment he was entirely changed. All his old liveliness and activity returned. He was gay, cheerful, and happy, writing indeed the greater part of the day, but bearing interruption quite tranquilly, and having some gay and cheerful word to say to everybody.

CHAPTER XXV.

Before mid-day on the following morning, Everard Morrison was at the door of the Falcon, but he was not alone. The large form of Captain Longly, not unaccompanied by the pigtail, appeared mounted upon a short-legged, sturdy little pony; and as Charles, who happened to be at the window at the moment of their arrival, perceived the old seaman, he felt no slight satisfaction at being the first to bear him the news of Lieutenant Hargrave's real fate. To Morrison, Charles had only communicated the fact that he had been overtaken by the commander of the revenue cutter, and had promised to return in order to undergo his trial, and he was therefore sure that the news he had in store had not been anticipated.

The countenances of both Morrison and Longly, however, were not a little gloomy, as they entered the chamber in which the young baronet was; and after the first salutation, Morrison broke forth with, "This is most unfortunate indeed, Sir Charles; but as Mr. Longly was with me when your note came, I thought it but right to communicate its contents to him, and he determined to come with me to tell you himself what he was resolved upon doing."

Charles Tyrrell was about to reply, but Longly instantly took up the tale, and after having pulled the waistband of his breeches as far up as possible, and rolled something which was in his mouth into his cheek, he went on: "You see, Sir Charles, it is not fair that one man should suffer for another: not that I would ever have let you suffer for me, though you were honourable enough to keep your word with me even to death, which must be a satisfaction to you; but now, as the case goes, you have done your best, and have tried to get away and can't; and so I am resolved, sir, on the trial to come forward and to tell all, do you see? In the first place, it rests hard upon my mind, and I can't bear up against this wind; next, you see, sir, I would a deal rather be hanged at once and have done with it, than go on never knowing one day whether I shall not be hanged the next; but as for that, however, Mr. Everard here thinks he can get me off; because, you see, we can prove, by that young scoundrel's letter to my poor Hannah, that it was a trap he laid for her, and so I might well be angry; and then that smuggling has blown over, for all the men were acquitted at six o'clock last night: so if they can prove nothing against them, they can prove nothing against me; and it is likely to be manslaughter at the worst. However, you see, Sir Charles, I do not so much care how it goes, because, before that, my Hannah is going to be married to as noble a young fellow, though I say it to his face, as ever lived, who loves her dearly, and she him; so she is taken care of; but nevertheless, even if it were not so, I should not let you be hanged for me, anyhow."

Although this oration, on the part of good Captain Longly, might be a little out of form and propriety of speech, it served to convey to Charles Tyrrell a great deal of information regarding matters of some interest, and to afford him a very fair picture of the honest seaman's feelings. He would indeed have interrupted him, in order to save him one moment of unnecessary pain; but when Captain Longly was once set a-going, it was no easy thing to stop him till he had exhausted what he had to say; every appearance that he saw of a wish to cut him short only making him raise his voice, and repeat, in a louder tone, what he had just been saying.

When he was done, however, Charles took the hand which Longly held out to him as a sort of full stop at the end of the sentence, and replied, "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Longly, for your frankness and generous thoughts in this matter; but I have some news for you that will surprise you much more than it does me to find that Mr. Longly is always ready to do what is right and honourable. You fully believe that you killed Lieutenant Hargrave?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed Longly, "though I have never

been able to get that old scoundrel, Jenkins, to tell me what he did with the body. He winks his eye, and says it is all safe; but I can't get any more out of him. He'll be obliged to tell now, however."

"It will be unnecessary," replied Charles Tyrrell; "for I can tell you that Lieutenant Hargrave was alive and well on board the revenue cutter not four days ago, and now lies buried in a small church-yard in Devonshire, having been drowned while trying to get off from the cutter, which struck on a reef called the Hog's Back."

Longly slapped his hand upon his thigh till the place rang again, and then exclaimed, "Ay, that's what's the meaning of all that winking. But I can scarcely believe my ears; did you see him yourself, sir? Can you swear it was him, and not his ghost?"

"I saw him with my own eyes," replied Charles; "but besides that proof, I have the acknowledgment of the commander of the cutter, his own friend, who had him on board, and did not even know that anything was the matter with him but a spitting of blood, till I showed him the wound of the ball in the throat of the corpse, after he was drowned." *

Longly shook himself much after the way of a Newfoundland dog when he comes out of the water, exclaiming, "Well, that is something off my head; and now you are quite safe, Sir Charles?"

"I am not quite sure," replied Charles Tyrrell; "two doubts have been put into my mind by Mr. Driesen, last night, and I must speak with you, Morrison, on the subject."

He then proceeded to explain to Everard Morrison the circumstances which Mr. Driesen had mentioned, and the opinion which he had said the counsel had expressed, regarding the period at which the murder must have been committed; and he was somewhat pained to see that the young lawyer entertained a somewhat similar view of the case to Mr. Driesen. Morrison's opinion, however, was more favourable in some respects; but it was founded upon a shrewd view of human nature, especially when appearing, as it does, in such bodies as juries.

"Were the case to come before them now," he said, "exactly as it really stands, the facts of the quarrel, of the gun, and the gardener having seen you precisely in the same direction as that in which the body was found, without any other extraneous circumstances being mixed up with the matter, I should say, with Mr. Driesen, that your case bore a very ominous aspect; but the very circumstance of there having

* This incident, of a man being apparently killed by a wound in the throat, which ultimately proved very trifling, occurred within the knowledge of the author.

been various other suspicious matters against you brought before the coroner's jury, and a prejudice having thus been created against you, will, in the present instance, tell greatly in your favour. You will now be able to explain all those circumstances in a manner most honourable to yourself, and and the re-action will be so great that the jury will think you have disproved the whole case against you because you have disproved a part. The evidence of Mr. Longly and Hailes, too, need, as far as I see, in no degree implicate themselves, though, doubtless, the examining counsel will do the best they can to get to the bottom of the matter."

Upon a hint from Charles Tyrrell, that he wished to speak with Morrison alone, Captain Longly shortly after left them, and the circumstances regarding the old man, Smithson, came under discussion. Notwithstanding the view which the landlord of the inn had taken, and in which Charles Tyrrell had coincided, Morrison judged it better to go down himself to Smithson's cottage, and see if he could elicit any intimation of the real nature and character of the evidence he was willing to give. When he arrived at the cottage, however, old Smithson was not at home, and Morrison had to wait for some time ere he made his appearance. When he did come, at length, nothing was to be gained from him. He remained perversely silent, saying—

"Never you mind. I'll be there to give evidence, and I'll tell the truth, let come of it what may. That's all that anybody can expect. I won't say a word of it beforehand, for anybody; that's enough."

Finding it utterly in vain to urge him upon the subject, Morrison left him, and reported his want of success to the young baronet. He then promised him to ride over to the manor-house direct, in order to prepare the mind of Lady Tyrrell for a visit from her son, who proposed, as soon as it was dark, to go over to see his mother, with whom he had had no interview since the terrible day of his father's death.

Everard Morrison at once proceeded to execute this commission, and on arriving at the manor-house; he found Lady Tyrrell, Mrs. Effingham, and Mr. Driesen, in conversation together, and apparently in much higher spirits than he could have anticipated.

"Oh! Mr. Morrison," said Lady Tyrrell, when he entered, "here is our good friend, Mr. Driesen, has brought us tidings which have raised the spirits of the whole party. He gives me the most positive assurances that our poor Charles is certain of acquittal."

"Indeed!" said Morrison, gravely, for he imagined that Mr. Driesen had been buoying up Lady Tyrrell's spirits with hopes that he did not himself entertain; and disapproving of all such

policy, he determined to do nothing to encourage it. "Indeed I had fancied that Mr. Driesen took a rather more gloomy view of the matter."

"My good friend," replied Mr. Driesen, with a slight curl of the lip, "if you remember rightly, yesterday was a cloudy day, and to-day the sun shines as you see. If I had said yesterday, what a fine morning! you would have stared: to-day if I were to say, how cold and gloomy! you would stare as much. Now the time that has passed, sufficient to drive away the clouds from the sky, may have brought up matter to remove the clouds from my mind, too; and something has occurred this morning, which makes me say confidently to Lady Tyrrell, that she has no cause for the slightest apprehension, and that Charles's innocence will be established beyond all manner of doubt."

Morrison listened with no inconsiderable degree of surprise, and if we must own the truth, with some suspicion. Now, as he was, though a lawyer, by no means naturally suspicious, his doubts arose from two circumstances. In the first place, from the little that he had seen of Mr. Driesen, he by no means was inclined to like or trust that gentleman; and he had, indeed, made up his mind that Mr. Driesen, as to his real character and feelings, systematically attempted to deceive all the world, beginning with himself. There was some truth in this, although it was too general perhaps. But in the next place, as regarded the matter in question at the moment, he remarked that Mr. Driesen's illustration of his change of opinion was forced, unnatural, and wordy, and quite contrary to his usual tone and pointed manner of expressing himself. He determined, if possible, to unravel the mystery, and replied,

"I am very happy to hear, sir, what you say; but of course, as employed in defending Sir Charles Tyrrell, I should be very glad to hear upon what grounds you found your newly-risen expectations of such a favourable result."

"There now!" cried Mr. Driesen, smiling; "there now! He comes with his grave face, and his lawyer-like logic, to destroy all that I have been doing to console you two ladies. But do not let him, my dear Lady Tyrrell; do not let him: for if he were the very worst lawyer that ever was born, which heaven forbid I should insinuate!" and he made Everard Morrison a low bow, "I defy him to spoil the case of my good friend Charles, who is as certain of being acquitted as I am of living till to-morrow morning, which I'm sure I hope I shall do, as I have no less than seven letters to write, some upon business, which might be put off very well upon the eve of a journey to the other world, but some more letters of politeness, and the good folks would think me rude if I were to go without writing to them."

As he ended, he whistled two or three bars of an air, and then suddenly turning to Mrs. Effingham, and seeming to recollect himself, he said—

"I beg pardon, my dear lady, for presuming to whistle in your presence; but that whistling 'Lillibullero,' is a bad trick, which I caught of 'my Uncle Toby.' I always do it when there's a cat or a lawyer in the room; no offence, Mr. Morrison, for I was bred a lawyer myself, you know."

"And pray, my good sir," said Morrison, "how did you manage then, if you always whistle 'Lillibullero' when there's a lawyer in the room?"

"Why, I did nothing but whistle all day long, with my hands in my pockets," replied Mr. Driesen, not at all put out of countenance; "so I was obliged to give up the law, my good sir, otherwise I should have whistled myself away altogether. As it was, I had whistled myself into the shape and likeness of a flageolet, as you now see."

While this conversation had been going on, Morrison had been turning in his own mind all the circumstances connected with the case of Charles Tyrrell, and endeavouring to fix upon some particular which might give a clue to the sudden change which had taken place in Mr. Driesen's opinion of the case. He recollected, at length, that when he had gone down to see Smithson in the morning, the old fisherman had been absent, and that he had come back to his house by the road which led from Harbury Park. When Mr. Driesen had finished his reply, therefore, he said somewhat abruptly—

"I suppose the truth is, Mr. Driesen, that you have had old Smithson with you this morning."

For a moment or two Mr. Driesen made no reply, but fixed his eyes full and keenly upon him. He then answered—

"Yes, Mr. Morrison. The truth is, I have. What then, pray?"

"Why, nothing, Mr. Driesen," replied Morrison; "only that I now know the cause of your change of opinion in regard to Sir Charles Tyrrell's case, and the good spirits you seem to be in this morning."

Mr. Driesen gazed upon him for a moment or two, with a withering sneer, and then replied, rising—

"You know nothing about it! Good morning, Mrs. Effingham; good morning, Lady Tyrrell! I leave this wise young gentleman to demonstrate to you satisfactorily that the moon is made of green cheese, or at least is inhabited by an old single gentleman like myself, with a bundle of sticks upon his back. But make your mind quite easy, nevertheless, for Charles will be acquitted for all that."

Thus saying, he left them, and Morrison saw him go without any expression of anger, merely saying—

"Good Mr. Driesen is evidently rejoiced at the prospect of Sir Charles's speedy acquittal, and proud of possessing a little knowledge more than I have been able to extract this morning from the witness whom he has seen. I think, however, Lady Tyrrell, you may trust with some degree of confidence to what he says, for now that I know the cause of his change of opinion in some degree, I am inclined to suppose that it has not taken place without good grounds."

"That is very satisfactory to me, Mr. Morrison," said Mrs. Effingham; "for I confess I have this morning been in great doubt and difficulty what to do. I have received a letter from Devonshire, informing me that my poor Lucy is very unwell. The medical men there say, not dangerously at present; but of course, I am anxious to set off immediately to be with her; and yet, I did not like to go without being able to bear her good news of Charles, which I know would be the best medicine she could receive."

"I think, my dear madam," replied Morrison, "that you may set off with all safety, and assure her that though nothing on earth is so uncertain, of course, as the law, yet there is every probability of Charles establishing his innocence beyond a doubt. I think so the more from what Mr. Driesen had just said; but even before I heard that, I was inclined to entertain very great, though not perfectly confident hopes of a favourable result."

"If you think so," said Mrs. Effingham, "I will set off immediately. I understood that the trial was to take place to-morrow, and in a few lines in Lucy's own hand, she begged me not to come till it was over; but if you think that the result is very nearly certain, I will go at once."

Everard expressed his opinion that she might go in safety, and consequently she set off as soon as horses could be procured.

She found Lucy much more seriously ill than she had expected. She had kept up and exerted herself to appear well till Charles Tyrrell had left her; but from that moment had become worse, and all the effects of the fatigue, and grief, and cold, and anxiety, that she had undergone, told upon her health, and reduced her to a situation of great danger. She was slightly better than she had been on the day that her mother arrived, and the fresh hopes which Mrs. Effingham brought her tended to give a favourable turn to her malady.

We must now, however, pause, and once more go back to the scenes in which our tale first began, in order to show how far those hopes were realised or disappointed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was the morning of the trial, and the session-house was, as may be supposed, crowded almost to suffocation, for the case of Charles Tyrrell had excited a degree of interest through the whole country round unequalled in the memory of man. The whole history of the Tyrrell family, as we have given it in the beginning of this book, was buzzed about, with a thousand additions and improvements from imagination, malice, and that love of the marvellous which makes liars of one-third and fools of another third of the world.

Amongst the lower classes an impression seemed to prevail that young Charles Tyrrell would certainly be condemned, not, indeed, from a belief of his guilt, for that belief was by no means general; but from an impression that the sort of fate which seemed to dog his family was about to bring it to an end in his own person, and, indeed, more than one of the jurors was affected by this sort of feeling, and went into the box with an impression that they had very little to do but listen to the witnesses and condemn the prisoner.

As soon as the trial was called on, Charles Tyrrell surrendered himself, and appeared at the bar. He was very pale, and his countenance was calm and firm, but grave, and even sad. There was, however, a noble expression on that face, an upright and manly character in his whole demeanour; a tranquillity, not at all approaching boldness, which produced a universal impression in his favour, and made one of those general murmurs run through the court which nearly always evince some sudden change in the popular feeling.

The judge, in this instance, did not command silence; as he had been led to believe, by all he had heard since he came into the town, that a prepossession existed against the young baronet, and he was not sorry to see that prepossession counteracted by the favourable impression of his personal appearance.

On the first formalities being gone through, Charles Tyrrell pleaded 'not guilty!' in a clear and distinct voice, and looked round the court with a calm, firm glance, which confirmed the feeling excited in his favour.

The counsel who conducted the cause for the crown was one of those wise and conscientious men who suffer no degree of passion to mingle with the exercise of their functions. We have occasionally, indeed, persons at the bar who, when called upon to act the awful part of public accuser, suffer their own vanity to be implicated in the success of their cause, and strive,

not so much to elicit truth, as to establish the case they have undertaken. Such, however, was not the character of the gentleman who appeared against Charles Tyrrell. He uttered not one word that was calculated to produce prejudice in the minds of the jury. He stated clearly and distinctly the evidence he had to produce against the prisoner at the bar. He pointed out, in mild terms, the inferences which were to be drawn from that evidence, and he ended by expressing a hope that the prisoner would be able to produce such witnesses, on his own part, as would relieve the minds of the jury from any doubt as to the fact of his innocence.

He then called several of the servants of Harbury Park, whose evidence tended to show on the present occasion, as it had done at the coroner's inquest, that a severe quarrel had taken place between Charles Tyrrell and his father; that the former had gone out with his gun in his hand, and had been followed by the latter; that the prisoner had been seen passing through the garden shortly after; that his father had been found murdered within a few yards of the garden-gate, by the discharge of a gun, loaded with small shot, into the back of his head; that the gun of the prisoner, with which he had gone out, had been found, discharged, within a few yards of the dead body; and that his clothes had been spotted with blood, and his hands had also been bloody when he returned home; that he himself had declared that he had not discharged the gun at any game, and had refused to account for the time of his absence, or the blood that appeared upon his clothes.

When the servants had been examined, and it was found that no attempt was made whatsoever to cross-examine them, or shake their evidence, a considerable degree of agitation was manifested in the court, and the impression was decidedly unfavourable to the prisoner. The counsel then went on to say—

"I will now proceed to call a most important witness upon this business;" and the name of Mr. Driesen was accordingly called. That gentleman, however, did not appear, and after a considerable pause, some discussion took place as to what was to be the course of proceeding. The counsel for the prosecution, however, at length said, that, although Mr. Driesen's evidence was important, as confirming the testimony of the other witnesses, yet that it was far more desirable that he should have been present, in order to give an opportunity to the counsel for the defence of cross-examining him than on any other account; but that, if his learned friend thought fit to let the testimony of that witness stand as it had been given before the coroner, he was quite willing himself to say that he considered his case complete.

The counsel for the defence then replied that he was per-

fectly willing that it should be so, as in all probability he should not have cross-examined Mr. Driesen, even if he had been present, inasmuch as all the facts stated by the witnesses were perfectly true, and not denied by the prisoner at the bar.

This admission created a new sensation in the court, accompanied by so loud a buzz that the judge was obliged to interfere to enforce silence; and while he was so doing, a sealed paper was handed to his clerk and then to himself. He immediately looked at the address, tore it open, and read, making a sign to the council for the defence to pause, ere he called any witnesses.

The paper was long, and took some time to read; and when he had done, the judge spoke a few words to the clerk, who sent the beadle immediately out of court. The beadle returned in a minute or two with a reply, and the judge, after seeming to hesitate for a moment as to what course he should pursue, bowed to the counsel for the defence, and said—

"You had better go on, Mr. Plaistow. This is very important, and I will communicate it to you afterwards; but I must think over some precedents, to judge how we must deal with it."

The counsel then immediately called, as the first witness, our good friend, Captain Longly, whose evidence was to the following effect:—that, from a certain hour, which he stated with nautical precision, up to a certain other hour, the prisoner at the bar, Sir Charles Tyrrell, had been with him, and with two other persons: one named John Hailes, and the other known by the name of Lieutenant Hargrave, under the wall at the back of Harbury Park; he, Sir Charles Tyrrell, having agreed to meet him on private business at the park-stile some few minutes before. He went on to say that the park-stile, at which Sir Charles Tyrrell was to have met him, lay in such a direction that the straight course for the prisoner to pursue from the house to the stile was through the garden; and by an ingenious question the council elicited from him, without any breach of the law of evidence, that, comparing the period at which Sir Charles Tyrrell was known to have left his father's house with the time that he actually joined him under the park-wall, and comparing the distance between the two places, he, Sir Charles, must have walked with the very greatest rapidity to have accomplished it at all.

The evidence was so clear, so exact, so conclusive, in regard to the facts which it went to establish, that a well-pleased murmur ran through the court; and the counsel, who had received a hint from Morrison not to press Captain Longly farther than necessary, upon his occupation at the time, judged that he might leave the matter there, especially as he might elicit any other facts from Hailes at an after period, if he found it requisite.

The council for the prosecution, however, was not to be so satisfied; and as it fell to one of the junior counsel to cross-examine this witness, he did it in a less mild and considerate manner than his leader might have done.

"Now, Mr. Longly," he said, "or Captain Long, as I am told you are called, you have given very good evidence, indeed; but I have got a question or two to ask you, and be so good as to remember that you are upon your oath. Now, Mr. Longly, *alias* Captain Long ——"

"Make haste," said Longly, bluffly; "for though they call call me Captain Long, as you say, I am fond of short questions and short answers."

"Well, then, Captain Long," he continued, "be so good as to explain to us, if it is not an impertinent question, what you were doing at the time the prisoner at the bar was with you, as you have stated."

"Why, I think it *is* an impertinent question, Mr. Parchment-face," replied Captain Long, who did not all admire the demeanour of his cross-examiner. "I came here to give evidence of what *he* was doing, not what *I* was doing, and so I say it is an impertinent question, and I shan't answer it."

"Then the court must compel you," replied the lawyer.

"I am afraid you must put your question in another form," said the judge. The lawyer bowed, and tried it in a different shape.

"Pray, then," he said, "what was Sir Charles Tyrrell, the prisoner at the bar, doing at the time that he was with you, as you have just stated?"

Captain Long, however, was not a man to be easily outdone, and he replied—

"Why, part of the time he was walking up under the park-wall towards me; part of the time he was talking to me, and part of the time he was walking away again; part of the time he was turning to look at what we were about; part of the time he was coming back again to us, and part of time he was going back to his own house;" and Captain Long put his hands behind his back, and looked the lawyer straight in the face, while a general and unbecoming titter ran through the court.

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge: "this is very indecent! I do not, however, think our learned brother can press the witness to say anything that might criminate himself."

"I have no objection, my lord," replied Longly, turning towards the judge, "to say anything in the world, if I am asked in a civil way, do you see; but if he tries to brow-beat me, he shall find himself mistaken."

"You must respect the court, sir," replied the judge. "We will not suffer you to be brow-beaten, but you must remem-

ber the awful nature of the proceeding in which we are engaged. The life of a fellow-creature is at stake; a terrible crime has been committed, and the law must be satisfied. Have you any objection, Mr. Longly, to answer the court what was the business you were engaged in during the time that the prisoner at the bar was with you. You are not obliged, however, to say anything to criminate yourself, therefore let your answer be considerate."

Longly paused for a moment ere he replied, and turned his eyes towards Everard Morrison; but then, slapping his knee after his own peculiar fashion, he answered, "Well, I don't care! It must be told one day, so it shall out now. Why, my lord, you see I was fighting a duel. There is no harm in that, I take it. There's not a man among you," and he looked round the court, "there's not a man among you that wouldn't fight too, if a scoundrel were to come and attempt to kidnap your child; to take your daughter away against her will, and under false pretences. That's what I fought for."

The movement produced in court by Longly's words was indescribable, and even the judge was affected; but still greater was the sensation when the old seaman went on to describe the whole that had taken place, the provocation given, the conduct of young Hargrave and that of Charles Tyrrell, and ended by declaring that the young baronet had determined to stand his trial, and even die, rather than betray the trust reposed in him.

The words that he used, in any other man's mouth, would, probably, have produced little or no effect; but there was something in the simplicity which, mingled with Longly's shrewdness, and in the contrast between the bold ingenuity with which he frustrated the efforts of the counsel to extract his secret, and the straightforward candour with which he afterwards told it, all at once, that gave point to every word.

In answer to some further questions from the court, in reference to the ultimate fate of Hargrave, he said—

"Why, my lord, I thought the scoundrel was as dead as a stock-fish; but I have heard since that he got quite well, and was drowned when the cutter got ashore on the Hog's Back. But you see, as soon as I heard that I went and asked old Jenkins, with whom I had left him; and I made him tell me the truth, and then I found that it was only a faint that he was in. He went on fainting that way all day, but he got better afore the next morning, and then he made old Jenkins swear he would not tell but that he was dead. He had some devilry or other in hand, depend upon it, by pretending to be dead when he was living; but, howsoever, he's as dead as a mackerel now, that's clear."

"This matter must be inquired into further," said the judge; "but, in the mean time, I hope the witness will remember the dangerous situation in which he not only brought himself, but others, by giving way to a spirit of revenge:" and he proceeded to read Longly a lecture, to which the other listened with great attention, being far more edified by the full wig and furred gown, than by those absurd conceits wherewith our gentlemen of the bar are compelled to disfigure themselves.

When Longly had been suffered to go down, the good fisherman, John Hailes, was called, and confirmed, in every particular, the evidence of the preceding witness.

His account of the duel between Longly and Lieutenant Hargrave, delivered in homely language, and stripped of every shade of the imaginative, made a smile run through the court; but while he went on the jury were consulting together, without attending; and as soon as he had done, the foreman addressed the judge, saying—

"I do not think, my lord, that the case need go on. We are all agreed in regard to our verdict; and it is only putting Sir Charles Tyrrell to unnecessary pain to proceed further."

A momentary smile of satisfaction passed over Sir Charles Tyrrell's countenance as he heard the words spoken which placed his fate beyond doubt; but he turned at once to the judge, saying—

"I feel grateful, my lord, for the consideration of the jury; but I much wish the trial to go on to the end. A most horrible imputation has been cast upon me, and I would fain not quit this bar without my character standing as clear as before the occurrence of those awful events which brought me here. There remains one more witness to be examined in my defence: I am totally ignorant of the evidence he is about to give, but from what he has been heard to say, I am inclined to believe that we may, by his means, be enabled to fix the guilt upon the real murderer of my unhappy parent."

"It is most important that his evidence should be taken," said the judge; "and, under every point of view, I think it better also that the trial should go on to its usual conclusion."

The degree of mystery attached to the evidence about to be given, revived at once the attention of the jury, which had begun to flag; and when John Smithson was called up, every eye in the court was fixed upon the old man with an inquiring gaze. He appeared, however, quite calm and unabashed; advancing steadily and sternly into the witness-box, as if impressed with a strong and engrossing sense of what he was about to do, and prepared to act as he thought right, without wavering or hesitation. The counsel, indeed, felt some difficulty as to how to shape his questions, for the old man had

firmly refused, to the very last moment, to give the slightest indication of what he had to tell.

At length, however, after the oath was administered, which he took with an aspect of solemn feeling, the question was put, "Where were you on the day, and about the time of the murder of the late Sir Francis Tyrrell?"

"I was in Harbury Park!" replied the old man, boldly, "within fifty yards of the door in the garden wall on the side towards the house."

Every ear was now attention, and Charles Tyrrell leaned forward to gaze upon the witness more fully, while the counsel proceeded—

"Did you see the prisoner at the bar there at that time?" was the next question.

"I rather believe I did," replied the old man, "but I am not sure; for the person that I saw, and that I took to be him, was just going into the garden as I came up, and banged the door after him sharply."

"What did you see next?" demanded the counsel.

"Why, before I could think whether I should go on to the house, as I was going," answered Smithson, "or whether I should run after Master Charles, and ask him to speak a good word for me with his father, I saw Sir Francis coming along the walk from the house at a quick rate, but not so quick as his son had gone; and there was another person following him, about twenty steps behind, going quicker than he was. I had never seen that person before at that time, but he called twice after Sir Francis Tyrrell, saying the second time, 'you must hear me, and may therefore as well stop! By ——, I believe you are insane!' Sir Francis was just at that moment at the door of the garden, and he turned round and said, as the other came up, 'Insane, am I? You shall find that I am sane enough to make you a beggar before a week be over, and to free myself from a viper that has been feeding upon me for many a year?' They were now close together, and the other answered, 'You wish, I suppose, to make me think you scoundrel as well as madman!' and then Sir Francis lifted the stick that was in his hand, as if to strike the other; but the other caught hold of it, and being the tallest and strongest, dragged it away from him, and threw it amongst the plants not far from the tool-house.

"Sir Francis ran after it, saying something I did not rightly hear, and just at that minute the other seemed to see a gun leaning against the garden wall, for he snatched it up, put it to his shoulder as Sir Francis was looking for the stick, and fired. Sir Francis fell down upon his face, and never moved or spoke, and the other threw down the gun and took one look round him. It was all done in a minute!"

"When he looked round did he not see you?" demanded the counsel.

"No, he could not do that," replied the old man; "they might both perhaps have seen me if they had looked as they came up, for I was then only amongst the trees, at a short distance; but when I saw what was going on, I got behind a thin bush. However, after giving one look round, and one look at the man he had shot, but without touching him, mind—he set out for the house as hard as he could go."

"And now, Mr. Smithson," said the counsel, "I must ask you, on your oath, have you ever seen the person you saw murder Sir Francis Tyrrell since?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the old man; "I saw him afterwards, first at the funeral, where he who had killed him went as chief mourner, while the son, who had not killed him, was a prisoner in this jail!" There was a dead silence through the court. "The next time I saw him I watched him out of the house, and asked a groom his name, and the groom told me it was Mr. Driesen; and the last time I saw him was at Harbury Park house, yesterday morning, when I went up to tell him what I intended to do, for I don't think it fair to take any man by surprise."

The counsel was going to interrupt him with another question; but the look of the judge so plainly said, "Let him go on," that he paused, and the old man proceeded as if he were telling a tale.

"He seemed very much surprised like," he continued, "when I told him I had seen all; but not frightened either, though I thought he would have been very much frightened indeed; but he said no, that it was all quite true that I said; but that he had had quite provocation enough to justify him in what he had done; that he considered it a good to society to put such a man as Sir Francis Tyrrell out of the way, and that he wondered it had not been done years before. So I said I thought so too, and that was the reason I had never told anybody what I had seen—for he had aggravated me not long before till I had well nigh knocked his brains out—but that now the young gentleman's life is in danger, I must tell the whole. So then again he said I was quite right; that if I had not been there to do it, he would have told the whole himself; but that, as I was going to tell the whole, there was no need for him to do it, and he would therefore take himself out of harm's way."

"Out of harm's way, indeed!" said the judge. "Pray did he tell you, witness, how he intended to take himself out of harm's way?"

"No, sir," replied the old man; "but I suppose in a cutter: that would be the shortest."

"He has found a shorter still," remarked the judge, with a sigh. "This is, altogether, as awful a case as I ever had the pain to have brought before me. A paper has been put into my hands, addressed to myself, since the beginning of the trial, with which I anticipated some difficulty in dealing. But from the turn which the evidence has taken, I think it but right and necessary that the jury should have the advantage of its contents, in order that not the slightest doubt may remain upon the case, although, even as it stands at present, their duty would be very straightforward. It is addressed to me by a person signing himself Henry Driesen; and I have just been informed that it was found this morning on his dressing-table at Harbury Park, with directions to deliver it immediately: the unhappy writer having been found dead in his bed, with strong reason to suppose that he had poisoned himself with distilled laurel leaves."

When Smithson had first mentioned that the person who had killed his father was the same who had acted the part of chief mourner at the funeral, Charles Tyrrell had covered his eyes with his hands, and leant forward upon the bar. But when the announcement was made by the judge of the terrible end of his career, the young baronet withdrew his hands, and gazed up with a painful and even more horror-struck glance than before. In the mean while, however, the paper which was written by Mr. Driesen was handed to the clerk, who read as follows:—

My Lord,—Before this is placed in your hands the writer will have quitted a life which begins to be troublesome, and will have laid himself down, with a full and clear notion of what he is about, to take after the fatigues of existence the sleep of annihilation. You will therefore be pleased to regard this as the declaration of a dying man, if that can give any additional character of solemnity or veracity, to words which are written with plain sincerity, and a straightforward regard to truth.

My motive for making this declaration at all is, that I am inclined to believe that some link in the chain may be wanting of the defence of my excellent young friend, Sir Charles Tyrrell, who is to be tried before you to-morrow. Though there can be no earthly doubt of his acquittal, yet it is but fair and right that he should start afresh in life without any suspicion attaching to him of having committed an act, which in him would have been criminal under any circumstances, and which our somewhat indiscriminate law regards as criminal but too frequently.

Without troubling you with my own particular notions on the subject, I will merely proceed to say, that Sir Charles Tyrrell had neither any share in, nor any cognizance of, the death of his father; as I myself, with my own hand, without any aid, and as I imagined at the time, without any witnesses, performed that act of which he is now accused. It may be necessary, or at all events, satisfactory, for you to know all the circumstances, which were as follows:—

On the morning that the event occurred, a serious dispute took place between the young man and his father, whose whole temper and demeanour were such, that it is only extraordinary he was suffered to live to the age of thirty; nearly miraculous that there was no man found sensible and courageous enough to cut

short a life that was a torment to himself and everybody else, till he was approaching the usual term of human existence. The dispute, which was, as I understand, regarding a proposed separation between Lady Tyrrell and her husband, appeared so much more violent than ordinary, that the servants called upon me to interfere. Being an extremely good-tempered man myself, I had gone through life without ever quarrelling with Sir Francis Tyrrell. He had left me a very large portion of his property. He had, on various occasions, lent me large sums of money; and notwithstanding all these causes for disagreement, we had remained very good friends till that morning, when I saw, for the first time, a disposition to quarrel with myself, as well as with everything else that came in his way.

I had gone out of the room to avoid a consummation which I did not at all wish, and came down, when the servants called me, unwillingly. On so doing, I found my young friend Charles rushing out of the house in an indescribable state of grief and agitation, and his father about to follow him, more like a maniac than anything else. I endeavoured to stop him in a course that threatened to produce the most lamentable results, but upon my using some gentle force to restrain him, he turned upon me with fury, and not only begged me not to interfere with his family, but quit his house, and to prepare myself to repay suddenly, within the week, all the sums that he had lent me, together with interest on the same.

This was both disagreeable and inconvenient; and he added that he should instantly cancel everything that he had written favourable to myself in his will, and leave the money to hospitals, which of course I thought very foolish. This staggered and surprised me, as well it might; but on the servants bringing me my hat, and urging me, as far as I recollect, to go after him, in order to prevent the painful consequences they anticipated between himself and his son, I followed rapidly and overtook him near the door of the garden.

A violent but short dispute ensued between us, the precise terms of which I do not at this moment recollect; but it ended by his attempting to strike me. I wrenched the stick out of his hand, and threw it to a distance, when he darted after it, with menaces which made me clearly comprehend that there could be nothing between us for the future but open war. I had long thought that it would be a good thing if such a man were out of the world. I saw that his longer life would produce nothing but misery and destruction to all connected with him, and that I myself and his son would be amongst the first victims. There was a good deal of consideration of myself in the business, as was rational and natural, and there was a little anger too, which was irrational and foolish, I acknowledge.

However, at the very moment he turned to dart after the stick, my eye lighted upon a gun leaning against the garden wall. I caught it up, determined if he attempted to strike me again, to knock him down with the butt end; but I saw that it was loaded, by some powder that was clinging fresh about the pan, and it passed through my mind that it would be better to finish the matter at once by firing the contents into his head, which, I imagine, is by no means a painful kind of death. Without giving it a second thought, I acted accordingly; and as soon as I felt sure that he was quite dead, and did not require the second barrel, I went back to the house as fast as I could, resolving to let the matter settle itself as it might, and to take no further heed about it.

I felt a good deal pained and grieved, I acknowledge, when I found that suspicion had fallen upon Charles; but knowing that he had nothing on earth to do with the matter, I did not doubt that he would easily be able to clear himself. Finding, however, that such was not the case; discovering that another person had been present when I was not aware of it; knowing that the law of this country was likely to look upon the matter in a different light from that in which I regarded it, and preferring the calm and speedy extinction of laurel water to the annoying process of a trial and the disagreeable end of strangulation, I have

determined upon my course, and written this to be delivered to you when I am no more, in order that my good friend, Charles, whose lot in life has hitherto not been a very agreeable one, may enjoy the rest of that space of intellectual existence which falls to his share, without any drawback from suspicion attaching to his name.

I have nothing further to say, than that every word contained in this paper is precisely true, and to add my name.

HENRY DRIESEN.

When the paper had been read, the judge immediately turned towards the jury, and said—

"To this paper, and written under these circumstances, you will give, gentlemen of the jury, whatsoever credence you may think fit; but with the evidence before you, it seems to me that you can but come to one conclusion, as indeed you appeared to have done even before the case for the defence was as clear as it now is. If you think it necessary for me to sum up that evidence, I will do it, now that the whole case has been gone into; but if not, and if your verdict is already decided, it is for your foreman now to pronounce it.

As is generally the case, there was a moment of deep silence, and then the foreman, without farther hesitation or consultation whatsoever, replied—

"We have long been unanimous, my lord, and pronounce that the prisoner is not guilty, only regretting that the circumstances in which he has been placed have put him to as much pain, and inflicted upon him as much punishment, as the laws of the realm award to many a serious offence."

"Sir Charles Tyrrell," said the judge, "you quit the bar of this court, not simply acquitted by the verdict of your fellow-countrymen of the crime of which you were suspected, but cleared of the slightest doubt or suspicion whatsoever. Allow me, however, to remark, that a portion of the pain and anxiety which you have suffered, is to be attributed to your having been a party in concealing an act which the laws of your country required you immediately to reveal. We regard and reverence your high sense of honour, and acknowledge that the circumstances in which you were placed were painful; but the paramount duty of every subject of a civilised country is obedience to the laws of the land in which he lives. I congratulate you most sincerely upon the result of the trial, and while I am sure that it will be a warning to you for the future, I trust it will be a warning to others, especially in this part of the country, where I find that, although a great deal of good feeling does certainly exist, yet very strange and dangerous notions in regard to right and wrong, are entertained by many classes of the community."

Charles Tyrrell bowed in silence, and withdrew from the bar. He was too much affected, and too much overpowered,

to speak to any one, but taking the arm of Everard Morrison, he hastened through the passages of the court-house into the market-square. The court was nearly emptied after him; an immense multitude of persons was assembled without; an extraordinary degree of interest seemed to have been excited in his favour; Everard Morrison was himself an immense favourite with the people; and when the young baronet appeared, leaning on his arm, with his tall commanding figure looking still taller from the deep mourning in which he was clothed, with his face pale with agitation and deep feeling, and an irrepressible moisture in his eyes, a loud and long-continued shout burst from the multitude.

It was scarcely possible for him to make his way across the square to the house of the young lawyer; for though a lane was formed to enable him to pass through the midst, the women pressed forward to see him, the boys ran on by his side gazing up in his face, and the men waved their hats and shouted in his path.

At the house of young Morrison's father he found Longly and his daughter, and good John Hailes and his wife, with the eldest of their children; and giving way to many mingled emotions, Charles hid his eyes in his handkerchief and wept.

As soon as he was a little calm, however, he said in a low voice to Morrison—

"Have you got a horse for me here, Morrison, for I long to go to my poor mother?"

"No, I have not a horse," replied Morrison, gravely; "but I have ordered four horses to be ready for your carriage."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear Everard!" replied Charles; "I do not go home with such parade as that will make; considering the circumstances, and my father's recent and horrible death, that would be indecent."

"Tyrrell," replied Morrison, "it is not for the purpose of parade that I ordered them; but I am sorry to be obliged to diminish your happiness at your acquittal, by telling you what I dared not tell you before: that Miss Effingham is very ill. Mrs. Effingham went down to her yesterday; but another express, which must have passed her on the road, arrived this morning, and we thus learn that she is seriously and dangerously indisposed. Knowing that you would wish to set off to see her immediately, I ordered the horses, and you can just see Lady Tyrrell as you pass by the manor. My dear father, let Sir Charles Tyrrell have some refreshment, and by that time the carriage will be round, and the people somewhat cleared away."

Charles Tyrrell took some wine, but he could take nothing else, for the news he had heard had made his heart feel sick.

As soon as the carriage was brought round, he hastened to enter it, and proceeded at full speed to the manor-house, bearing with him to Lady Tyrrell the first tidings of his acquittal. Lady Tyrrell's nerves were weakened by all the grief and anxiety that she had undergone; and the first effect of the joy of seeing her son was to make her faint, which added considerably to the time that he had to remain at the manor-house, although, indeed, when she recovered, she pressed him eagerly to go on to see Lucy. Her mind was, indeed, so much depressed by all the misfortunes and sorrows of her life, that she viewed everything in the darkest colours, and painted the state of Lucy Effingham as much more alarming than even the letter brought by the express justified. Still, however, she detained Charles with her, even while pressing him to go, and it was late in the day before he was once more permitted to enter the carriage to proceed on his solitary journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It often happens to us in life, at least to those people whose feelings are very deep and strong, that the consequence of some great and sudden joy, or some quick and scarcely expected deliverance from evil or danger, has any effect rather than that of exhilarating, of renewing expectation, or reviving hope.

When Charles Tyrrell cast himself back in the carriage which was to bear him away to her he so dearly loved, it was with a feeling of deep depression. The news of Lucy's sickness had come upon him suddenly in the midst of his joy, like a funeral crossing some gay procession; and he felt as if it were too much to expect or hope for, that he should be suddenly delivered from all the pangs and anxieties that had lately surrounded his path, without some terrible drawback, without some drop of intense bitter mingling in the sweetness of his cup. A feeling which he could scarcely refrain from calling a presentiment, arose in his mind that his Lucy would be snatched from him, and that while he regained life, she who made life so dear would be taken away.

Not long after he had entered the carriage, night came on; but though he had rested not at all the night before, no sleep now visited his eyelids, and he watched, with feverish anxiety, the passing from stage to stage, conjuring up every dark and bitter anticipation, every terrible prospect and gloomy image, thinking the horses tardy, though they went at full speed, and the time wasted in waking the people at the inns and changing the horses, almost interminable.

Day dawned at length, but he was still far from his journey's end, and weary hour after hour went by, till he almost fancied the milestones along the road were themselves deceiving him.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when coming down one of the wooded slopes of Devonshire, with the dark blue sea rising to meet the eye above the trees in the valley, he saw the little church crowning the hill above, and the few scattered white houses, which constituted the village, round the clergyman's house. It was a neat and pretty building, though very small. There was a garden before the door filled with autumn flowers, and that sweetest of all importations from foreign lands, the monthly rose, clustering the porch and spreading round the windows. The casements were almost all open, and the sunshine was upon the dwelling.

There is much, very much, in the aspect of a place to which we are going. The whole of Charles's journey had offered him nothing but images of despair; but the sight of that house, and its flowers, and its sunshine, showed him that hope was not altogether extinguished in his bosom.

As the carriage and four drove up, a head was put out of the upper windows, and without ringing or knocking, a servant ran to open the door and the little gate.

"How is Miss Effingham?" demanded Charles, instantly.

"She is better, sir," replied the maid.

Charles put his hand to his heart, and paused for a moment, for he felt as if he should have fallen.

"Where is she?" he demanded at length; "Where is she? I may go up, I'm sure."

The servant ran up stairs before him, but he overtook her as she reached the top, and himself knocked at the door which she was opening.

"May I come in?" he said; "may I come in? It is Charles."

"Oh, yes! come in, come in, dearest Charles," said the voice of Lucy, herself. "Come in," repeated the voice of Mrs. Effingham, and Charles was in the room in a moment. Lucy was sitting up in bed, with her mother beside her. She was pale, and had evidently been very ill; but there was life, and hope, and joy in her eyes, and Charles, springing forward, threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"I shall soon be well now, Charles," said Lucy, as soon as she could dry her tears. "Your step upon the stairs, Charles, was better than the finest drug that ever was imported from foreign lands. I shall soon be well now!"

She kept her word, and was soon well. The cloud that had hung over the early day of Charles Tyrrell was wafted away. In his youth he had drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and the rest of his life passed in sunshine and sweetness. Lucy made

him happy, and having learned so many severe lessons by experience, Charles acquired that command over himself, and taught it to his children, which had been possessed by none of his family before him.

He entertained, however, a sort of antipathy towards the spot where so much misery had befallen him, and he proposed to Lucy, and she willingly agreed, that he, being the last in the entail, should sell the property of Harbury Park, and purchase another in the neighbourhood of the spot where they were re-united after so painful a separation.

In that park, however, and in the scenes around it, I have spent many a happy day in the sunshiny hours of my youth, and there collected, many years ago, the details of that history which I have now given. The Tyrrell family are still recollected by a multitude of persons living around, and it seems to be a general opinion that the sort of spell which conducted so many of them to a bloody grave, had been broken by the trial and acquittal of Sir Charles Tyrrell.

Young Morrison—alas! no longer young—is still alive, and affords daily a good example of what an honest, upright, well-intentioned lawyer can do for the defence, protection, and assistance of his neighbours. Poor Captain Longly I remember well, with his hair as white as snow, but nourishing to the last, with scrupulous care, the long pig-tail in which consisted the glory of his person. Hailes, his wife, and children, removed to Devonshire, and he became the commander of Sir Charles Tyrrell's yacht.

And now, having, as my admirable friend Landor says, "Not only tried to give the ball, but swept out the ball-room," I will bid my readers farewell; and with the light and happy hearts of virtue and honour, wish them a fair repose.

THE END.

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James, George Payne
Rainsford
Charles Tyrrell

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